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PICTURES

FROM

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS

SKETCHED DURING THE FIRST PHASE OF THE
REVOLUTION OF 1848

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, Esq. M.A.

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE DANUBE," "GISELLA," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MDCCCXLIX

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

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P R E F A C E.

A PORTION of the contents of these volumes has already appeared in papers written by the author for *Blackwood's Magazine*, as well as in a series of letters from the same pen, addressed to the *Times* newspaper. The author has borrowed also, here and there, from some effusions written in a lighter spirit under the name of the *Flâneur*, and published in *Bentley's Miscellany*. There was, however, much matter, connected with so stirring and important an epoch of modern history as the French Revolution of 1848, that he had left untouched; and he has now woven his previous remarks into a continuous historical narrative of that first phasis, which terminated with the outbreak of June, and the military dictatorship of a state of siege. These

Pictures from Revolutionary Paris claim the advantage of having been painted from the life,—the author having witnessed, with his own eyes, almost all the scenes described, during his residence in the French capital, in those months of revolution.

November 1848.

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PICTURES

FROM

REVOLUTIONARY PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

PROLOGUE.

Background to the Pictures—Causes, direct and indirect, of the Revolution—The general state of corruption in French society—The state of literature and journalism—Lamartine and Louis Blanc, as republican and revolutionary authors—The state of the public mind and parties—The state of Paris—The personal influence of the King—The government and the opposition—The cry for reform—The banquets—The advantage taken of their position by the ultra-liberals and republicans—All ready for the great historical drama.

BEFORE the picture is painted, the canvass has to be prepared, and the first colour of the background to be rubbed in. The series of pictures which the first phasis of the French Revolution of 1848 offers in such plentiful variety to the sketcher, are dark and gloomy enough, for the most part, spite of their rich diversity of colour, and the stirring, startling, and not unfrequently bright and glittering nature of their subjects—for brightness

and glitter can never be altogether absent from any panoramie scene unrolled in lively and gaudy Paris; and consequently sombre, in a great degree, must be the general tint of the background, which is spread over the canvass in preparation for the picture. Can the background, representing the distant and generally unregarded causes of a great revolution, be otherwise than dark in a revolutionary picture? That of the picture of Paris, spite of the gilding and varnishing which may have been mixed up with its tints—and with which, in fact, it has been constantly overlaid—is, in a moral sense, as dusky as any other background of the kind may be. One of the strongest colours in the mixture is, most assuredly, the general corruption in principle, honesty, faith, and sound feeling, which had eaten into the very heart's core of French society during the prurient and rotting reign of Louis Philippe.

There have been political writers who have chosen to set aside this state of things, as having little or nothing to do with the catastrophe which has so suddenly fallen on France, and have looked only to political and historical causes to account for the effects. But this appears to be painting a mere portrait of feature, and omitting in the delineation not only complexion, but expression. Certainly those who have lived in many of the different circles of Parisian society, during the last ten years

of the reign of Louis Philippe, and in the least degree observed and reasoned upon what passed around them, cannot but have seen the hideous sore of general corruption spreading wider and wider upon the face of society, and felt an uneasy presentiment that the gathering gangrene might perchance at last convulse the whole body. They could not but comprehend that, with the increasing corruption of all classes of men, increased also the utter selfishness that would fail the dynasty in the hour of need; the indifference of the lukewarm towards the existing state of things; the seemingly honest-hearted discontent of the lower classes—in truth as corrupt, and, like their superiors, only using their studied indignation as a pretext for opposition to forward their own fancied interests. With the increasing corruption came also the disgust of the better principled, whose ranks were swelled by the disappointed—those rejected and consequently censorious old maids of fortune—the affected clamour, and the genuine indignation against a state of society, the evils of which men chose to ascribe to political causes, and above all, to the directing and pervading influence of the head of the state. No: there can be no doubt that the deeply-planted and apparently ineradicable corruption of the age helped to prepare the path—laid down by the active opposition of some, and the disgust, apathy, and indifference of others—if not for the outbreak of the

revolution, at all events for the success of that sudden movement, to which no resistance was attempted.

Certainly the cynism of corruption was at its height. That the corrupt spirit, if not altogether emanating from the head of the state, was at least fostered and encouraged by him, cannot for a moment be doubted; and that example and influence from on high is like the sun—pervading all social nature, and vivifying or rotting according as its rays be directed—cannot be disputed. It must be said, at the same time, that the system of French education had done much towards preparing the soil for the seed of corruption that was so plentifully sown. When the “young idea” is taught to shoot at one target alone—that of self-interest; when advancement in the world for the attainment of wealth alone, no much matter in what manner, is inculcated upon the youthful mind as the only end and aim of life—the only hope worth living for; when not only young misses, but young masters, are constantly told from their cradle, that advantageous, *i. e.* rich, matrimonial alliances are the main objects for their attainment—to which position in life, or employment, are only subservient stepping-stones; when the principle of *truth* is never inculcated; when the term “honour” means no more than courage, the support of name and position, or family pride, and is continually used in

a short, gentle, unmeaning expletive in support of asseverations, whether true or false ; when the word "honesty" can be scarcely said to exist in the French vocabulary, in that sense which we, at least, are accustomed to attach to it—certainly the field is already well dunged for the luxuriant growth of whatever crop of corruption may be sown upon it. The great tiller and cultivator of this hotbed may, however, be really said to have been the citizen king of the barricades : his system of government was mainly based upon this species of culture. It has been urged in his excuse, that Louis Philippe had in his power no other means to consolidate his throne than those he adopted, although they finally so signally contributed to consummate his ruin. Unable, as a king supposed to be elected by the people, to rely upon the chivalrous generosity of loyalty ; unable, as a protector of peace, upon which his only hope of stability was placed, to look for the sympathies or firm support of the army ; unable to appeal to the principles upon which his throne was based, and against which the very nature of his false position compelled him continually to struggle—he had only one powerful instrument, it is said, left for him to use in support of his government, and that was the art of rendering self-interest subservient to his views. He appealed, then, to this great agent, in the direction of human hearts and human affairs ;

he fostered corruption. It may be true that Louis Philippe, seated on the throne of revolution, had no other resource in his power. A discussion upon state policy, as regards the necessities of the case, or the expediency, in this respect, does not belong to the present canvass. But, on the one hand, it is clear that he did much to prepare the way for his fall by the serious embarrassment of the finances of the country, under a corrupt administration of them, and by the discontent and disgust excited in consequence : on the other, he made himself, and even his family, personally unpopular, by a suspicion, difficult to be cleared away, that he himself fed his selfishness and love of gain by turning, sometimes, the fattening and enriching streams of corruption into his own little private channel. Be that as it may, it can scarcely be doubted but that the system greatly contributed to pave the way for the result of the revolution.

Of a truth, the cynism of corruption was at its height. It needed but small attempts at proselytism. Men fell down of their own accord, and worshipped the golden calf. The love of money was the religion of the day. Gambling had been put down with a pretence of morality. But fortunes were to be made—no matter how—and, at all events, with an impatience that could await neither toil nor time. The *Bourse* became an impure and troubled gulf, into which men and women,

young and old, dived with the hope of bringing up precious stones. The enriched divers were few : the many were swamped : they never appeared upon the surface again : self-exile, a black-leg existence, disgrace, was the lot of many young worshippers at the shrine. Some of birth and education boldly flung their future destinies into a military career, as common soldiers in Africa : suicide was supposed to whitewash the memory of of a few : families and females sank into the obscurity of poverty, to try new schemes of quick alchemy. The money-getting mania was fevered to a frenzied delirium in all kinds of other speculations, as well as in stock-jobbing. Transactions in railway shares were undertaken, in order to make rapid fortunes ; and bribery and corruption were employed in the most barefaced and wholesale manner, to obtain concessions for railway schemes, which otherwise would not have been granted. The *pots de vin*—as the moneys lavished in bribery upon men in authority by jobbers in public works, or would-be directors of theatres, or undertakers of government monopolies, were humbly termed—were so overfilled by exaction, or so contested by rival *employés* until they broke in their conflicting gripe, that they ran over into public sight and public cognisance. The example was followed all down the scale of the administration and government-office ladder. *Scan-*

dale succeeded *scandale*, until the whole country sickened with the stench of so much rottenness. The detection of two ex-cabinet ministers, M. Teste and General Cubières, in wholesale corrupt practices, gave the culminating point to the noisome heap of dishonesty and infamy. The public was utterly disgusted, or pretended to be so; the lower classes, if not less corrupt at heart, at least less exposed to the temptations of such corruptions, murmured openly and loudly. The expression of the more general feeling against the government of Louis Philippe, spite of the commonly acknowledged integrity of the chief of the then existing cabinet, or at least of his personal integrity as regarded *his own* advantage—for his cognisance and tacit encouragement of the corruption going forward can scarcely be denied—may be said to have burst forth upon this last occasion, and blown the first general breath of discontent, disgust, and disaffection. The want of all political truth and faith in foreign affairs had more than once been flagrant and notorious, especially if one looks back upon the year 1840, or considers the epoch of the Spanish mariages. But this species of immorality cannot be taken into account, as regards the revolutionary effects produced by such causes; for, in foreign politics, no general feeling of dissatisfaction to any such symptom of national dishonour seems ever to be produced among the French. The corruption

of journalism—not only in political concerns, but in private, and especially literary and theatrical matters,—was too notorious, and too much accepted as a natural state of things, to be taken also as any cause of general disgust. To such a pitch was it carried, however, that it would have been impossible to have impressed any French mind with the belief that any real independence could exist in our English press : and perhaps, after all, small as may have been the drop of genuine disgust, as regarded the state of journalism, it may have contributed, in some degree, to fill the measure of the cup.

In addition to the corrupt practices of some of the men who had been members of the government—practices looked upon by themselves, it may almost be supposed, as venial, so common and generally pursued were they—came before the disgusted public also the *scandale* of a forgery committed by a young prince of noble family ; another, of the black-legging attempt of a royal aide-de-camp ; and many more “ too like the former,” too numerous to mention. Like a thunder-clap, in the midst of this gathering cloud, burst forth then the knowledge of the fearful assassination of his own wife by a noble duke—a man of place, a hanger-on of the court, a personal friend of the king. Those who happened to be in Paris at the time never could forget the profound impression made upon the public mind, and especially among the lower classes, by this hor-

rible and astounding crime. There were many who could not but feel that this impression was ominous of evil. The opinion was openly expressed at the time. Louis Philippe himself is said to have felt it thus, and to have exclaimed, upon hearing the terrible news—" *Le malheureux ! il ne sait pas tout le mal qu'il a fait.*" The murmuring of the lower classes was loud and significant. "He will be spared, because he is rich and noble," they said aloud ; " but if his head does not fall on the scaffold, we will have that of Louis Philippe." The noble duke did not die on the scaffold: but Louis Philippe has fallen from his throne. It may not be too fantastic to assert that this crime, in a man of the higher classes, was one other blow of the mallet that finally shattered the seemingly firm fabric of a dynasty.

The corruption that existed in the administration of the government, in the public works, in the establishment and management of companies, in every matter of patronage and interest, was scarcely less, although it smouldered under the ashes laid upon it by the restrictions of the law in all commercial dealings. The man who would keep his word of honour in a bad bargain, unless fettered by legal signature and stamp, instead of being admired as a man of honour, was despised as a fool who knew not how to manage his concerns. The many escapes of men, overwhelmed by their liabilities, out of the

country, and the many fraudulent bankruptcies, tell their own tale. This want of faith and truth became daily more conspicuous in all the dealings of social intercourse between man and man : the poison ran through every vein of the great body ; society was gangrened to the core. The lower classes, meanwhile, although less exposed to the corruption of self-interest, as has been before remarked, were not less profoundly immoral. The same literary influences in dramas, books, pamphlets, or journals, which fostered this immorality, taught them, at the same time, that they were all virtuous, all good, all praiseworthy, all honest, all admirable, and, aided by that foundation of vanity and self-conceit which forms so great a basis of the French character, made them consider themselves the most injured and oppressed of tyrannised parias. They saw the successful winners in dishonest speculations, and the corrupt *employés*, surrounded with those splendours of affluence which the French, more than any other nation, bestow so much upon their outward existence, and openly revelling in luxurious and voluptuous pleasures, which they themselves did not condemn, but only envied. They saw those raised but a few steps above themselves in the social ladder following in the same enticing path. They themselves only too frequently suffered ; and, urged on by those journalists, who designedly pointed out their sufferings, but perverted and misstated the

causes, too many gave way to a bitter hatred towards all above them, more especially the shopkeeping and flourishing *bourgeoisie*, as nearest to them, and most attainable; and, while they hated the corrupt with all this hatred of envy, they made believe to themselves that they despised and abhorred the corruption. The corruption of the day may thus be looked upon as a powerful ingredient in the medley of causes which fostered a revolutionary spirit: it has thus been laid down as one of the most powerful tints in the colouring of the background prepared for the dark pictures that are to follow. Where private morality was in the mass an unknown thing, public virtue could be nought but a mere semblance. Where a false interpretation of honour took the place of honesty, national prosperity and order could not be long maintained. Some of the main causes, therefore, of the French Revolution of 1848 may be looked for, not only in political events and the struggle of parties, but in the rotten condition of French society; in the false and distorted views of virtue, of morality, of all good, as well as of true liberty, that had been adopted by French minds; in the ignorance of all the firm principles of faith and truth; in the spurious and dangerous nature of the false gods who took the place of the true; in the corrupt influences that, coming from on high, descended, like a baneful blight, lower and lower, until the whole system was diseased.

Not less active indirect causes—partly social, partly political—may be sought for also in the literature of the time. It is needless to look to the ultra-liberal and republican journalism of the day—such an influence is too direct to require any further notice. But in the progressive march of socialist ideas, and in that *soi-disant* philanthropical spirit, so full of the excitement of discontent, among the lower classes, may be seen an agency, the power of which it is difficult to deny. Victor Hugo, who may be considered as the chief of what was called the romantic school, and the leader and trumpeter of its march, may be acquitted perhaps of any subversive tendencies, however much he may have contributed to the perversion of all true notions of virtue, to the pollution of the public mind—in fact, to the profound immorality of the age: and even the works of Alexandre Dumas—loose, and flattering to the prurient tastes of the times, as they may frequently have been—cannot be accused of any strong revolutionary direction; although the author himself has since attempted to pervert the sense of his own productions, in order to curry favour with republicanism, and to belie that portion of himself that was once employed in seeking the good-will and interest of the princes and the court. The very popular melodramatic and diabolical novels of Frederic Soulié were a step farther, however, in the flattery of the democratic instincts of hatred to the

upper or wealthier ranks. There is not one, perhaps, of his productions, literary or dramatic, that does not go to prove the deep profligacy, corruption, and wickedness of the so-called aristocrats of his age, and the noble virtues and instinctive delicacy of soul of the lower classes. He may be said to have been the principal popular flatterer of the people—the people, according to that erroneous and exclusive designation that has since been so carefully inculcated on men's minds. Far more dangerous, however, have been the imaginative writings of George Sand, that literary hermaphrodite, who, commencing *his* career as author in attacks on the institution of marriage as highly immoral—in order, perhaps, to excuse the equivocal nature of *her* position—established itself afterwards the champion of the working classes in romance; wrote novels, in which a high-born female invariably loves some high-souled being on the lowest ledge of the social ladder, and not unfrequently thinks herself unworthy of his favours, on account of her unhappy disadvantages of high birth and wealth; and finally, proceeding along this course, plunged into all the depths of socialism—dangerous, indeed, on account of the seductive purity of the style, and the attractive nature of the tale. Even still more influential, in their revolutionary tendencies—little as it may appear at first—may be said to have been the unwieldy, but highly popular novels of Eugène Sue. They divulged, it

is true, many real sores in the social state of Paris ; they frequently made a powerful appeal to the most generous feelings of the heart in favour of the suffering classes ; they pointed out remedies for many cruel evils. But not only was their general tone unhealthy and impure—regardless of religion, if not inimical to it, however much they pretended to a sort of bastard *morality*—their tendencies also entered more and more into the dangerous paths of the wild utopian doctrines of socialism and communism. His novel of *Martin* appears to have been written solely with this moral, and to this intent. It was not so generally popular, perhaps, as many of his preceding works of imagination ; but the harm done by the poisonous nature of its doctrines, so carefully wrapped up in all the refined-looking sugar of seeming good sense and good intention, cannot be doubted. The general popularity of these works may be reckoned as one of the most influential causes of a spread of that feeling among the people, which was at least a preparatory ground for all those opinions since more directly instilled into its mind.

Still more directly, however, may Lamartine be said to have contributed to the success of the revolution, by his *History of the Girondins*. The able and insidious defence made by the author of all those agents of the first Revolution, upon whom men's hearts in general had been long accustomed

to look with horror and disgust, prepared the way for the reception of a republic, by throwing a deceptive covering of the flourish of eloquence over deeds, upon the naked truth of which memory could still not look without a shudder. Chateaubriand said that Lamartine had gilded the guillotine; but he had done more. He had painted in gaudy colours, he had behung with drapery *couleur de rose*, he had bedecked with garlands the noisome edifice of the first republic, from which the reek of blood still stank in the nostrils of history; and, by so doing, he had invited people to come in again beneath its roof, and rest themselves as though in a palace of peace. This laboured, ill-concealed apology of Marat and Robespierre was an apology, at the same time, of the bloodiest doctrines of the first republic. It was more; it was a preaching in the political wilderness: Lamartine had put on the false dress of a republican John the Baptist, to announce the all-glorious advent of a second.

More genuine, more open, more above-board, but not on that account more dangerous, although perhaps not less so in other hands, were the works of Louis Blanc. His "*Histoire de Dix Ans*," although in many instances full of malignant misrepresentations, was, at all events, an ingenious defence of republicanism and the republicans of the time; and his little book upon the "*Organisation du Travail*," with all its absurd and impractical

utopian theories—too well known, and too well judged, even in his own country, to be further canvassed—appears at least the genuine expression of a fallacious notion, that the adoption of such an entirely new social system was to insure the felicity of mankind; and the conviction that a second revolution, to such an end, would build a great and harmonious social edifice upon the ground levelled and cleared by the first. In the literary efforts of Louis Blanc there appears a frank and genuine declaration of opinions, whatever may have been the private ambition and views of the author. But, be that as it may, there can be no doubt that both these men, Louis Blanc and Lamartine, have each lent a powerful hand to construct with their pens the barricades of a new revolution.

The political causes which contributed, at the same time, to that state of things, and to that condition of the public mind, which on the one hand produced, on the other permitted, the success of the revolution, may have been manifold and various. They come from all sides, and huddle pell-mell into the mind. The increase of the public debt, and simultaneously of the budget—chiefly on account of the many public works, all heedlessly undertaken at once, and in all parts of the country, in order to encourage or to satisfy electoral corruption—dissatisfied all but those who profited by such a reckless administration; at the same time that the

scarcity, and the enormously high price of food of every description throughout the country, gave rise to various disturbances, and produced in Paris a frightful state of distress, that made a part of the lower classes look upon any political change as a benefit; and, in their hatred to a king whom they regarded as a deceiver, to the upper classes, whom they considered as so many Praslins, and to the *bourgeoisie*, which they distrusted and envied, prepared them for a republic as a form of government in which they might work their will as they pleased; and seize with their own hands that relief for their miseries which the monarchic system appeared to deny them. The continual feud carried on with the press, the constant seizures of public prints, and the trials and imprisonments that ensued, had fostered the bitterest hate between the journalism of the day, in general, and the throne, and prepared a biting and dangerous enemy in any emergency. The violent repressive measures, continually found necessary to be used during the whole of the reign of Louis Philippe, had kept up a constant irritation among the people, and engendered still more that state of fermentation which they were intended to suppress: the volcano had been plugged close upon every partial outbreak, but boiled and burned no less below the surface. The national vanity, and national prejudices, had, at the same time, been irritated and aroused by the absurd accusation,

brought against the Guizot government, of subserviency to the English interests, and foul play to the national honour by treacherous truckling to England; and this ridiculous cry—raised designedly for party purposes, and for the sake of overthrowing a ministry, by men who cared for their own watchword only as the comedy of a pretext—had sunk deeply into the hearts of the people, and, while it fostered again into life their old national hatreds, instilled the mass of the lower classes with the venom of contempt and dislike to a ministry supposed to be sacrificing the Frenchman's dearest interests—those which most touched his vanity; and not only to the minister, but his master, the monarch; not only to the monarch, but to the whole order of things. This “got-up” farce of wounded national vanity may be also set down as one of those corrupt political party manœuvres which, by lending its aid to the smouldering revolutionary feeling, turned eventually against the men who had composed and acted it.

Meanwhile, the personal character of the king, evidently more inclined to *ruse* than openness—which, however, might sometimes have better served him in his system of government; his disposition to evasive, elusive, and under-hand management, in any difficulties to be overcome; his alleged treachery to those who served him, when he could profit by their fail, and the selfish policy

he is accused of continually adopting, to further the personal interests of his family and dynasty, had all contributed to the estrangement of the more intelligent classes, and had particularly disaffected a great part of the national guards. As to the lower classes, their personal estrangement from the king had arisen shortly after the revolution of July, the results of which they considered as delusive to themselves. Their disaffection and dislike to him did not look deep into his policy, but were based far more upon a vague instinct of aversion, and a want of sympathy in a character that neither flattered their national vanity nor exhibited a generous feeling in their behalf. At the same time the death of Madame Adelaide, who was supposed to be the right hand and most sagacious counsellor of her brother, the illness of the king himself, the probability of his speedy demise, and, perhaps more than all, the suspicion that the capacity of the ruler of the land, upon which so much weight had been laid for evil or for good, had been much weakened by age and family affliction, were considerations which contributed greatly to a diminution of that awe, if not respect, which the supposed superior intellect of Louis Philippe had commanded, and aroused more confidence, as they increased the active preparations for a new revolution, among the republican and subversive parties in the country.

Such was the state of the public mind, in general,

as far as regards the causes to which the success of the revolutionary movement may be traced, upon the opening of the year. The state of parties need scarcely be insisted upon at length, although it may be as well to note the various shades, as far as they give each their tint to the background, which the painter is rubbing in. As the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, with M. Guizot as their leader, stood first the conservatives—the men who thought that France had had enough of convulsions and revolutions, and that new experiments in political organisation were only so many risks to the national liberty, which they considered the country to be enjoying, and to its evidently improving internal prosperity. Next in force came the constitutional, or, as it was called, dynastic opposition, composed of men who considered themselves friendly to the reigning dynasty, but who were ever engaged in manœuvres and intrigues of parliamentary policy to overthrow the actual ministry, in order to bring their own friends into power, and little aware of the dangerous lengths they ran; as was proved by the eventual result of their last opposition effort. The legitimists were few in number in the Chambers, allying themselves sometimes in unnatural compact to the radicals and republicans, when they thought that an attack could be made upon the hated dynasty of the “usurper,” and sometimes standing alone: in the

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country, their party also had dwindled into a comparatively powerless faction. The old republican party, of which but a few representatives were in the Chamber, was at that time also by no means formidable in numbers, but made up for this deficiency in zeal, activity, and restless intelligence—qualities which insured them authority and weight when the agitation arose and the outbreak really took place. The communist sect, although it possessed its organs in the journals edited by the men who were now to play a prominent part in the history of France, such as Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Flocon, was rather a social confederacy than political party; but, while it disciplined and organised itself for the furtherance of its peculiar views relative to community of property, partnership of labour and produce, equalisation of conditions, and that vague and since so oft-bespoken object, organisation of labour, it was sufficiently regularised to act in any political movement, and mixed up republican political doctrines with all its wild utopian social schemes. It consisted, naturally, chiefly of the working classes, and, among those, of the most discontented, and consequently tumultuous and disorderly. The army, meanwhile, was apparently loyal in the mass—although among the subordinate officers, it has since appeared, republican principles were very prevalent—but without enthusiasm, and without any personal attachment

to the head of the state. The national guard, although originally consisting chiefly of the middling classes, and attached to a system which had given it power and weight, had grown lukewarm and indifferent in its majority,—disgusted with the state of society in part, and, in a minor portion, affiliated either directly or by sympathy with the republicans, and even communists. It was thus far from being unanimous; and its mass, unapprehensive of any real danger or great change, slept in the security of its indifference to the political movements of parties.

Such was the condition of the country, or rather of Paris, in the beginning of 1848—for it must ever be borne in view that the capital was always considered, not only as the expression of the voice of the whole country, but as its mistress and directress—a condition, however, which, bad as it might be, in no way prepared the minds of men for the frightful catastrophes that ensued, or can be said to have presupposed a convulsion of such a nature—when, in the month of February, the opposition party in the Chamber—which had taken, for some time past, “electoral reform,” not so much for its banner and watchword as its instrument for the overthrow of the conservative ministry—announced its intention, after a series of political meetings, under the name of “banquets,” for the propagation of the principles of electoral reform in the provinces.

of holding another monster banquet in the capital, seemingly with the most pacific intentions of speechifying and propagandising the same measure. The banquet thus announced was evidently no more than an opposition intrigue to overawe the majority of the Chamber, surprise the mind of the king, and, in truth, prepare the way for the ulterior dismissal of the ministry : it was no more than that instrument, so often since misapplied in order to dupe the minds of men to ulterior views and intentions,—a demonstration : it was a train for the blowing up of a party : and none were eventually more surprised than the layers of it when, by the machinations of a smaller and despised faction, the fire was made to ignite a secret magazine, the explosion of which not only dashed aside themselves, but shattered the whole fabric of the state and constitution, convulsed the country, and spread confusion and disorder over the whole face of Europe ; — they became their own dupes.

The cry for reform was thus intended as a party intrigue for a ministerial change, and not as a weapon of revolution. By the government, however, the result of the proposed banquet in Paris was looked upon in a far more serious light, either in truth, or for the purpose of self-preservation. A meeting in which inflammatory toasts and semi-seditious speeches might be expected to be held, and dispersed like poison through the veins of the whole

country by a reckless designing press, was considered as most dangerous in the midst of the disorderly and inflammable people of the capital : examples, during the same reign, there had been sufficient of the danger of such an experiment. An old law was called into use for its prohibition. The procession arranged for the purpose of making a demonstration of force and power was declared illegal ; and certainly it may have been well considered as a dangerous movement on the part of the most excitable people in the world. As the moment approached, however, the opposition party itself, headed by M. Odillon Barrot, and, in a more covert manner, by M. Thiers, appeared to be alarmed at the result of its own party manœuvre : it already felt, perhaps, the pressure of the republican and communist parties behind it. After a contention with the ministry, the banquet committee agreed that the procession should be given up, the banquet only held *pro formâ*, and that legal proceeding might be instituted afterwards by the government, to try the question of the legality. But the ultra-liberals still pressed on : they were discontented with the compromise : they insisted on the procession as well as the banquet. A notice was issued by them, to say that the national guards and the students would take part in the procession ; and the ministry again prohibited this exhibition of a species of tumultuous force in de-

fiance of the public authorities. The republicans, in fact, had found that a certain agitation had been excited in the public mind, and that passions had been aroused of which they could take advantage: a small portion of the national guard was on their side: the indifference and apathy of the others were in their favour. They advanced, concealed behind the names of Thiers, Odillon Barrot, and the opposition deputies: they were ready, when the time came, to thrust them aside, and take their lead in the popular movement. Placed in this awkward dilemma, and alarmed by the dangerous results already visible, the opposition decided upon abandoning the banquet altogether, with a promise, intended to stop the mouth of the roused beast of agitation, that the ministers should be impeached for the illegality of their proceedings. This was not, however, the ultimatum of the ultra-liberals, much less of the republicans; a hired *émeute* was decided upon: even the leaders of the opposition party are said not to have been averse to this little drama of popular demonstration, with the deluded hope that it might lead to nothing more than the dismissal of the ministry.

Such was the state of things when the night of the 21st of February fell: how that night may have been employed, in secret council, among the fractions of parties, each eager for the fray from which it might carry off the booty of power, can be well

imagined. The public in general, however, was calm and indifferent; at all events, inapprehensive of any great change. So the night fell. But the morning of the 22d of February was about to dawn.

The prologue is over, the scene is set—

“The actors are at hand, and by their show

You shall know all that you are like to know :”

the curtain is about to rise upon a dark drama, for which the audience was in no way prepared.

In other words, the canvass is prepared, the background has been rubbed in, and the sketcher is ready to commence his pictures.

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE DAYS.

The eve of the Revolution—The 22d of February—The first *émeute*—The prologue to the drama—The evening of the first day—The morning of the 23d—The riot threatens revolution—The dismissal of M. Guizot—Effect of the news of the fall of the ministry—Satisfaction and triumph—Discontent of the republicans—The blow struck before the Foreign Office, and fearful consequences—Revolutionary night scenes on the Boulevards—The 24th of February—The march of the insurrection—Thiers at the Tuileries—Orders for the withdrawal of the troops—The consequences—Increasing confidence and advance of the republican party—Street scenes of revolution—Combat before the Palais Royal—Abdication of the King, and flight of the royal family—Scenes in the Chateau of the Tuileries invaded by the people—Historical scene in the Chamber of Deputies—Anarchy in the streets—Proclamation of the Republic—Paris on the night of the 24th.

As early as Monday the 21st, the day previous to the supposed meeting of the opposition banquet, the wind of revolution seemed to be already raising the dust, indicative of a coming storm. The streets were unusually thronged—not with a rabble mob, but with the usual citizen-like promenaders of Sundays and holidays. Why the crowds thus swarmed to and fro along the great arteries of Paris, like the first hasty throbbing of the blood before a

fever fit, no one—not even themselves—could have told. The irresistible impulse so constitutional in the Parisians, to agitate themselves abroad when there is the electricity of political agitation in the air, had driven them forth. *Something* was expected, although nobody as yet knew what; and every body who could leave his business, and many who could not, had come out “a sight-seeing,” although there was no sight to see but themselves. Excitable and excitement-loving Parisians, they could not be easy in their hives, and must needs buzz forth. The “something,” however, was as yet nothing. People went home disappointed, on hearing that the opposition demonstration was not to take place, and repeating to themselves the assurance, so often futilely repeated since, that “all was over.” Disappointed! They were to be soon sated with tumult and riot, if with such sights the Parisians are sated ever. All over! Nothing was yet begun; and Paris, *for the last time*, slept tranquilly, to all appearance, that night.

Yes! Paris slept in quiet, and allowed the morning of the Tuesday to dawn, in the hope that—the opposition having renounced the banquet, and so great a force of troops, to the amount of seventy-five thousand, having been collected in or near the capital, to overawe the tumultuous, and check any disposition to riot—another *émeute* in Paris would have been strangled in its birth. Paris woke; and

in the forenoon, although the curious again buzzed forth, ordinary men followed their ordinary occupations. But about noon, Paris might be aware that a storm was rising. Distant noises, that came by fitful gusts along the air, rolled down the Boulevards. Large bodies of evil-looking men and ragged boys, as usual—the dirty surge of the advancing tide—passed from hence and thence down the principal thoroughfares.¹⁸⁴⁵ They shouted, howled, clamoured; and their cry was, “Down with Guizot! *Vive la Reforme!*” The Place de la Madeleine, where the banquet procession was to have met, appeared to be their place of rendezvous; thence they took up their post on the Place de la Concorde, and howled still more. This was the mere first movement of the overture. Apprehension and confusion, however, began to take possession of the streets. The *rappel* to call out the national guards was being partially beaten—that ominous sound of the drum that has since scarcely slept by day or night in the streets of Paris. But the national guards did not come: disaffection, want of sympathy in the cause of the government, indifference, heedlessness respecting a movement regarded by them only as a common *émeute*—an affair of the police, such as Paris had often witnessed—rendered them lukewarm and even recalcitrant to the call of the voluntary service. They did not come; and this circumstance is said to have had a powerful influence upon the mind of the

king, and to have first shaken his firmness. Tradespeople began to close the shutters of their shops in haste; bodies of the troops and of the municipal guards were stationed, although sparingly and without movement, at street ends, in the district of the commotion; the throngs of curious idlers strolled hither and thither, and chattered and laughed; heads were protruded from every window, forms were on every balcony; and before every door were agitated groups of servants, porters, portresses, and cook-maids, wondering and screeching like sea-gulls before a storm. The only weapon of the ragged and seemingly insignificant unarmed mob of men in *blouses* and *gamins*—the hazarded and salaried pioneers of revolutionary movement—was their force of lungs; and this continued to be mercilessly used, in the reform and anti-Guizot cry upon the Place de la Concorde. Presently, however, a further movement took place: a band of workmen from the faubourgs was seen advancing on the other side of the river; the guards on the bridge, fearing to be surrounded probably, retreated; the mob rushed forward in a body; the two columns met; the whole mass stood before the Chamber of Deputies. A few invaders climbed the palisadings of the building; a few windows and lamps were broken. But now the first resistance of the armed force took place: the mob was driven back by the municipal guards; men poured back

over the bridge in overflowing tide; a detachment of dragoons followed; stones now began to fly; but, after a slight resistance, the crowd of *émeutiers* fled, and scoured into the Champs Elysées, and the neighbouring streets and avenues.

In the Champs Elysées the scene of riot became more active, more serious, and more picturesque. As the troops slowly advanced, the mob retreated, ~~but~~ continued to keep up a sort of bush-fighting among the trees—rushing forward at intervals to fling such stones and heavy missiles as lay in their way, then flying back to the trees. amidst the gathering crowds of spectators, and laughing in hoarse screams with constant shouts of, “Down with Guizot! *Vive la Reforme!*” Truly all this was, or at that time *seemed*, mere child’s play. It was the prologue.

During these demonstrations in the front ranks of the mob, more active measures, however, had been taken in the rear. Young trees were cut down, the chairs placed for the convenience of the promenaders seized, benches tugged up from their stone sockets, tables and chairs borrowed without leave from neighbouring cafés; and, finally, an omnibus, coming quietly down the avenue from the Barrière de l’Etoile, was ruthlessly seized: the passengers, the driver, the conductor, the horses, were turned adrift. The cabs, knowing by experience their fate in such emergencies, had fled from their

stands. Of all these heterogeneous materials a barricade was hastily heaped across the road, in that system of defence to which frequent practice has long ago trained Parisian mobs to such a pitch of strategic intelligence, that it is employed with a rapidity, and generally with a tact in the choice of a position, marvellous to see. To what a degree of excellence, in their subsequent fearful experience, have they not since attained ! All the lamps were likewise broken, as a pleasant *divertissement* to the toil of barricade-making. Although the first instinct of the Parisian crew of *gamins* had been to construct for defence, the second was to destroy from recklessness. A quantity of wood had been pillaged from a wood-yard, together with several sacks of pine-wood apples : these combustibles were flung upon the barricade, and fire was applied. In an incredibly short space of time, the whole—chairs, omnibus, wood, sacks, naked trees with forked branches—all was in an immense blaze ; and, when the cavalry advanced up the avenue, they were met by drifting flames and clouds of stifling smoke. The confusion now began every moment to increase. The horsemen galloped about among the trees, in pursuit of the flying rioters. The crowds of spectators of the show, among whom were many of our fair countrywomen, began also to retreat in alarm. Fire and smoke now rose also from the distant barriers, where the mob were attacking the houses of receipt

for the town-ducs—obnoxious buildings to the low Parisian: a corps-de-garde in the middle of the Champs Elysées was also fired. In the midst of the smoking masses, far and near, a scene of frightful tumult was now formed of the flying mob, the pursuing horsemen, the occasional flights of stones, and the hurrying backwards of the more terrified spectators across the broad avenue, among the trees, around the fountains, into the smart fantastically-built cafés close by: it whirled before the eyes like a wild, confused, distracted dream. As yet not a single shot was fired: a few persons are said to have been trampled down by the horses of the municipal guards, and injured. Still men looked on and called it child's play: and so it was. It was the play of a set of *gamins*, who were acting a part "set down" for them: but the play was the preconcerted prologue to a fearful drama. A few national guards in uniform might now be seen also to be mixing in the ranks of the rioters: was this, too, child's play? At all events it was an ominous game.

The Champs Elysées were purged of the mob. They were dispersed among the neighbouring streets. Here all the shops were shut; all the passages and galleries were closed; all the environs of the Tuileries were hastily covered by troops. Every where, however, the circulation was impeded: every where the streets were thronged with curious spectators. In the Rue St Honoré and the

adjacent streets, a few boys in blouses were seizing on fiacres and cabs to form barricades. Sometimes they succeeded in their captures; sometimes scuffles ensued with the drivers. Ladies were turned out of their carriages, from which the horses were taken off. Still, the hundreds upon hundreds of spectators on the pavement were looking on, and no one attempted to interfere or to prevent: it seemed as if it were to them a show—a stage-play—with which they had no concern beyond that of a more or less interested audience. My good theatrical Parisians! you risked your future peace, as you looked composedly on that tumultuous show: dearly enough you paid your place to see it. Amused, however, you were with all these little skirmishes; and you laughed at the misfortunes and consternation of others, prophetic of your own coming woes, until the troops came again, broke up the half-formed barricades, and drove back the *émeute* to the more eastern part of Paris.

Dreary and desolate enough did the city look with its closed shops, although all the streets were alike crowded with the curious. On the Boulevards were the greatest throngs, but of such gazing idlers only. Troops of the line and municipal guards defended the hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs; but they were only occupied with driving back a few fellows, who every now and then cried, “Down with Guizot!”

In the evening, however, the republican and communist bands seemed inclined to try their strength : the eastern part of the city began to swarm with the insurgent mobs of workmen ; a few gunsmiths' shops were plundered ; a few new barricades were commenced in the more distant streets, but still with no other cry than "*Vive la reforme!*" The *rappel* was now again being beaten to call out the national guards ; and they now began, although slowly, to "turn out," as though the thought had struck a few, that the results of the riot might be serious. But they looked unwilling and sulky ; and the sound of the drums came in dreary and rumbling gusts along the air, now advancing, now receding, as if they were beating a funeral-march. A veil of dark crape also seemed to hang over the doomed city ; for the night was cold and drizzly, and the sky leaden. On the further Boulevards all was black and dismal, since the gas-lights, for the most part, had been extinguished. The streets, lately so filled, were now deserted. The theatres, usually so crowded, had been left entirely empty, the actors in the little theatres on the Boulevards, such as the Gymnase, and the Variétés, coming out in the dresses of their parts upon the balconies or terraces, to look upon the confusion or skirmish beneath. In darkness, alone, the patrols of the national guards were beginning their rounds. The rolling wheels of the usual carriages no longer

struck upon the car; men feared that they might be seized for barricades. The tramp of the heavy footsteps of the patrols, the harsh voices of a few bands of men of the people singing the "*Marseillaise*," were almost all the sounds heard. At street corners sat detachments of dragoons, sulkily turning their cloaked backs to the drifting rain; in the Place de la Concorde the troops bivouacked, as in a camp in time of war—how often has this scene been again repeated since!—before a fire; but they, too, were sulky and silent: even the heavily-smoking fire looked damped, dispirited, discouraged. The absence of all the usual sounds of Parisian life was sadly ominous and inauspicious; instead, there arose the constant murmur of the increasing storm of revolution. Various noisy collisions were taking place between the people and the troops or municipal guards, in the direction of the Rue Montmartre, the Rue St Denis, and the Rue St Martin, in the contending efforts to make and destroy the barricades, although no serious casualty is said to have occurred. They must have been wonderfully apathetic spirits who saw that scene of gloom, and yet slept well that night. Paris had already begun to forget its rest. In the palace was doubt and apprehension—in the government office, bustle and preparation—in party committee-rooms, discussion and plot—among political men was late debate upon the measure of Odillon Barrot, who, with a vain

hope to calm the public agitation, probably, had presented his impeachment of the ministers to the Chamber—among the public, the commencement of fear and ominous augury—in the street, the stir and riot that slept not. Who then slept that first night of a revolution? or how?

When the morning again dawned—the morning of the 23d February—of the second day—affairs quickly assumed a far more serious aspect: the riot had increased to insurrection—the insurrection threatened revolution. In the central and more eastern parts of the town, the crowds of rioters became more dense; their manner was more resolute; their movements were more threatening. The erection of many barricades was effected. Attempts were made by the mob to seize upon the police posts, and disarm the municipal guard; firing began now to take place; blood was shed—men on both sides fell; the people had broken into armourers' shops, and pillaged arms; they had already means of defence; the civil war had commenced in the streets; the inhabitants of some districts already took part in it, by heavy missiles from their windows. The guard-houses had been taken and retaken by the municipal guards, and finally again stormed by the mob, during the irregular and desultory skirmishing going forward in parts of Paris: prisoners had been arrested, and released by force. The elements of bloody insurrection were

at work, but not yet to any very great extent. In other parts of the city, nearer the palace of the head of the state, were stationed large detachments of troops; mounted patrols hurried through the streets, dispersing the lesser crowds of unarmed rioters; and all Paris again was on the pavement to look on. From far and near came the incessant rolling of the drums—a heavy, harrowing, disquieting sound; and at intervals, and sometimes overpowering this weary drumming, came, from the disturbed quarters, the noise of shouting, intermingled with occasional firing. Bodies of the national guards, not visible the day before, were hurrying hither and thither along the dreary but crowded thoroughfares: they now appeared in considerable numbers, as their apprehensions for the security of the city increased, but attempted not to repress the *feeling* of the populace, whatever guard they might keep over its *actions*. Every where they were followed by mobs, cajoling them with cries of “*Vive la garde nationale!*” amidst the only shout yet raised, “*A bas Guizot! Vive la reforme!*” If any expectations were then already rife among the republican party, they were kept in the back-ground. But now came to the public knowledge, and before the public eyes, the fact of the defection of a great part of the national guard. Not only, in many districts, did they refuse to act against the people, but they “fraternised” with them, joined them, and

led them on to drive back the troops, themselves echoing the shout, "Down with Guizot! *Vive la reforme!*" By heading the mobs, they not only gave confidence to the people, but they protected them from the troops and the police, who, however ready to act against the mob, shrank back from a conflict with the national guards. Little did they then know that they were thus actually "cutting their own throats," as well as that of the country.

Such was the state of things when representations made to Louis Philippe alarmed his mind: he hesitated—yielded as regarded the dismissal of his ministry. Early in the afternoon, M. Guizot, who, but an hour or two before, had received the assurance of the King's full confidence, was sent for from the Chamber of Deputies to the Tuileries, and learned the announcement from his master, who, in thus sacrificing his minister, seemed little to comprehend that at such a moment he was sacrificing himself and his own crown—that a new cabinet was to be formed, in a more liberal sense, by M. Molé—a small, and, it might be thought, feeble and useless concession to the popular cry for "Reform," even if the exigencies of party or people went no further: it promised, in truth, no material change of policy. The fall of the ministry was announced by M. Guizot to the Chamber. The news flew like wildfire through the city. The greater portion of the tumultuous citizens seemed, for the time, to be

propitiated, and satisfied by even this concession. The officers, who rode through the streets disseminating the intelligence, were received upon the Boulevards with clapping of hands, and cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" Yes! men of all classes, even among the mass of the insurgents, still cried, "*Vive le Roi!*" The popular hatred to the unpopular minister had reached to such a pitch, that, with his fall, all irritation seemed at first to have been at once assuaged. Messengers were sent off to the fighting quarters, to stop any further struggle of the combatants. The victory they had thus far gained seemed to have calmed the malcontents, although, naturally, it only in reality increased their pride and confidence.

And suddenly the whole city wore a brighter aspect. Tumultuous as was still the appearance of the overthronged streets, yet, amidst the waving of rapidly-formed banners, and the singing of the Marseillaise, the sentiment was one of triumph and victory, rather than of further riot. As the dusk commenced to fall over the crowded and moving streets, and the shouting, chorussing, torch-bearing masses, that paraded the boulevards in immense procession, a few lights began to appear at windows and balconies, now more—now more. Then came the universal shout of "Light up! light up!" and with a rapidity that betrayed as much fear of the mob as personal satisfaction, patches and points of

fire ran up and down the façades of houses, and gleamed, first in confusion, and then in long and more regular lines, along the Boulevards. The illumination became general. Now more than ever did the riot wear the aspect of a noisy popular *fête*. People shook hands, embraced, and shouted. Satisfaction was on every face, for every body cried, "Long live the reform! All is over!" All over? God help them!

Yes! all *was* over, men might well think, when the darkness fell on that Wednesday evening, and Paris wore its festival aspect of rejoicing and noisy satisfaction. But the blow was about to be struck, that should change the joy into mourning, the shout of satisfaction into the yell of vengeance. The train was being laid for a fearful catastrophe; the hand was ready to fire the train, and produce that terrible explosion which was to blow up a monarchy, and crush into annihilation the "throne of the barricades" beneath the barricades that had exalted it. Long did men hear and speak of that "untoward accident" which produced the sudden and terrific change, and speculate upon the *chances* of destiny. But they have since learned that, in the overthrow of kingdoms and countries, there is *no chance*. Untoward was the mind that conceived the explosion, but accident there was none. The hand is known—the stratagem—the acted tragedy—the man, and the deed. To pro-

ceed. Thus, as follows, was the “untoward accident” studied, prepared, executed by design.

The republican party, small as it still was in real force, had been on the alert throughout, to take advantage of the revolutionary tactics of the opposition, in order to further its own views. It perceived that the opportunity for advancing its cause was slipping through its fingers—that the discontent and the convulsion were subsiding into satisfaction and possible peace, by the fall of the obnoxious ministry. This was a turn of affairs that was to be remedied. The troops, it was known, had received orders not to fire, except in self-defence; but, as the fever in the public blood had not had time to subside, it might be again roused to delirium-pitch by a seeming aggression of the soldiery; and this aggression, it was calculated, an “untoward accident” might produce. But accidents may be forged, if they fail to come of their own accord: the act of violence, which was to dupe the whole populace of Paris, and again set every angry passion afloat, was calculated upon with an infernal cunning. Whosever the mind that conceived the diabolical plan, the hand that gave the signal for the tragedy is known. Why conceal the name? It was the mad republican Lagrange, the insurgent of Paris and Lyons, who struck the blow. The fact is never doubted now. He himself is said to have vaunted his performance of the noble and patriotic

deed, by which, it is true, he hazarded his own life. The success of his black act of calculated deceit is said also, during many following weeks, to have turned his brain.

All was triumph, and the illumination flickered brightly over the fête-like panorama of the crowded Boulevards, when a compact throng of men marched down the Boulevards. Lagrange was at their head. They assembled before the office of the *National* newspaper, of which Marrast, the ardent advocate of democracy, was the editor. By this well-known democrat the mob was harangued—by others, also, of the ultra-liberal leaders in the Chamber. In the interior of the office, Lagrange is said to have expostulated angrily with Marrast for remaining “satisfied” with the small results produced, and to have declared that he still knew “a trick” which would *better* the state of affairs—a trick which he would execute. Be these mysterious words really true or not, there is no doubt that, on leaving the *National* office, Lagrange proceeded with his column to the Foreign Office, further on. The procession was declared to be a peaceful demonstration of triumph: many unconcerned people, going the same way, or anxious, like true Parisians, to see “the sight,” joined with the band, which thus opened a passage for them; they even preceded it. This Lagrange knew; and upon this he *calculated*. Arrived at the post, where the military were

placed, he ruthlessly fired upon the officer in command, knowing the effect he should produce. The officer's horse was wounded, and a soldier fell dead. The officer, thus attacked, conceived that the moment for self-defence was come—the fatal command to fire upon the seemingly aggressive mob was given. The discharge of musketry—that fatal discharge that finally overthrew a monarchy—was made: many innocent people fell: the mob fled, howling down the Boulevards, screaming for vengeance. Yes! many innocent people fell; and again it must be repeated, that upon this circumstance the success of the infernal plot had been *calculated*.

Who witnessed the frightful scene of uproar and confusion that ensued, and can forget it ever? One of those theatrical exhibitions, which carry away the minds of the excitable and drama-loving Parisians, also entered into the *mise en scène*, already prepared for this bloody tragedy. A *tombereau*, or open tumbril-cart, was quickly fetched by howling, shouting men: it was ready in a neighbouring street, *where it had been placed for the purpose*. Several of the dead bodies, hastily dragged away, were placed upon it; these were soon disposed to *the very best effect*, with heads, and streaming hair clotted with gore, and bloody limbs, hanging over the edges of the cart. Torches were lighted: they, too, had been prepared for the effect of this terrific

scene of a preconcerted drama. Let another part of the careful and ingenious *mise en scène* be not forgotten here. During the night, pailfuls of bullocks' blood were poured out upon the stage of the tragedy, to excite the popular indignation by the sight. The "getters-up" of the scene, however, overshot their mark; the inundation of the pools of blood was such, that no reflecting mind could credit its reality. Along the Boulevards passed the frightful procession, illumined by the funeral torches, amidst singing, shouting, howling, and dread cries of vengeance. On it went until, again reaching the *bureau* of the *National*, it paused; and there Marrast and Garnier Pagès, the deputy, who with others was present in the office, pronounced speeches over the bodies, and promised vengeance to the people. These men—innocent, it must be hoped, of the fell plot—saw, however, that their time was come to take advantage of the awful catastrophe.

The tragedy was acted; and all Paris was quickly dupe of the acted play, so hideously real in its results. As on went the troop, waving the blazing torches over the ghastly heap of dead, and shouting "Vengeance!" the cry was quickly caught up, and echoed from street to street by the excited multitude; for every where was all Paris made to believe that the soldiers, unattacked, had wantonly fired upon a peaceable and innocent

crowd—that instructions had been given to that effect by the King, in order that, by a renewal of the combat, he might secure to himself a more effectual despotism than ever; and all duped Paris believed, and shouted vengeance also for this presumed act of shocking treachery. Frantic was the scene that met men's eyes that night upon the Boulevards! Men were rushing hither and thither shouting, “*Aux armes, citoyens! aux armes! Nous sommes trahis—on nous égorge—on nous assassine!* Out—out! to arms—to arms! Vengeance for the blood that has been shed! Out—out! to arms—to arms!” And now it was no longer the mob of the lower classes that shouted the shout of vengeance; those who cried To arms! were well-dressed men, and no longer boys—men of all classes and all ages, seemingly. Out of all houses came the inhabitants of duped, treacherously excited Paris. What had been as yet an affair of party, men now believed was to be the redress of outraged humanity. Poor, duped Paris! Out of all houses they came with what weapons of defence they could snatch up—some with sticks and staves—some with tongs and shovels—some with swords—some with real fire-arms. Men knocked at every door, crying for arms, and calling upon the citizens to come out; and from the windows above still streamed down the illumination of joy to light up the scene of frenzy—yes! of frenzy. And

now the tumult waxed ever more and more, until the air pealed as with thunder, and the ears were deafened by incessant shouts. Pickaxes were already employed in tearing up the pavement of the Boulevards—trees were being hacked down—the bill-sticking turrets were smashed to the ground—benches were torn up; and, in an incredibly short space of time, one powerful barricade after another was flung over the whole width of the broad thoroughfare. Torches, meanwhile, were incessantly flying about—guns were fired off in the air—anxious faces were at every illuminated window—and ever and on all sides rose incessantly the screams of the crowd, rushing hither and thither in the wildest confusion, like dark demons of vengeance—“*On nous assassine !* Out—out ! to arms—to arms !” Terrible as were these sounds, almost more appalling to the heart were the incessant heavy falls of the huge stones flung upon each fortress-heap of the barricades, and the crash of the falling trees. Awful sounds ! awful sights ! Again, who heard and saw them that night, and could forget them ever ? The night wore on ; and the fascination of the awe-struck curiosity kept the lookers-on still to the spot. That night thousands of barricades were erected all over the capital. Later came an utter stillness more ominous, more awful yet. It was the lull before the thunder-storm of the morrow. Nothing was heard but the deep breathing

of the workmen-sentinels who had mounted the barricades, or the sharp word of command shouted from time to time. This deathlike silence of the armed city lasted nearly to the morning's dawn. But, again, who slept or rested that second night in Paris?

Before the morning dawned, carts, tumbrils, tubs, furniture—all that could be seized was employed upon the barricades; and broken bottles strewed the streets. During the whole earlier part of the morning, also, the work proceeded in every street; and it may be mentioned here, that the hearse containing the body of a daughter of a ducal house, borne to her place of sepulture, was also captured, broken, heaped upon a barricade. It was two days before the weeping parents could obtain the coffin containing the remains of their lamented child, over which a sacrifice of blood had been meanwhile poured out. Between five and six in the morning, a species of struggle really commenced upon the Boulevards. A volley of musketry dispersed the insurgents behind one of the barricades: some men fell; the fire was returned; but the cavalry and artillery advanced. The insurrection might evidently have, at that moment, been subdued. But in the hours of the night the political scene had again shifted: new and fatal combinations had taken place: fresh and, at the same time, confused and contradictory orders were

given to the troops: on a sudden they remained motionless and passive on the Boulevards, looking tranquilly at the movement of the insurgents, who, reanimated, returned to their barricades, and fortified their positions in face of the soldiery.

What had been the change which had led to this state of things? Count Molé, who had been summoned to the King to compose a semi-liberal ministry, had either declined the task or found it too difficult for his powers. Shortly after midnight, on the morning of the eventful 24th, the King announced his intention of confiding the destinies of the country, in the emergency, to M. Thiers; at the same time, however, Marshal Bugeaud was invested with the command of Paris, which was declared in a state of siege, and received full powers to resist the insurrection; and even then, under his command, there is little doubt but that the troops were still prepared to do their duty. M. Thiers arrived at the Tuileries before the dawn: he accepted office; he demanded M. Odillon Barrot as his colleague; his own power, influence, and popular name, he considered, were to assuage the storm at once, and soothe the irritated and advancing waves of revolution. Fatal confidence! fatal vanity! His first demand, his only edict, was to the effect that no further resistance should be made, and that the officers commanding the regiments should receive orders to withdraw them. What need of troops?

Was not the great name of little Thiers alone sufficient to quell an insurrection? Upon this decision, Marshal Bugeaud threw up the command bestowed upon him as useless and weak. General Lamoricière was appointed, by the short-lived ministry of a few hours, to his place. The officers in command of the troops in the Boulevards, embarrassed or indignant, sheathed their swords; the troops stood still, sulky, irresolute, confused. In fact, they never acted afterwards. The municipal guards, on horse and foot—the armed police of the city—alone resisted to the last and to the death, until they were almost entirely cut to pieces. By what confusion of orders does not well appear, or want of orders, they had received no command to cease their resistance to the people: they sacrificed themselves for their duty to the last man. These unfortunate and heroic soldiers, execrated by the mob, and whose name has passed down, in republican vocabulary, to infamy and dishonour, alone and unaided, attempted, amidst carnage and murder, to defend to the last the monarchy and the constitution which their *oath* bound them to protect. But to resume the thread of the narrative of revolution.

The republican party now began to feel their force; they had a tumultuous and blood-excited mob for their allies; they cared not for the name of Thiers, or for a liberal ministry in the cause of reform. That cry for reform they had in the last

few hours of that morning drowned in that of revolution and the people's sovereignty; and the people already clamoured for their promised power. The mob increased more and more formidable behind the barricades; it pushed on and on towards the residence of power—towards the Palais-Royal and the Tuileries. The national guards began to look around them in consternation now; they had failed the government in apathy or dissatisfaction; and, like the manœuvrers of the liberal Opposition, they found themselves invaded by an inundation of revolution, for which they had not opened the sluices, perhaps, but against which they had not attempted to oppose the dam of their moral and, much less, physical force. They would have done any thing now to reproduce order; but it was too late. "Too late!" How often were these words fatally repeated, hour after hour, in each separate step of hurrying and confounding events! The national guards have since felt in full force all the horrors of a position they had made for themselves—all the humiliation of the subjection to the mob which they had encouraged—all the despair which they had called down on their own heads. The republican insurgents, and those who were insurgents "for the nonce," as many were, now felt their force. The proclamations of Thiers and Barrot were every where torn down. That of General Lamoricière was similarly treated. The mob now shouted, "*A bas Thiers!* down

with the man who made the laws of September!" And now first was heard the cry of "*A bas Louis Philippe!* down with the King!" now first, and as yet not from every voice—even from a small portion only of the mob; but now the cry *was* raised. When M. Odillon Barrot and M. Gustave de Beaumont, who had been also invested with a post in the new short-lived ministry, accompanied by General Lamoricière on horseback, proceeded to several of the barricades to announce their appointment, promise reform, and harangue the insurgents into good-humour, the fatal cry again rose, "*Il est trop tard!*—too late!" They found themselves obliged to retreat before the fury of the monster, which their own party had so mainly contributed to rouse into action. They retired, Odillon Barrot trembling and pale as death, to withdraw forthwith from the scene of action—the others to convey to cast-down Thiers the assurance of the fatal mistake of his vain-glorious confidence. It *was* too late!

Meanwhile the national guards were overwhelmed with consternation, or had really made common cause with the insurgents. The troops, informed that the King desired no other protection than those same discomfited national guards and the brave people of Paris, reversed their muskets,—even gave up their arms to the populace, or allowed themselves to be robbed of them without resistance,—then fraternised with the mob, amid frantic flatter-

ing cries of "*Vive la ligne!*" The retreat for the cavalry and artillery was sounded on the Boulevards. The cannon was seized upon by the people, and dragged to their barricades by the shouting triumph-maddened mob. In other parts of Paris similar scenes took place at all the military posts. Under the semblance of the protection of the national guards, the capital was delivered over to the people: all the troops were withdrawn, except those who guarded the chateau of the Tuileries, and the post in the guard-house of the Palais Royal,—composed of soldiers of the same regiment which had fired before the Foreign Office, and was already doomed to the hatred of the people,—and the municipal guards, who, as has been already said, from some confusion in their instructions, or in despair, fought and resisted to the last. Under these circumstances, what were the pictures presented by Paris? Confused, moving, shifting, tumultuous, like sketches by the hand of Callot multiplied a thousandfold.

Down from the faubourgs came still the masses of thousands upon thousands, pouring an overwhelming resistless torrent along the Boulevards, overflowing into every lesser street, more especially those leading towards the Palais Royal and the Tuileries. All were armed with such weapons as they could seize. Every private dwelling all over Paris was invaded, without resistance from the in-

habitants: at every door, at every floor, did fierce-looking fellows knock and demand arms. Pistol, gun, sabre, fowling-piece,—every weapon that could be pillaged from private collections of antiquities,—shield, dagger, antique halberd, gothic helmet; all was demanded, all was taken. With these instruments, of every most fantastic kind, on rushed the rude men, their sleeves tucked up to their shoulders, brandishing their prizes aloft. Roman helmets, pasteboard cuirasses, fanciful lances—trimmed sometimes with artificial flowers,—small swords belonging to the costumes of the last century, all the apparatus of dramatic show, dragged forth from the “properties” of the theatres, mingled with more real and deadly weapons. Women there were, too, among the shouting throngs, armed with cutlasses, or sometimes with logs of wood or kitchen utensils, waving banners of red rags on poles, holding branches aloft, with their hair streaming in the damp air. Boys were crushed beneath the helmets of the dragoons—who had given up all, even to their head-pieces—or trailed the long sabres of the cavalry on the ground. Some had a sabre on each side; others bore the saddles of the troops as cuirasses before their breasts. Pikes were made of bayonets affixed to branches of trees, cut down for barricades. Early in the day every armourer’s shop had been plundered; the magazines of those who resisted had

been recklessly sacked of all, and sometimes set fire to. Soon all over Paris, on all the closed shutters of every shop, on every door, at every gateway, were universally chalked up, in self-defence, the words, "arms already given up!" On some more enthusiastic or timorous houses, "*Les armes données aux braves citoyens!*" on others, "Gone out to fight with the arms!" Long did these words remain chalked up along the streets of Paris, sad mementos of that dangerous and disorderly hour. On poured the tide; and now all who moved thronged to the purloins of royalty, to the well-known palaces of the capital. Soon the Boulevards were comparatively quiet and deserted; but what a scene of desolation—what a mass of ruin they exhibited! The good trees gone—the posts smashed down—the pavement torn up! The barricades, however, were still guarded by men and boys upon their rugged summits, waving flags in one hand, sabres or muskets in the other; gesticulating, screeching, shouting to the occasionally passing little knots of excited national guards. Meanwhile in every street in the great city were also barricades: each barricade was watched by workmen-sentinels; and yet every where was the circulation free. Lookers-on were invited over these temporary ramparts by their rough guardians in blouses, who even laid down their arms to help the curious foreigner up and down over the mounds. Strange Paris! where

every one rushes out from his dwelling to look on where people fight and murder in the streets—where the fierce insurgents clear the way for those with whom they do not combat. All over Paris, in every street, in every lane, even where no fighting was going on, were crowds abroad—every where heads at windows, although shops and doors were closed—every where curiosity, confusion, excitement. In most parts the insurgents were still complaining only of the grinding and exclusive system of the government—of the necessity of obtaining a pledge of reform from the King—of redress for the innocent blood shed the night before. In some districts alone, such as the Rue St Denis, where fighting had gone on the previous day, or during the earlier morning—where streets, pavements, and barricades were smeared with blood—where broken windows and broken lamps, and marks on the walls, told that bullets had passed,—where shattered pieces of furniture, thrown on the heads of the soldiery, lay around—where, on all sides, were the indescribable remains of fight and struggle, painting in fearful colours what had passed—there, first, about the hour of noon, might be seen little ragged boys, sitting on the huge stones of the barricades, transcribing quietly, with pen and ink or pencil, handbills of a republican character, which were gathered up by men in better attire, and hastily carried away. There, first, it may have

crossed the mind of the wanderer among the scenes of revolution, that other attempts were to be made for other results than that of reform alone. At that hour the people already felt its triumph. There was no more fighting, except about the palaces.

On the Place de la Concorde, the troops had fired, from behind the pallisading of the Tuileries gardens, upon a host of insurgents, who were employed in the savage massacre of a few fugitive municipal guards; and several innocent persons, who were passing at the time, had fallen; among others a deputy. Some had a narrow escape for their lives.

Around the Palais Royal still continued the desperate combat. The municipal guards, in the old thick-walled building opposite to the palace, and the soldiers at their post, still resisted desperately: but now they fought no longer for their King or country — they fought in defence of their own lives; or, since they knew themselves doomed, they fought in reckless despair, to sell their lives as dearly as they could. No after-concession—no order—no intervention—no personal interference of Marshal Gérard or General Lamoricière, could stop the combat. They fought against the mob to the last; and they all perished by shot or sword-blow; or, when thrust back into the guard-house, to which the mob set fire, they were burned or stifled by the flames. Long it was before they were

vanquished, the palace entered, the rich rooms sacked of their contents, the pictures and works of art destroyed, and the building itself with difficulty rescued from the flames which had at one time assailed it, a fire having been made of the emblems of royalty piled up in the court against the walls. Long it was before this triumph was attained by the insurgents at the Palais Royal; and fearful and strange continued long the picture presented to those who stood at a little distance and looked upon it. Every where wild figures from the barricades—on the place of the Palais Royal thick smoke and incessant lightnings from the firing, amidst the cries, and groans, and yells—wounded men dragged back into the half-open shops—now and then a dead body drawn away—now the corpse of a fair youth, his hair hanging down, all dabbled with the blood that streamed from his shattered forehead—again, an aged, gray-haired man, at his last gasp, upon a bier—and around, and about, and at all the windows, was the dense crowd of curious faces, looking on the *show*.

On the quays stood still the dispirited troops—fronting them masses of men; but there was no combat now. On the island of the city blazed the corps de garde before the Palace of Justice, illuminating an immense, mixed, fantastic, screeching mob. In all parts of Paris also burned on high the

detested guard-houses of the unhappy municipals. Every where was like tumult, confusion, uproar, consternation, curious expectation of dreaded results. But soon came galloping along the quays the dragoons who had guarded the Tuileries, followed by the infantry with fire-arms reversed. How had they left their post? Men and boys despoiled them, unresisting, of their arms, their helmets, their caps, even their horses. With shamed looks they fraternised with the people, and returned unarmed to their barracks. But now came the cry from mouth to mouth along the air, "The Tuileries are taken! the Tuileries are given up! on to the Tuileries!" Impossible! how? how? "The king has fled!" Again impossible! Let us on to the Tuileries also, and see. True! there are throngs of people at every window, on every balcony, even on the roof. The people have the palace as their own. Guns are being fired in the air, as *feux de joie*, in all directions,—above, below, from great *salon* windows, and from attics, from the garden, from the court. Amidst the uproar of shouting and firing, a wild multitude is pouring forwards to the palace, ever more, and more, and more, "to the crack of doom"—men, women, and children, almost all armed more or less seriously, more or less grotesquely, — dancing, singing, chorussing, embracing—a scene of frantic excitement—and all on—on to the palace.

The King, then, and his family, have really fled. But how? What has passed in that same palace of the Tuileries?

From the earliest part of the morning, the King appears to have been utterly dispirited and cast down, and to have evinced an indecision which foretold the ruin of his cause. In an early interview with the Duchess of Orleans, he already exclaimed, "*Ma fille, je suis vaincu!*" Had age, then, extinguished that vigour for which he was once so celebrated, and daunted that personal courage, which he had so often undeniably exhibited? or did he already feel, that, by abandoning the firm policy of his minister, by shrinking from the contest,—by paralysing the troops, in accepting the recommendation that they should be ordered not to fire,—by receding thus before an insurgent populace, and, in fact, striving to conciliate revolution,—he was really lost? He had been prevailed upon, however, to pass the troops and national guards, in the court of the Tuileries, in review. By the latter, he had been received with sullen cries of "*Vive la reforme!*" He had promised the reform with crest-fallen humility, and retired, still more evidently faint-hearted, to his apartments. But there, into his presence, hour by hour, minute by minute, came persons in chaotic and unrestrained confusion of rank, with contradictory counsels, still more chaotic and confused.

There, too, came Emile de Girardin, the editor of the *Presse* newspaper, once an ally, confidant, and agent of the King, but now a disappointed courtier, who had flung himself into the most violent opposition. And now was openly urged by him the fatal—it might be thought, triumphantly spiteful—advice, that the only resource remaining for the King, to save the remains of royalty and the dynasty of his family, was by abdicating in favour of his grandson, the Count of Paris, under the regency of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans, as more popular than the regent appointed by law, the Duke of Nemours. Already, however, this measure had been confusedly discussed in the early morning council of the new ministers. It was thus not absolutely mooted for the first time. The King hesitated, wavered. Some of the deputies of the Opposition who were present, also urged the abdication, little thinking that they were playing a game they were so soon to lose, at the moment they thought to win it. The new ministers, who by their temporising policy had rendered the struggle hopeless, now also openly supported this bitter counsel, so urgently and unexpectedly laid before the embarrassed monarch. His own sons, trembling for their own position, seemed to approve the advice, and turned themselves against their father. Louis Philippe himself, in his prostrate spirit, offered little or no opposition. Alone, the gentle Queen—

who was present, surrounded by her little grandchildren — energetically expressed herself with indignation against the proposed degradation. She, generally so calm and so resigned, went “as a lioness,” as an eye-witness has said, from one to another of those present, imploring them not to counsel such an act of cowardice, urging her bewildered husband “rather to mount on horseback, and allow himself to be killed at the head of his troops, than thus, in coward spirit, to throw down a crown he had taken up against his will, but was now bound to guard.” Tears fell from the eyes of the unhappy mind-palsied monarch: he buried his face in his hands,—then raised it again hastily, to sign the fatal abdication in favour of his grandchild. “And now go, Sire, no time is to be lost—go—escape!” was the cry of the infatuated men around him. And the King fled—the family fled that palace. They hurried through the garden, without waiting to take the most necessary articles of travel, or money, in their exaggerated alarm. On the Place de la Concorde, two carriages were hastily found for their flight. The Place was already thronged with mob, mixed with the passive soldiers and the officers, who looked on in silent amazement at what passed before their eyes. The crowd was neither rough nor violent, although it pressed forward with curiosity. Some groans and murmurs rose: but a few national guards and officers stood

around the royal fugitives. The King hesitated a moment, and desired to go to the Chamber of Deputies, but he was overruled by his alarmed attendants. He could not forget his mob-conciliation policy, however, and addressed a few words to the crowd, telling them that he had abdicated, and that he left them to their will. The gentle Queen still showed the irritation of wounded pride and anger—poor woman! For a moment they paused near the obelisk, on the spot where the head of one monarch of France had fallen, with the concurrence of the father of the same King who now fell less fatally, but who seemed to stand upon that spot as an expiation for that ill which “shall be visited from generation to generation.” Another moment—he had entered the humble vehicle that was to receive him, and convey him from fortune and power, and was driven hastily away. None cried, “God bless him!” The Duchess of Nemours, the Princess Clementine and her husband, who were on a visit to their parents, followed in another carriage. The Duchess of Montpensier had been lost in the confusion of the utter panic, during which none seemed to know well what they did. Wives and husbands, parents and children, were separated in the hurry of the flight. How they finally escaped to England, comes not into these “Pictures from Paris.” The Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier went afterwards with the Duchess of Orleans and her chil-

dren to the Chamber of Deputies, to receive the official recognition of the boy-king of the French. And thus it was that Louis Philippe and his family fled from the palace of the Tuileries, leaving it to the national guards for its protection, but in truth to the mob of Paris.

Meanwhile the storming of the Palais Royal still continued ; and Girardin, accompanied by some officials of the Tuileries, hurried to the place of combat, bearing the precious document he had wrung from the king's hand—the abdication. He advanced with a flag of truce : he, too, thought with his influence to quell that insurrection which he, too, had aided to excite. But now it was the republicans who stood forward at the barricades to parley : again was the announcement of the abdication met with the fatal cry, “ *Il est trop tard !* ” With Lagrange, delirious from the fever of his unexpected triumph, at their head, they treated Girardin and his announcement with scorn : he also was obliged to retire. They shouted now, “ No king ! no regency ! no Bourbon ! no Orleans dynasty ! ” At the same time, also, one of the party had been sent to reconnoitre the Tuileries, and parley with its defenders : he had been admitted, had exaggerated the power and disposition of the advancing tide of insurrection, and had been believed. The troops had been first removed from the Place du Carrousel, and then, upon further misrepresentations, from the palace altogether, by the

order of the alarmed Duke of Nemours, who had been left in command. The national guards shortly afterwards entered the building, accompanied by a crowd, astonished to find itself master of the palace of its King. When, a little later, the combat was terminated before the Palais Royal, and the insurgents rushed to the Tuileries, they found the gates open for their entrance. And thus was this palace-fortress surrendered without a blow.

See ! how the people rush into the princely pile. From below to above—from hall to attics—it is filled to overflowing : the people riots in its own sovereign-house ! Devastation and destruction seemed at once the order of the day : plunder was at first not thought of, although afterwards, spite of what lying French republican papers may affirm, it was carried on to an immense extent. The *brave peuple* filled its pockets. Before the very eyes of him who writes were valuables thrust into every possible receptacle—spoons, objects of art, cups, gold fringes, letters by curious autograph collectors. It was well known, also, that jewels and bank-notes, and other valuable property, were purloined, although, in some instances, the “justice of the noble people,” as the phrase went, shot down those detected in stealing, and sometimes for a mere trifle ; while other more flagrant plunderers escaped unscathed, under the disguise of noisy patriotism.

What pictures, indeed, did not those scenes

afford ! Without—furniture, dresses, papers, curtains were flying out of every broken window, and heaped upon bonfires made of the royal *fourgons* and carriages. Glare, flame, and smoke filled the great court. Torn dresses, the caps of the princesses, strips of curtains, legs of mutton, loaves of bread, were brandished aloft upon the points of bayonets : bottles of wine protruded out of almost every pocket. Drunken men flourished about, amidst the yelling crowd, with satin breeches, they thought the King's, drawn over their greasy trowsers. Ragged boys, *en blouse*, blackened by powder and smoke, with pistols in their girdles, and sabres brandished in their hands, bestrode the stone lions of the palace entrance as patriot sentinels. The rattling of the breaking windows, the crash of the furniture hurled out of them, the running fire of the discharged muskets, the crackling of the bonfire flames—were all overwhelmed by the shouting and the frantic singing of the *Marseillaise*.

Within—stranger, wilder pictures still ! In the apartment of the Duchess of Orleans, on the first floor, a more tranquil spirit was shown than elsewhere. The crowd in those royal rooms was great as every where : but it gazed only with curiosity, and touched nothing. In the *salon* was a blazing fire ; on the table were several books, among which the *Consulat* of Thiers, and the *Algérie* of Alexandre Dumas, the latter turned down open on the table-

cloth, as the unfortunate Duchess had probably laid it down at the moment of disturbance. On the floor and on the sofa were rows of little card-paper soldiers on wooden stands, set out as if for battle, with which her two boys had probably been playing when taken from their sports to quit their home, and return to it no more. Touching sight ! A boy took up one of the toys ; but an armed artisan, one of the rough, honest sort, covered with the smoke of battle, commanded him to lay it down again. “ ’Tis but a toy,” expostulated the little fellow. “ But if you take a toy, others would think they might take a treasure,” was the angry rejoinder of the self-installed guard. In the bed-room of the poor Duchess were the hat of her ill-fated husband, his epaulettes, and his whip, under a glass case. The crowd walked round these objects curiously, but with respect. Some women shed tears. Here was thrown a shawl in the dressing-room—there a silk dress—signs of hasty and agitated departure. Every where stood small objects of value and taste ; but here no one touched them. What sad tokens were they of the character and domestic life of one born to high destinies, and now a fugitive !

In the state apartments the scene was far otherwise. Here were the wildest confusion and disorder. The throne was early pulled down and carried away : the curtains were torn to the ground—the lustres and candelabras smashed—the busts broken

—the pictures riddled with balls ;—every where thronging, yelling, half-intoxicated crowds. In the theatre all was torn and broken : the people appeared to resent the past pleasures of the royal family. In the chapel, the altar was respected, by the intervention of a young *élève* of the Polytechnic School, and the cross borne away by men, thus animated to a sense of religious deference, to the church of St Roch ; but all else was shattered. In the King's private rooms the scene was, if possible, more disorderly still. There every thing was recklessly destroyed : papers were hurled about in showers, like a snow-storm. In one corner of a room was erected a sort of low screen, behind which were being flung, by some national guards, aided by a few workmen, articles of value, monies, portfolios, and papers : a few sturdy-looking men, with muskets, were set to guard over what was now proclaimed “ national property.” Some ruffianly-looking fellows were devouring, quietly seated, the untouched breakfast set out for the fugitive King : in a great state-bed lay several men, quietly smoking their pipes : the cigars of the princes were freely handed round to every mouth.

In the delicately-furnished rooms of the Princesses, and in those of the Queen, no such respect was shown as in the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans. Every thing was appropriated, or broken and destroyed : articles of attire were torn out of

presses, objects of value scattered about, letters passed from hand to hand. Nothing was respected, in spite of the violent efforts made by many of the better-disposed; and, be it said, even among the lowest, there were many of these. Big-bearded men, with costly shawls upon their backs, and cigars in their mouths, reclined on satin sofas, playing at duchesses, and begging, in falsetto voices, that curtains might be drawn, because it was cold: others rolled their dirty smoke-smeared persons in the white beds with obscene jokes and gestures; while by the side of one stood an old female servant, crying at this dishonour of her mistress's couch, perhaps the only inmate of the palace who had not fled. At the costly dressing-tables, boys and men were deluging themselves with perfume, and smearing delicate pommade into their fough heads of hair. Here a valuable scrap-book was turned over and torn by many hands; there a piano was thumped by several men at once until they broke it; and here again was a piano, at which a little hunchback played the "Marseillaise," while the mob madly chorussed—here again another, at which a well-dressed man had been forced to sit down and play, while parties of *blouses*, with a few women, joined in an orgie-like dance of frenzy. In one corner a workman scratched the words "*Mort aux voleurs*" upon the wall, and guarded from instinctive honesty, self-installed, articles of value; in

another a ruffian beat his wife because she *would not steal*. Some jested, and cried, "Walk up! walk in! entrance gratis!" Some howled republican-ism; some sang drunken songs. Boys pranced in royal head-dresses of the Queen, or paraded the court-dresses of the Princesses on their backs. And every where were throngs. The grotesque, the horrible, the unseemly, the wild, and the pathetic, were mingled in a scene of confusion like a hideous nightmare. But while such pictures were represented here, close by, in another building, was being represented a great historical picture, which many may paint again hereafter with pen and brush, in glowing colours.

In truth, a great historical scene it was, that scene in the Chamber of Deputies, which was the concluding one of the monarchy of July. On leaving the palace of the Tuileries, with her children in her hand, the widowed mother, the Duchess of Orleans, proceeded to the Chamber of Deputies. The chamber was crowded: with the little royal party flocked in also many national guards, who, having aided to dethrone their King, now hoped to secure a still greater share of power for the *bourgeoisie* in a new government, with greater constitutional reform, by aiding to proclaim the minor king under the regency of his mother. Already once overwhelmed by the invading tide, they were again destined to be utterly swamped—poor, foolish dupes

of their own short-sighted policy ! With difficulty the Duchess of Orleans obtained a seat in the semi-circle before the tribune of the president, holding a wondering and awe-stricken child in each hand. But before the solemn ceremony of a king's recognition could be commenced, other bands of armed men, in spite of the violent opposition of deputies and officials, burst into the hall. Almost overthrown by the torrent of rude invaders of the hall of deputies, the unhappy Princess was obliged to retreat to one of the upper benches with her children, the agitation and confusion increasing ever. Into the upper galleries also flocked the noisy herd of people ; and when M. Dupin and M. Odillon Barrot attempted to proclaim the young king and the regency, once more a stentorian voice from the crowd bellowed out the fatal words, "*Il est trop tard !*" Still, however, deputies ascended the tribune and spoke. Opposition members, Marie among the number, called for the nomination of a Provisional Government, and desired that the nation should be consulted. Legitimists, hoping the utter overthrow of the hated dynasty, short-sighted also—at least for the time—clamoured in the same sense. The unhappy Duchess, who stood courageously forward, unscared by the tumult, strove to speak ; but her woman's voice was drowned in the rude strife of contending men. Other individuals—some of the Chamber, some not—now

also attempted all to speak at once. Amidst the clamour and confusion, fresh bands of men of the people again burst into the Chamber, not only into the galleries, but into the hall below. The allies of the republicans had now arrived to hasten the consummation of a kingdom's fall. Still smeared with the smoke of powder, still heated with the combat, they burst in; and, while some flourished sabres and banners, others held their loaded muskets over the Assembly, ready to fire upon any one who should utter a word displeasing to king mob. Some with their fire-arms leapt upon the tribune. Sauzet, the president, endeavoured to terminate the scene of anarchy by covering his head and dissolving the sitting. "Off with your hat, president! or you die!" was the cry; and muskets were levelled at his head. Ledru Rollin, the stout orator of ultra-liberalism, the conspirator, the tribune of the people, as he was deemed, obtained, amidst the fearful turmoil, a little hearing, to denounce the regency, to proclaim the people's sovereignty, to demand a Provisional Government. The desperadoes in the galleries thundered applause, and answered by the first cries of "*Vive la République!*" But Lamartine now rises in the tribune. He is the former friend and champion of the Duchess of Orleans. What does he say? He deserts her cause, and advocates, like his colleagues, the sovereignty of the people and a Provisional

Government, of which he guesses well that he will be a member, and thus rule the destinies of France. His long smouldering ambition will at last be gratified. "*Vive la Republique*" is cried again. The inflamed mob, encouraged by its champions in the Chamber, now directs its fire-arms over the heads of all the deputies, who shall dare to resist its will—over the royal female, and the royal children too. The faintest movement of a finger on a firelock may shed the blood of those poor beings, of the frightened deputies also. Those around the Duchess press her—compel her to retire. She is led—hustled away by a back door. The Duke of Nemours, on his own side, flies, and is said to have escaped by a window, disguised. One poor child, the little Duke of Chartres, is torn from the side of his mother: he is found weeping by a stranger, and is at last led to rejoin his anxious parent. They reach the hotel of the Invalides; and thence the Duchess afterwards, finding the cause of her son utterly lost, is able to leave Paris the next day in peace, with her carriages, and such of her portable effects as can be rescued from the invaded Tuileries. What a scene of confusion and dismay! Sauzet, the president, loses his head entirely, and quits his chair; and most of the deputies leave their places, and retreat from the Chamber in alarm. The sitting is dissolved.

The sitting, in truth, was actually dissolved:

but amidst the never-ending tumult, certain deputies—those who now see the power falling into their own hands—remained upon the field of revolutionary scramble, and tried to dominate the clamour of the mob. Lamartine calls again for a Provisional Government, based upon the suffrages of the people—as if the ruffian mob that clamoured there, in that tumultuous hall, were the supreme essence of the nation, and expressed the will of the whole people of France, or even Paris, in its outrageous yells. “The republic! A Provisional Government!—the names! read the names!”—cry the ragged, well-instructed republicans, who are about to represent the nation’s will, and are afterwards to be vaunted to all Europe as the whole voice of the sovereign people. Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, Crémieux, and finally Dupont de l’Eure—the poor, weak old man, who had been put, with a vain appearance of order and legality, into the vacant president’s chair—attempt to read the names of this Provisional Government of a people’s choice—their own names—to the tumultuous crowd, which threatens still; and their names are read aloud, sometimes with shouts, sometimes with sounds of disapprobation, from those who disapprove all but utter anarchy—the names of Arago, Crémieux, Garnier Pagés, and Marie also. “To the seat of government, where the Provisional Government shall be installed, and all arranged!

To the Hotel de Ville!" proposes Ledru Rollin. He and his colleagues have departed. The Chamber has been left to the national guards and armed men of the people to work their will in; and so they too cry, "To the Hotel de Ville!" and rush out in tumult. The hall where that great historical scene—that scene of tumult, confusion, anarchy, revolution, and illegality, which is to form the foundation-ground of a new government of France—has been thus acted, is at last left deserted.

Still more confused, tumultuous, and critical, were the scenes then acted that evening, the whole night, and the long following day, and even the ensuing night, within and before that old Hotel de Ville, which has now again become the seat of government. But, before passing to them, let us see what were the pictures which Paris now presented on the evening of the last of these three eventful days. Let us again look upon the Boulevards—the great main central artery of the city.

Desolate and drear were the scenes which there met the eye, although the Boulevards were crowded with dense throngs, as if all Paris had met upon them. Close by the church of the Madeleine, looking spectral in that light, blazed a guard-house, shedding its flame over rioting men, drunk with blood and the intoxication of victory, as well as wine: then came the building of the Foreign Office, looking like a haggard, guilty culprit, with those

lying pools of bullocks' blood bathing its feet; and into them men had dipped their fingers to write "*Mort à Guizot!*" upon the walls—beyond, devastation and destruction, and the many barricades. And along the whole thoroughfare, and over the barricades, and shattered turrets, and fallen trees, came the countless mob, bearing the half-broken throne, which was to be burned upon that stage of fancied liberty, the Place de la Bastille. Along they came, with trumpet and drum, and copper kettles, smote as gongs, when they had no drums, proclaiming on each barricade, to the ears of astonished men, the new republic. Blood-red flags they had, and bore aloft the spoils of the Tuileries—the provisions and the loaves of bread, the gold-wrought table-covers of the palace, and the princesses' robes. Some were wrapped in the white cloaks of the cavalry; some wore the *bonnet rouge*; and boys again trailed great cavalry sabres, and buried their heads in helmets and the plumed hats of generals, and brandished still bloody weapons: and big men had twined wreaths of artificial flowers on their heads, and screamed shrill screams; while emancipated soldiers, unarmed, and drunk with fraternisation, clung to their arms; and women there were also, girt with sabres, and bearing poles belung with spoils in their hands, yelling with the men; and youths of the Polytechnic School, who, from revolutionary tradition, had borne their part

also in the sedition, the insurrection, and the revolution, climbed the barricades on huge horses, led by ragged boys, and pulled off their hats with theatrical pride to those who cried "Bravo!" on their passage, and evidently thought themselves, even with spectacled noses, new Masaniellos just pranced forth from the opera stage. And on, and on, and on they came; and among them were far more hideous groups—those who bore upon their bayonets the battered and blood-stained casques of the massacred municipal guards, and rags of their uniforms also, and of their shirts, and of their drawers, smeared with blood, around which men shouted, and clapped their hands, and cried "Bravo!" Some of the unfortunate wretches had been stripped and burned alive in fires: eye-witnesses saw the deed and whispered it, horror-struck, to him who pens the fact; but no newspaper afterwards dared to tell the deed, when journals combined to praise the lofty magnanimity of the brave people, and its heroism, and its mild generosity, and were directed by the Provisional Government to paint the revolution, to France and to the world, *couleur de rose*. Grotesque and horrible together was once more the scene. The people were revelling in their saturnalia of anarchy, bloodshed, and triumph. It was the high carnival, the *mardi gras* of revolution. And on, and on, and on they came; and deafening was the din, for the firing in the air and shouting were incessant; and

thousands of voices screamed in hideous discord the *Marseillaise*, always beginning, never ending, never getting beyond the frantic "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" and the feet trampled and crashed incessantly over the stones and fragments of the barricades. On went, all the evening, the same scene of yelling confusion, like the never-ceasing death-knell of all order and security.

Meanwhile spectators ever thronged along the pavements, looking on in wonder and no little consternation; and many men's hearts grew faint with a new fear as they crowded round little scraps of paper, hastily written, and posted up on shutters, containing the names of the new Provisional Government—those already mentioned—with Marrast also, and Louis Blanc, and Flocon, and Albert, *ouvrier*—of all of whom, and their addition, more hereafter; for above these little proclamations stood the words, "*La République Française!*" and below them, "*Vive la République!*" Yes—men's hearts grew faint with fear; for those words were words of terrible import. The memory of another fearful, bloody, disastrous republic was still in men's minds—handed down to tradition as a time of terror, from generation to generation. Men looked askance upon one another; and the crest-fallen national guards gazed with blank looks into each other's faces—for they had helped to do that deed at which they now first shuddered. And over all the con-

fusion, the consternation, and the dread, shone out again the illumination, called for by a people's sovereign will—the so-called illumination of spontaneous enthusiasm and of real fear, which afterwards was so often to shine again and again along the streets of Paris, and to be vaunted to the world as that of joy by lying republican journalism.

Anarchy and confusion ran riot that night ; and the awful feeling of desolation, and dread, and helplessness grew greater in men's minds, when they reflected that the troops were all disarmed, while all the most desperate of the people were armed to the teeth—that there was no restrictive force—no police—no government, or only one threatened by invading anarchy—no laws. Paris felt that it was at the mercy of its most reckless mob ; but at that time the mob may have been still thought generous and just ; for it committed no ravages ; it had disowned theft ; it had shot robbers ; it kept police over itself. It knew its own power better, and learnt other instincts afterwards.

That night the guard-house of the Palais-Royal still smoked, and the walls of the palace were blackened ; but its galleries were converted into temporary hospitals, whither the wounded were conveyed. In the Tuileries the “ sovereign people ” sat enthroned, and held its court in unmentionable orgies ; and it sat there many long days, untired of its sovereignty.

And the night went on; and the appearance of the city did not lose its terror and its awe. The lamps were all broken; and the illumination faded ominously, and left the streets to darkness. No carriage moved; but every where were armed herds of men; and the barricades still bristled every where with bayonets; for the people were told still to defend their rights with arms, lest flying Louis Philippe should return to crush them, or the garrison of the neighbouring fortress of Vincennes come down upon the insurgent city. The firing was incessant throughout the night; and those who went wearied to their beds wondered whether the city were indeed attacked, or whether the mob were pulling down the palace of the Tuileries stone by stone, or—they knew not what. But the noise was only that of the never-wearied people firing off their ceaseless *feux de joie*, until they dropped down exhausted at the dawn. The crowds of revolutionary revellers that night kept watch over the thousand ruffians of a great capital by their restless thronging in all streets. Yet there was cause for fear; for it was known that many of the prisons had been opened by the mob—the debtors' prison, and the place of confinement of the *filles de joie* in the house of St Lazare. They had come out these women—or had been driven forth by those who insisted on their liberation. Some came in triumph, as deserving their false name—singing, swearing, raging, dan-

cing with obscene gestures—some in their finest attire—some merely in their shifts, for they had torn off their prison dress, but, over and above this scanty garment, had flung such plumed hats, and velvet scarfs, and muffs, as they could seize in skirmish from the prison repository of their old finery—and some in rags: others there were who sat down by the street-side and wept, asking why they had been turned out of their place of refuge, for they had no roof to shelter them. It was said, too, that the mob had opened the gates of the prisons of the thieves, and cut-throats, and galley-slaves; but this was false: again, the instincts of the people were not then utterly led away to the bad. But yet, in that night of anarchy, there might well be cause for fear.

And so terminated the last of the THREE DAYS.

CHAPTER III.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The two contending Provisional Governments—Compromise and fusion—Scenes before the Hotel de Ville—The republic proclaimed—The tricolor banner substituted for the red—The monster-sitting—Proclamations and edicts and decrees innumerable—The Provisional Government at work—Unexpected addition of fresh members—Foreign manifesto of the new minister for foreign affairs—The contested authority of the police—How Marc Caussidière became Prefect of Police—Physiognomy of the members of the Provisional Government.

THUS was a new French revolution accomplished—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, thus did the French revolution accomplish another great change in its eternal progress. Thus was a new government appointed,—*self-appointed*. In the face of a tumultuous and seditious mob, a few of the Opposition members of the Chamber of Deputies declared themselves elected to rule the destinies of France, by the “sovereign voice of the people.” Poor people! how was it represented! But, by this deed, the “sovereign voice of the people,” it appears, was not fully declared: the “sovereign

voice of the people" was making itself heard also, quite unsuspected, in another little quarter of Paris, and in the dark office of an ultra-liberal, and now avowedly republican journal. The "*Reforme*" newspaper, the editors and leading men of which had long been conspirators in obscure republican schemes, had its own men, who were also to be appointed to the government by the "will of the people." There was Louis Blanc, the journalist and historian of republicanism—the disappointed young diplomatist—whom a personal slight of his small person by a lady of high rank is said to have flung into the arms of democracy—ardent, biting, bitter Louis Blanc; and Flocon, also, one of the principal *redacteurs*; and Albert, the conspirator of Lyons, himself a journalist, and a man not ill to do in the world, but who had tried all shifts and all characters, and might conveniently be put forward as an artisan, to flatter the people with a belief that one of themselves was among the actual rulers of the land; and, in truth, as *ouvrier* was he formally announced in future government proclamations. And there was Marc Caussidière, an underling associate, a rough uneducated man, but of energy and determination, and a will and ambition of his own,—and he was to be provided for. So, in the dark *bureau* of the "*Reforme*," in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, another Provisional Government was proclaimed again by the fickle will

of the sovereign people, which was omnipresent, it seems, as well as omnipotent—but which here was represented only by a very small body of unwashed republican acolytes. They had been appointed even the previous night; for lists of the names had then been actually printed, even long before the king was hurled from his throne, or had abandoned it. So we see that the sovereign people possesses indeed “*la voix de Dieu*,” as it had been told, and has so frequently been told since: it was prophetically omniscient, as well as omnipotent and omnipresent.

Off to the seat of government, at the Hotel de Ville, hurried also, on the afternoon of the memorable Thursday, the second Provisional Government,—there to meet with the first, and struggle and clash with it, as were they two kings of Brentford upon one throne. It was long, it seems, before the two came to an amicable settlement of their pretensions to the sovereignty delegated to them by the sovereign people, by a compromise and a fusion; and, meanwhile, king mob howled round the Hotel de Ville, distrusting the proceedings of its conflicting delegates within.

Thousands upon thousands of armed men, drunken with the intoxication of their victory, yelled impatiently for the result of the deliberation of the double conclave, upon the Place de l’Hotel de Ville. They had even invaded the interior, filled

the passages, and thundered at the door of the hall of deliberation. Without, they waved their red banners, and beat their drums, and pointed their captured cannon at the gates. They all at once proclaimed themselves republicans: and the one clamour from their fifty thousand throats was for that ideal, from which they had been taught by demagogues to expect some vague, supernatural, at least altogether visionary good, as were it a talisman to raise up a golden age by the mere power of its name—that fancied goddess of liberty and happiness, and peace and prosperity—the republic. Wearied with battle, still smeared with smoke, and dirt, and even blood, they roared and howled for the republic; for they were designedly goaded, by active agents, with the idea that treachery was at work—that their idol was to be snatched from their grasp, and a regency proclaimed. “No regency! no Bourbons! no kings! the republic, the republic!” they yelled. And those from whom they feared what they called “treachery” were only endeavouring, within, to combine their own interests and consolidate their own power.

They had come at length to a compromise, however, amidst frequent interruptions from invading herds of impatient men. To those already proclaimed in the Chamber were to be added the names of the new candidates of the *Reforme*, in the guise of secretaries. Louis Blanc, and Flocon—

the famous haunter of low *cabarets*, and the eternal smoker of clay pipes; and Albert, also, the *soi-disant ouvrier*—for on all hands it was admitted that the title would be a taking one with the mob. And Armand Marrast, the well-known advocator of republican principles in his journal the “*National*,” could not be left out, nor would he have permitted it; and so he also was added to the list of “secre-taries,” to be soon otherwise provided for.

But still the people roared without; and then the new self-elected rulers of France came out to the mob, and promised all it asked—promised the republic, promised a paradise on earth, would have promised heaven itself, had it been asked for, as they promised afterwards every exorbitant demand of the sovereign people.

In the midst of that scene of uproar, excitement, and mistrust, ready to recommence anarchy and destruction, one deed—a great and good deed—was done, however, upon which, probably, depended for the time the destiny of France, perhaps of the whole world; and it was done by Lamartine, the man of imagination, and not of action (except in moments, when he can act a part before the face of the world)—the “poet-statesman,” as he will henceforward be called by his allies, and glory in the name—once the ardent legitimist—then the pretender to power under Louis Philippe—now the republican. Upon the barricades had been raised

aloft the red flag of revolution ; it even then waved over the Hotel de Ville ; but to that blood-red banner popular fancy had always attached the idea of a republic of violence, war, and revenge : it was the bloody pirate flag of propagandism by force of arms—the symbol of a rule of terror by the scaffold. This Lamartine knew : the policy which he intended to put forward as his own was to be that of peace, and order, and tolerance ; and of that the tricolor flag was to be the emblem, as it had been the banner of the reign which took for its motto, “Liberty and Public Order.” He knew too, probably, how easily the French might be led away by the outward show, and engage their future sentiments in their outward symbols ; and he felt that in the change of colours on a flag-staff lay the present fate of Paris, of France, of the rule on which he had staked his own destinies. In the face of the waving crowd of those thousands of stormy men, choking in manifold group the square, he stood before the gateway of that picturesque historical old building—upon those steps on which so many scenes of history had already passed, and none more important in its results than this—pale, but erect, and seemingly resolute. The picture was a grand one, and may be often painted in future days. He presented the tricolor flag in his hand, tore down the blood-red banner. Then, even then, was he, who again afterwards fell so low in

the awards of history, the man of the moment—the man of courage,—the man of right feeling; that deed was to make him, for the time, the hero of France, the respected of Europe. It was done at the hazard of his life; for, at the sight of this suspicious deed in the face of a mistrustful crowd, a single cry, “He is a traitor! he deceives us!” might have been the signal for his death; and guns, swords, pikes, daggers, every instrument of death, were at that moment presented at his head. Yes, he was the man of the moment. He made a powerful appeal—one of those appeals that become words in history. He spoke of the “triumphant colours that had gone round the world;” he declared that none other ought to be waved aloft in the new republic: he flattered with poetic and powerful language the instincts of the mob; and *he touched them*: he communicated one of those electric flashes of simultaneous sentiment which sometimes pervade crowds, thrilling through all frames alike at once, as if it were a supernatural influence, but which few mortal men know how to direct, when, and far less *as* they would. The electric shock ran through that armed infuriated mob; guns, swords, and pikes were lowered; “*Vive Lamartine!*” issued from every mouth; the tricolor banner was raised, accepted, recognised as the national standard; the cause of humanity was gained—for the time at least. When Lamar-

tine, after a sitting of sixty hours in the labours of the Provisional Government at the Hotel de Ville, returned to his own house, it was with difficulty that he could escape from the throngs who received him with acclamations on his passage, or disembar-rass himself from the embraces of his admirers. At that time men kissed the skirts of his coat !

Long and sedulously did the Provisional Government labour during those days and nights, still often interrupted in the commencement of their weary sittings by the intrusion of riotous men, who *would* hear the assurance by their own ears that the republic was proclaimed, and that it was safe ; who *would* be harangued, addressed, flattered, as “ brave, generous, magnanimous ”—untired of the flattery—within the halls of the Hotel de Ville, and on its *Place*—at all hours, and by all the members individually, collectively, pell-mell, or by selection, according to caprice. King mob seemed unwearied of seeing its delegate-servants at work, of superintending to know that they went on with it well, of being played courtier to : it was long before any degree of order could be restored, or any of the awful work of responsibility before the government could be completed uninterrupted. Harassed, exhausted Provisional Government ! it certainly did its work stoutly at that hour, if not well. What did it produce ? what did it not produce ?

Its first proclamation was a curious document,

curiously belied by its after-acts : it was consistent afterwards only in its flattery of its new sovereign, the "grand and generous people," and in the pretension that the rulers of the land had been elected and proclaimed by the voice of the nation. Whom did the government think to dupe by such vain words? It then proclaimed the republic, with the proviso of its future ratification by the nation, convoked and consulted; and yet afterwards it despotically treated the republic as the established law of the land. It declared that neither Paris nor itself pretended to substitute their own opinions for the opinions of the nation in general, as to the definitive form of government; and yet it browbeat the country into submission to its will and that of the noisy democrats of the capital: and, in its subsequent copies of this proclamation in Paris, it omitted this latter important paragraph altogether. It protested its anxiety to deliver up as soon as possible, into the hands of the country, its provisional authority, and yet stretched out that authority to its utmost limit of time, and used it as autocratically as ever despotic sovereign. But, without anticipating, it may be as well to record in a few words all the other first deeds it did, as it sat in that wondrous sitting, and regulated, in troubled haste, the destinies of the nation.

It issued proclamations to national guards, and army, and people of Paris, and nation at large,

full of fine words and grandiloquent phrases, promising peace, order, liberty, confidence and prosperity—all in two days : has it not been said that it would have promised heaven on earth? It appointed its own members ministers ; Lamartine at the foreign office, to cajole the powers of Europe, and reckless Ledru Rollin to the home office, and Marie to the public works, and Arago the astronomer to the *marine*, and Crémieux to the ministry of justice : and it took to itself ancient Opposition deputies as other colleagues—Goudchaux the banker as minister of finance, and General Bèdeau, soon to retire, of war, and Carnot of public instruction—in which capacity he was hereafter to signalise himself in a strange manner—and Bethmont of commerce : and it placed poor old Dupont de l'Eure at the head of the cabinet without portfolio, as a respectable *chaperon* : and it gave Garnier-Pagés, of its own body, the title of Mayor of Paris, imitated from the times of the old Republic—a happy notion it was thought—with Guinard and Recurt, patriots well known for many reasons to some among them, as adjoints, and with the prefecture of police in his attributes—a post afterwards to be disputed, and ceded after much turmoil and confusion to another — and to create infinite branches of police arrangements, as will be seen ; and it made Colonel Courtais commander of the national guard of Paris, and called him General ;

and it dissolved for ever the hated municipal guard, to revive another police force under another name, when the "confusion twice confounded" of police authorities was somewhat cleared away in course of time. It dissolved also the Chamber of Deputies, *en attendant* the National Assembly it promised to convoke; and it forbade the Chamber of Peers to assemble and deliberate, but did not dissolve it; although no one can tell why it did not, when it had its hand in. And it recalled the soldiers whom the events of the previous day had disbanded; and gave back all the objects in the public pawning offices, under the value of ten francs, to their depositors; and fixed upon the Palace of the Tuileries as an asylum for invalided artisans—and quite forgot their edict afterwards; and informed Paris that the fortress of Vincennes had yielded, and that liberty was secured to the capital; and absolved all functionaries, civil and military, from their oath to the "fallen tyrant," quite papally; and set all the political prisoners at liberty; and ordered that arms should be given to all citizens who should require them; and adopted the orphans of those who had fallen in the three last new "glorious days," at the public expense; and promised succour to the wounded and to the victims of the monarchic government; and arranged for the supply of provisions for the capital; and gave orders that butchers and bakers should deliver food to hungry citizens,

and that the barricades should be opened for the better transport of fuel. It abolished also the punishment of death for political offences, thus quieting the fears of many who, in the very name of a republic, saw only the erection of the guillotine ; it did away with the imprisonment for debt, thus also quieting the fears of one or more of its own members, more especially of such a one who could no longer screen himself from arrest under the lost privilege of deputy—and public finger pointed at Ledru-Rollin ; it declared that, with the tricolor flag, the government had adopted the democratically symbolic words of “ Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,” to be embroidered on banner, and engraved on every public monument, as well as in men’s hearts—proclaiming thus what has proved the vainest of all its proclamations, in those misapplied, misunderstood words, which none *shall* comprehend otherwise than in their own vague and varied sense—and what did it not do beside in that mighty sitting of sixty hours ?

It did two other things for good and for evil. It instituted the immediate recruitment of a mobilised and paid national guard, with the alluring pay to destitute young men of thirty sous a-day—thus hoping to drain off into a secure channel the most hot-headed, unruly, and dangerous spirits, and in such manner put the capital under the protection of those who might have proved deleterious to its

security: and it is under the name of "*gardes mobiles*" that this newly created and rapidly organised force has since done such good deeds, as good luck has willed it, to the cause of so-called order. But it issued also that fatal edict, which contained the first germ of those extravagant social doctrines that afterwards stamped a character so bloody upon the progress of the Republic, giving promises and pledges, judged at once by all right-judging men as utopian and insane, productive only of bitter disappointment, and pregnant with those calamities that were to come quickly, fearfully—the edict in which it established the duty of a government to guarantee the means of work to all its labouring citizens, and implied that every government had the power also, if it would—the same edict which promised to the working classes the million of the civil list of the fugitive King, as theirs by right—another promise never performed, as how should it have been?—was it for the workmen of Paris to enjoy the property of the whole nation? But all these things will come often again before the observer of the first phasis of the new French revolution, in their moral effect, as well as in act and deed of frantic men.

But men with the strongest determinations, boldest ambitions, and even best intentions, cannot work for ever at the rudder of office, in a storm. The monster sitting came to a close at last; its members

retired from their monstrous task. Some work was left for government secretaries to do. There were edicts and proclamations to be sent to printers for immediate circulation: and, in correcting the proofs of such public documents, it seems that secretary Louis Blanc forgot to insert, or by accident erased the words, "secretaries of the government," that headed the four last names of the signatures; and so it was that, the next day, the Provisional Government found, to its surprise, that it possessed four new co-equal colleagues. Expostulation was made to the careless secretary about this confusion; and a revision was demanded. But the "sovereign voice of the people," it was answered, had demanded this misprint; it would howl, it was said, if an attempt were to be made to rectify it, and abase its true friends; and from thenceforth it will be found that, by this accidental and unexpected expression of the sovereign will, citizens Louis Blanc, Flocon, and Albert, appear likewise upon the political stage as co-equal members of the government—with Marrast also, although not of their allies—but that could not be helped.

And thus it was that the Provisional Government of France was instituted in February 1848, and enacted its first acts, and edicts, and proclamations. It found support, also, from the respectable classes during those days, and the days that followed, in as much as its active vigour supplied a semblance

of order in the midst of anarchy ; and men, finding their first dreadful fears unfulfilled, exaggerated their obligations of gratitude for its energetic measures, or sought defence for themselves in its support. How, among the lower classes, should it at first be otherwise than popular, or at least in its parts ? It humoured the many-headed ferocious monster, from which it pretended to spring—as if the monster had made Frankenstein, not Frankenstein the monster, that tore him in the end—by fallacious promises and extravagant flatteries, to utter which kingly courtiers would have blushed.

Another document, by which a favourable colour was endeavoured to be painted over the face of the spectre, which had so suddenly risen up before the astonished world, and a character given to this apparition of a republic, to make it more acceptable in the eyes of Europe, must also find mention here. Immediately upon his accession to power as self-installed minister of foreign affairs, the poet Lamartine, now in truth statesman, as he had long ambitioned, issued to the ambassadors of the foreign powers, and the diplomatic agents abroad—to the world, in fact—a long and seemingly vague and rhapsodical manifesto, in which he declared that internal regeneration, and a new great era of liberty, for which he conceived that the French people had arrived at their full period of ripeness, was the end of the revolution, and the basis of the republic ;

and that foreign aggrandisement and conquest, or even the slightest disturbance of Europe, were far from its intentions. Willing enough were the foreign powers, in the disturbed state of Europe which followed the convulsion of France, to leave that country quiet, in order to make its great experiment of fancied regeneration with a "clear stage and no favour," and neither interfere with nor attack it. But none could but own that this manifesto, in spite of the obscurely-avowed pacific intentions of the new French government, seemed, as far as it could be judged from its vague style, to have only thrown a veil over principles most dangerous, in which it encouraged underhand discontent and rebellion in neighbouring monarchies, and proclaimed France the protector of all revolts, and the friend of all insurgents. Whether some of the colleagues of the poet-minister for foreign affairs did not thus interpret it, during events when party stood opposed to party in the bosom of the Provisional Government itself, will be seen hereafter.

But, although the Provisional Government has thus completed its body, and constituted its authority, there are other posts to be filled, and other leading men, of more or less weight in the new order of things, to be mentioned. Before the one Provisional Government of the Chamber had installed itself in the Hotel de Ville, the other Provisional Government of the Rue Jean-Jacques

Rousseau had not only elected itself by the voice of the sovereign people, there so scantily represented, but had sent its friends to occupy the more important posts of the administration. Etienne Arago, a brother of him of the Provisional Government—a journalist, and dramaturge of small vaudevilles, who had lately prepared his own way by a comedy, attacking the aristocracies of the day, at the Théâtre Français—was *unanimously* appointed by the nation, as it was told, to the situation of Postmaster-General. He had not far to walk over to the General Post-Office, situated in the same street; and he there displaced, although not without some vain remonstrance, the monarchic official. Marc Caussidière—who long, it seems, had possessed an irresistible inkling to dabble in police affairs—likewise, he declared, unanimously chosen of the nation—posted off to the *Préfecture de Police*, installed himself in its *bureaux*, and, when questioned what he did there, answered, that he was as much elected *Préfet de Police* by the voice of the sovereign people as the other good gentlemen members of the government. Again, however, the voice of this fickle sovereign had been unaccountably inconsistent,—for it appears that it had, at the same time, delegated to the same post a certain Sobrier, an ex-republican conspirator, equally authorised to wield the power of the Parisian police: he also rushed to the *Préfecture*, but found the post already

occupied. By a strange oversight towards these "chosen of the nation," the Provisional Government had, at the same time, placed the police authority under the attributes of its new-old mayor of Paris. After some confusion, a sort of compromise was entered into: the "chosen of the nation" were allowed to remain at their post as double *delegates* of the police. For a few days the divine missionaries of the people's voice—" *qui c'est la voix de Dieu*"—shared the power between them. But two wild tiger-cats seldom live amicably in the same cage, according to the laws of nature, be it even that of republican fraternity; and, after much snarling and showing of teeth, delegate Sobrier was fairly driven out by his brother tiger-cat! The government then gave in, promulgated the appointment of citizen Marc Caussidière as *Préfet de Police*, and declared Citizen Sobrier called away to "other functions." What were those functions? Citizen Sobrier retreated to a building of the ancient *liste civile*, where he not only set up a violent ultra-republican journal—" *La Commune de Paris* "—but again instituted himself president of a *Comité du Salut Public*, of historically fearful name, and, unrecognised openly by any authority, edict, or decree, performed the functions of a sort of *Préfet de Police*, No. 2. More of him, and enough, will be heard hereafter in this new anomalous post.

Thus, then, was the new government formed,

and thus were the chief branches of the administration filled, at the commencement of the glorious reign of liberty, equality, and fraternity—that new vague trinity, little recognised but in name. After its first monster-sitting, the Provisional Government will again return to its task of provisional autocratic regeneration. For the present, the page will be closed upon it. One word about its members. Old Dupont de l'Eure, with his honest, dull, old face—a liberal deputy of no great talent—is the respectability-announcing head of a most heterogeneously assorted family. Of Lamartine, the “poet-statesman,” little more need be said, except that personal vanity may hereafter make him do great deeds, and conscientiousness make him descend to worse than littlenesses,—a strange fate! Old Arago, the astronomer, with his fine intelligent head, more bold than firm in its expression, so well set off by his long white hair, is somewhat blustering, and disposed to “run a-muck,” but, in spite of many inconsistencies, is a man to support the cause of moderation. Garnier Pagés, again—a well-known Opposition deputy and democrat—is honest of intention also, men will say, but, like most newly-born revolutionary statesmen, confused and uncertain in his new post of power. Ledru-Rollin is reckless and unpractical in his ultra-republican opinions—a man of a vehement and somewhat warm eloquence in the Chamber; a barrister with-

out business, except in pleading for republican conspirators; wild and extravagant in private life, said to be overwhelmed with debts, which means must be found to pay; in physiognomy insolent, overbearing, and conceited; his face full, his brow knit, his nose raised aloft. Marie is, again, an advocate and deputy, sometimes employed to plead for conspirators also, but of more extensive practice: his mild gentlemanly air, although he has an under-current look of inquisitive suspicion, seems to guarantee more moderate and less reckless views. Crémieux, the Jew lawyer, with his red face and frizzled head of hair, and expression indicative of his race, wears an undeniable look of cunning and calculation. Marrast is supposed to be honest and sensible, but a stanch and resolute republican. As editor of the *National*, he has been looked upon as a head of the party, and, as such, he will be considered soon the most active spirit of the moderate republicans: he has a bold and not unhandsome face. Flocon—heavy-browed, coarse, vulgar-looking Flocon—who has stepped up on the shoulders of the men of the *Réforme*, has manners, speech, and views, as rough as his own looks. Of Louis Blanc, his books, his pamphlets, and his utopian communistic views of “liberty, equality, and fraternity,” some things have been said already,—more, alas! will be said hereafter. He looks sharply intelligent rather than imaginative;

mistrustful, and slightly sensual : his little, almost dwarfish person, agitates itself as it would swell, like that of the frog, to the giant proportions of the ox. Albert, the *soi-disant ouvrier*, not unagreeable in looks, has, however, a grasping and discontented air withal : he clings to his friend and fosterer, Louis Blanc, as the prophet of those wild utopian schemes of communism from which he fancies his own advantage is to come. Pagnerre, too, the secretary-general of the government, with his wild frowning face and shock head of hair, must not be forgotten : he is a bookseller, and has long been the editor of ultra-liberal and semi-republican works ; and he sees not why he should not take a share in the profits of the new work, which he has thus indirectly helped to publish to the world. These are the men, now all ready to act, and to do—or rather to undo ; for to destroy comes readier to their hands than to construct. By the frightened and obsequious compliance of a nation, that has fallen prostrate to allow the storm of revolution to blow over it, they are, for many long weeks, to be the guiding spirits of the new revolution of France. Of France ? No, of Paris, —for Paris alone has issued the command, and of Paris only a small tumultuous minority. Paris alone has bid France be a republic, and France, from old habit, has accepted the dictum of Paris, and recognised the *fait accompli*.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST ASPECT OF REPUBLICAN PARIS,

The restoration of order—First feeling in favour of the Provisional Government—First feeling of confidence—Streets and theatres republicanised in name—The confidence gradually diminishes—The daily revolutions in trades—Efforts of the government to get up enthusiasm—Republican pieces at the theatres—Mademoiselle Rachel and the "Marseillaise"—The dreary last days of the carnival—Republican ceremonies—The general proclamation of the republic—The funeral of the brave, who had fallen for their country—No enthusiasm for the republic—Symbols of the past—The lictors and fasces—The heroes of the Tuileries—The Montagnards—Night aspect of the capital.

AFTER the saturnalia-days of such a revolution, it was naturally a hard task to keep order, to quell the disposition to anarchy, to check the evil-disposed, and, above all, to excite some degree of confidence in the minds of men towards a form of government the very name of which had become an object of horror in France, and in a state of things that was far from being reassuring. The activity and energy of the Provisional Government, in preserving an almost miraculous degree of order, excited much enthusiasm, even in the minds of men most naturally hostile to the republic. But

it was to the zeal of the national guard in ceaselessly patrolling by night and day, in order to watch over the tranquillity of the capital—or, in other words, to defend themselves and their own—that at least as high a praise was due: after their weak folly in aiding the overthrow of a government by which the *bourgeoisie*, of which they were the type, most profited, they could do no better towards amending their sad mistake. They had aided to produce a great revolution without intending it; and they now looked like men awakening out of a dream, and making most woe-begone faces at the unmistakable reality. In the first few days there was a faint show of enthusiasm, but towards the government that held, no matter how, the unchained elements of revolution together, and not at all in favour of the republic.

In order to increase the public confidence, every municipal effort was made for the removal of the barricades, and the restoration, as far as was possible, of the outward aspect of Paris. No danger, the people were told, was now to be apprehended from any attack upon their new-born liberties by the fallen “tyrant.” The insurgent pavement stones were thus restored to the streets; although the disjointed, ill-replaced stones still in some places lifted their heads to tell the tale of the past devastation, and proclaim their readiness to rise again at a moment’s warning; and the few *fiacres*, and

hack-cabs, and omnibusses, and still fewer private carriages, that at first ventured to display themselves, jolted uneasily over them—very much like the Provisional Government over the rough work left them to stumble against by the revolution. Young trees, too, in a very short time were planted on the spots where the old ones had been cut down to form barricades, although looking stunted, meagre, and unhappy enough—very much like the young republic their frail stems might have been supposed to typify; and asphalt was quickly smeared down on the holes in the *trottoirs*, and torn-up railings and benches of boulevard terraces and public buildings soldered in, amidst smoke and stench—very much like the confusion, doubt, and apprehension of the future prevailing men's minds. In a short time the long façade of the palace of the Tuileries, with its smashed window-panes and shattered shutters, the broken casket of royalty, and the quondam Palais Royal—now of course called Palais National, or said to be called so, for none can forget the old name—with its walls still blackened, its paneless windows, and its once flowered terraces boarded in with planks, in face of the smoked and ruined walls of its guard-house, were almost the only monuments which betrayed the destruction and devastation of the revolution. Vigorous measures were quickly taken, also, for the suppression of the devastating bands which began to make

their appearance in the neighbourhood of the capital, destroying not only the royal residences—such as that of Neuilly, which was burnt and pillaged—but private residences of the wealthy, such as that of the Rothschilds at Suresne, similarly treated. And the rails of the different railroads which had been taken up, in some instances from a motive of mere destruction, in others from very contradictory notions—by the people of Paris, in order to prevent the arrival of troops from Versailles; by the people of Versailles, in order to prevent the arrival of the mob from Paris—were speedily restored. In fact, the whole past might almost, at first, have been imagined to be a dream, had not the ominous words “*République Française*” met the startled eye in street-side proclamations of the government.

Gradually the feelings of first alarm began to subside; and in their escape from their worst fears, people exaggerated their very confidence. The first insensate nonsense of those who addressed each other as “*citoyen*,” and even applied promiscuously the appellation of “*tu*” and “*toi*,” in imitation of the manners of the old republic—the mania for returning to the times of which afterwards became the affair of a party—was soon dropped by the mass of the Parisians, although a government edict enacted, not long after that, the term “*citoyen*” should be used in all official documents. The blood-

red cockade gave way to the tricolor of the new republic, and was left to the usage only of the party before alluded to, that was hereafter to take its own designation from the colour rejected by Lammartine: very soon, people no longer asked men in the streets why they did not wear the national cockade of the young republic. The words *roi* and *reine*, and *famille royale*, upon shop fronts, had been removed with anxious precipitation from them on the first day of the republic, leaving great holes in gaudy sign-boards, or curtains; but those who had not, in the first alarm, painted out their arms from carriage panels, still, on this first reaction of confidence, rolled out again with all their heraldic ornament, and received no other check, nor any further insult, than the cry of "*à bas les riches*," from still roving bands of armed men, who could not settle down again to work—and *never did*. True! municipal authorities took great pains to paint the words "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" on every building, and of course converted all that was "*royal*" in title to "*national*" in future designation; and streets, after their customary fashion, in cases of any change of government, republicanised themselves with bran-new names from old times, and purged themselves of all that smacked of royalty, or quasi-royalty, or monarchic history; and some poor streets were left to great shifts for names, others having seized the prize before them,

and at last never knew whether they were "*Rue de la République*," or "*Rue de la Révolution*," or "*Rue Nationale*," or what not—and no wonder; they must have been already confused with the hundred and one names they had already borne. And the theatres hastened also to render themselves democratical,—the Great Opera becoming the Théâtre de la Nation, the Théâtre Français the Théâtre de la République, the Théâtre du Palais Royal the Théâtre Montansier—in compliment to the times of Mama Republic, when they were so called. But, upon the whole, men seemed to try to take courage *at first*, and make up their minds to a republic, and fancy that, in changing the form of government, there was no such great change after all, and repeat, in fact, to one another, the delusive phrase so often* repeated before and since, at the end of each separate convulsion, "Oh! its all over now! now we shall go on well again!" Poor dupes of their own hopes!

But if so it was among some classes, after the few first days, there were others who in vain, although they tried, struggled for that confidence which would not come when called, and which afterwards only more and more vanished from their eager sight. The alarm and consternation of the higher classes, and their dissatisfaction at the change—which brought for them no prospect but that of evil to position and property—was natural

enough; but its reaction upon the lower classes also could not fail to follow. The butterfly seekers of pleasure in the once gaudy and animated capital, the foreigners, the many thousand English, took fright, and fled away at a very early hour, withdrawing at once all their fructifying Pactolus streams from the city. With these foreigners fled also the daily employment of myriads of humble administrators to their daily wants and family existence: many were thus left to nearly total indigence. The wealthier classes in the mass—although there were many exceptions who showed less selfishness—thought it necessary to lay down their carriages, and send away all but the most necessary servants, thus turning upon the town thousands of individuals without employment. Many got away quietly into the country, only to return when they found the country a more dangerous retreat; some chose, for their own especial amusement it must be supposed, to play off the comedy of the first Revolution, and escape unhindered, but disguised in humble attire, from Paris, with diamonds and note-stuffed portfolios in their pockets. But whatever the nature of the “*sauve qui peut*,” the more clear-sighted among the shop-keeping classes, who had already suffered by the long closing of their shops, at a critical moment, could not but see that, with foreign capital leaving the country, and the closing of all the brilliant

salons of society—for the harvest expected from which they had sown ruinous seed of outlay—and that, by their being obliged to withdraw employment from their own workmen, the confidence, from the restoration of which they could alone expect a revival of better days, would be gradually more and more weakened and destroyed—cause acting upon effect, effect reacting upon cause; and disgusted enough they were that they had lent a hand to rear that change, the fruits of which were already so bitter to their taste.

It did not add much to the confidence, also, to hear that “clubs,” or republican deliberative assemblies,—a name dreaded since the awful excesses of such meetings during the first Republic—should be springing up on all sides; and that the lower classes, who alone, and even only a small portion of them, seemed at all enthusiastic about their favourite republic, or to take it *au sérieux*, should be beginning already the most impatient exactions and demands, and making little revolutions of their own among their several trades, with the cry of more pay and less work—the germs of the other scenes of tumult and overbearing excess among the people which soon began to prevail. The hack-coaches or *fiacres*, although proverbially “slow coaches” in Paris, were the first to commence this revolutionary movement. Other strikes of other trades and employments followed day by day.

The first aspect, then, of republican Paris—in spite of the general resignation, and the desire to accept the establishment of a republic as a *fait accompli*, and go on again under a new government—was neither very gay nor reassuring. Nor was the agitation diminished by the daily announcement of revolutions and republics in other lands, which, from the first moment, lying newspaper-venders clamoured on the Boulevards. Belgium, it was declared, had made itself a republic, and Leopold had fled his capital, even before the news of the establishment of the French republic could have reached that country; and, in as equally incredible time, a similar catastrophe was announced in England, with circumstantial details of the flight of personages qualified with the titles, somewhat incomprehensible at first to English ears, of “*Monsieur et Madame Albert*.” It was thought perhaps, by this means, that enthusiastic republican souls would be encouraged into greater confidence by fancying their example followed by other lands—so dearly does the fox who has lost his tail like to see the tails of others clipped; but the belief in fresh commercial disasters, consecutive on such revolutions, had naturally the very contrary effect upon the public mind in the trading classes. The Boulevards fermented, every evening, with these astounding revelations; but it does not appear that the public heart was at all the more cheered.

Meanwhile the authorities laboured, as best they might, to give to the aspect of Paris that physiognomy *couleur de rose*, which, as has already been said, was enjoined, as regarded the revolution, to the public journals *by order*. They pumped hard for a supply of spontaneous enthusiasm at all the dry springs of the Parisian public. The theatres were directed to be inordinately gay; and new republican pieces were recommended as advantageous to the public taste; patriotic songs and choruses, new and old, were sung between the acts; and new *apropos* dramas, of such titles as "*Les Barricades*," "*Les Trois Révolutions*," "*Les Filles de la Liberté*," and so forth, were produced on every stage of the capital. Never, however, was the boasted pride of Paris—the Great Opera—so dull, so dead, so drear: managers were obliged to send out into the highways and byways for "the halt, the lame, and the blind," to fill their boxes; and the frantic enthusiasm of the "*citoyens*," on hearing the "*Marseillaise*" sung by opera-singers, so wordily mentioned in republican official prints, was reduced pretty nearly to the *claque* alone. The theatres soon began to languish in their new dress, pined away to bare benches, and even shortly died of inanition, some of them, poor things! Even at the classical ex-Théâtre Français the celebrated tragic actress Mademoiselle Rachel came forward to sing or chant the "*Marseillaise*,"

and there alone attracted crowded houses, as well by the novelty of such an exhibition in theatrical annals, as by the terrible vigour with which she delivered the patriotic air, and the beauty of her plastic attitudes: although, by the way, the evil which the representation produced may have been incalculable; for, instead of modifying the acrid spirit of a song, no longer suited to a republic of tolerance and peace, she exaggerated it as much as possible, for the sake of producing a passing effect and eliciting applause, with all the leaven of gall, hatred, malice, revenge, and blood-thirstiness, which might well have leavened with the same feeling the whole mass of popular sentiment connected with a melody which was in everybody's mouth. Instead of the inspired guardian angel of a suffering country, sent to avenge its wrongs, as she might have made herself, she was the demon of darkness, scattering destruction and death from the mere love of death and destruction.

In the midst of all this state of apprehension fell the last days of the carnival, the far-famed period of Parisian revelry; but what a contrast did it present to the same period in former years! All Paris turned out, by habit, into the streets; but all was dull and sad-looking, in spite of the crowd. Carriages had already ceased to roll; so there were none to form processions. The new police forgot the old tactics of the monarchy to get up "masks"

in order to feign a people's gaiety, and dupe itself into a belief in a reality which appeared not. The holiday opera balls were empty and drear; not even a new republican costume enlivened them; and no enthusiastic crowd called for the "Marseillaise." The police handbills, regulating the conduct of the "masks," was a living irony; while, at the same time, their flattering delicacy to the people, "*inviting* all delinquents found in contravention of these orders to give themselves up to prison," could but create a laugh. Of course the republican official papers, when they found that the gaiety did not come, told the world that the Parisians were grown too serious for such frivolities, too full of great and mighty patriotic thoughts. They were only grown anxious and depressed, and too full of great and mighty fears. And yet many wondered that the face of Paris, so lately convulsed with agony, should smile at all. It did smile faintly,—true! but each observer could not but be aware, from a twitch or a spasm at every moment, that the unhealthy sore was gathering beneath the surface, and that the cancer-disease, instead of healing, was spreading more and more.

A republic without fêtes, and shows, and patriotic ceremonies, however, was no republic in the minds of those who already were looking back to the past as a model for the future; and such there were among the Provisional Government. Such

occasions were rife, in former times, in allegorical trumpery. And so the republic was proclaimed with all pomp and circumstance at the Column of July, by the members of the Provisional Government amidst grand patriotic speechifyings; and the disconcerted national guard, on horse and foot, was obliged to assist at the inauguration of that government which, had it dared, it would have now willingly acted vigorously to overthrow. And then came the first grand ceremony of the new republic—the funeral of the *citoyens morts pour la patrie* during the last “three glorious.”

In its very nature, the aspect of large moving masses along the densely-thronged streets of a large capital—with windows, balconies, and even roofs covered like bee-hives in swarming time—is an imposing, grand, and stirring spectacle; and so far this first great republican ceremony was imposing also. Music there was upon the steps of the Church of the Madeleine, executed by the orchestras and choruses of all the theatres of Paris, amidst a thronging populace, the flourishing of the Polytechnic youths, and the screaming of the *gamins* for the “Marseillaise” during the performance of “The heavens are telling!” And colour and glitter there was also in the host of tricolor banners, waving in countless multitudes from windows and house-tops, and sweeping among the advancing mass, and in the long lines of tricolor festoons hung from tree

to tree along the mighty vista of the Boulevards, except where the unfortunate trees had been cut down, and were not yet replaced. And grandeur of effect there was in the seemingly interminable sweep of the funeral procession from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, bringing together men of all classes, all corporations, all bodies of the state, citizen troops and military, new organised *gardes mobiles*, still full of their boyish enthusiasm, harmonic societies, guilds, and schools. But, again, enthusiasm for the republic there was not among the mass of the public during that long wearying show. When from the procession the ardent shouted "*Vive la République,*" not one voice from the spectators answered in return. True! heads were uncovered, with respect, as the hearse containing the bodies of those who had fallen passed on, groaning and moaning on its huge wheels; and a spontaneous burst of something like enthusiasm was given to a knot of Polish refugees who joined the march—although it might be that the sight of the fine foreign uniforms of the old Polish officers commanded a great share of this interest in the show-loving Parisians; and a movement of curiosity was given to the "wounded" of the glorious days, and to a "*détenu politique*" in a cab, on which was a label to announce to the world that he was a consumptive victim of monarchic tyranny,—some wicked people said that his face had been chalked

for the purpose;—and to Barbés also, the insurgent of a frantic republican *émeute*, the prisoner of St Michel, once condemned to death, who rode now a hero, like “death on the white horse,” typifying the precursor of those evils which he was afterwards, in truth, to produce. But the republic, in itself, got but a faint share of applause; and a monstrous car, covered with crimson-velvet and gilding, heaped up with a quantity of confused republican symbols, intended to be an emblem of the republic, met with more scorn and laughter than admiration or enthusiasm. Some applause did the members of the Provisional Government, it is true, excite, and acclamations and wavings of pocket-handkerchiefs—as they walked locked arm in arm in a strange row, little dwarfish Louis Blanc linked to big Ledru-Rollin—for men were still grateful to them then, as they deemed they ought to be; but the cry was chiefly “Vive Lamartine,”—he was then mounting the summit of popular admiration—and again not “*Vive la République.*” Shouting there was, too, amidst cannon-firing, when Lamartine delivered one of those poetical orations, that move men’s minds, on the steps of the Column of July, and a ray of sun pierced through the drifting rainy clouds at the moment—an augury, some men thought, of the republic’s future glory. But, still, where was the enthusiasm in the cause of the republic? It existed not in the

mass. One thing still stirred men's hearts—although it made their hairs stand on end, and the tears spring with a shudder into their eyes—the sound of that great popular melody of evil and fearful memory, so beautifully composed, as it came rolling in harmonious thunders down the Boulevards—now swelling, now dying away again, and ever and anon still breaking forth. Men's ears had not then been wearied by the ceaseless, frantic, daily howling of the “Marseillaise” from ill-tuned voices, or its screeching from every fiddle and barrel-organ, daily and hourly, throughout the capital. But in this monster procession of the dead, in this first ceremony of the new republic, there was a sight also which could but call forth a sneer of ridicule from any one but a theatrical Parisian, if it called not forth a sentiment of apprehension and disgust,—and it was thus :

There was a time when a new-born French republic, in the hey-day folly of its early youth, and with all the silly fancies of silly puerile years, sought for its models, and emblems, and symbols, in the most ancient republics of Europe ; and weened that, if it assumed the outward forms, and wore the names of those old times, it must necessarily inherit the supposed virtues of the days of Greece and Rome. And, like a silly boy, the first French republic over-acted its part, and rendered itself ridiculous by its extravagant absurdities. It did more ;

it went beyond the contemptible : it became frantic, furious, bloody-minded. Those were the terrible days when men unbaptised themselves of their old names, and called themselves " Brutus," and " Aristides," and " Scævola," and " Leonidas," and deemed themselves great and doughty patriots, with all the contorted virtues of the antique, because they had so put down their names among the *dramatis personæ* in the bill of the play. Those were the days when women wore Grecian tunics, and exposed their naked charms to the inclemencies of a northern sky,—and happy would the results of all this nonsense have been, had the republic only caught a cold, or a sore throat, or a headache ; unfortunately, it caught a fever, a sore soul, and a heartache. Those were the days, then, when Greece and Rome were *soi-disant* models, greedily swallowed, ill-digested, producing nausea, loathing, and sickness. Those were the days, also, when Roman fasces were carried abroad in public fêtes as emblems of liberty—fasces ! those true emblems of constraint and tyranny,—of constraint by the stick, of tyranny by the axe—fasces ! such as lictors carried before Nero—those same fasces that were stamped upon the coins of the republic, surmounted by a Phrygian so-called cap of liberty, and are connected by tradition, in men's minds, not with classical allegories and antique virtues, but with *comités du salut public*, and denunciations unto

death, and heads upon pikes, and the guillotine. Such symbols, then, were to be repulsed from the fêtes and public ceremonies, and coins of a second republic, said to be based upon the principles of tolerance and moderation. And surely, too, the age of such theatrical allegorical absurdities was gone by; and all this *Greco-Franco* republican humbug, thus falsely borrowed of the ancients, was sadly out of place. But no! it appeared that there were still those among these new rulers of the land, who were determined ever to turn back to a bloody past, ever to spur along the old road, and ever to dream that they could not produce the effect they wanted, but by spreading over the back of the new republic that garment of the past which, like another robe of Nessus, would consume it to the bones—not to be torn away again, when once thrown on, without tearing with it the healthful flesh and the very blood of life.

Thus, in this first ceremony of the new republic, before the new dictators of the land, were borne by modern lictors the eternal emblematical fasces, but borrowed now from the boards of the *ci-devant* Théâtre Français, where they had been used—poor, dirty old things!—to be paraded by knock-kneed lictors before all the bloody tyrants of the classic drama of France. They were “freshed up” for the occasion, however, and made smart to suit the time and circumstance, by being bound with new

tricolor ribbons. But they were no less foolish symbols, and excited the scorn of some, the apprehension of others, as they reminded of those times which should be erased from Frenchmen's memories for ever.

While such was the first aspect of republican Paris, a strange drama was passing in the heart of the capital. After the first invasion of the Tuileries, a band of upwards of a hundred men chose to retain possession of the palace, living in the ex-royal apartments, sleeping in the ex-royal beds, and devouring the ex-royal provisions, with which the chateau was stocked as for a siege. There they lived, these heroes of the last "three glorious," never stirring from their stronghold, holding unmentionable orgies, defiling the *salle du throne* as the place to be defiled *par excellence*. Occasionally they deigned to amuse the more humble Parisians, who assembled around the palisadings of the closed garden, by acting the comedy of kings and queens, and princes and princesses, dressed in the dresses of the ex-royal family, upon the balcony. Within, they hunted in cellars for supposed hidden treasures. Efforts were made to dislodge them by national guards, and popular so-called heroic youths of the Polytechnic School; but in vain. Much weak parleying and truckling was there, also, on the part of the government; but again in vain. The heroes refused to evacuate the place, upon the

argument that, as the palace belonged to the people, they, the people,—its essence truly!—had a right to live in it. Physical force was not dreamed of, at that time, to be opposed to the *brave peuple*, whatever its whimsies and caprices. A brigand's den in the palace of kings! it was a strange state of things in the heart of civilised Paris.

Forced to capitulate upon a threat of famine when provisions failed, those heroes were, after a great length of time, dislodged from the chateau. They stipulated, however, upon *not being searched*—a stipulation which, when the bundle of sticks was untied, was not exactly complied with. Articles of much value, and great sums of money, were found upon these representatives of the sovereign people: but, of course, the republican papers spoke in due praise of the discretion of these “*braves défenseurs de la patrie*,”—*vide* the journals of the day—and vaunted loudly the *honesty* of these heroic and disinterested men who, when captured in spite of stipulations, gave up the plate found in their pockets, which they had only kept there to be offered to the nation!—*vide* the same journals.

A similar band had likewise lodged itself in the Hotel de Ville, to guard the cannon of the nation, it said; but with this second band it was thought necessary to come to another compromise, by legally instituting it as the “republican guard” of the government. Afterwards transferred to the guard of

the police, and of citizen Marc Caussidière, this band, under the name of *Montagnards*, long scoured the capital on horseback—a new police force, looked upon by quiet citizens with fear and awe. Another portion of these myrmidons was otherwise bestowed: it was demanded by Citizen Sobrier, *Préfet* No. 2—who could not be behind his rival, Citizen Caussidière, *Préfet* No. 1—as a bodyguard to himself and his editorial den. By what moneys they were supported, and from whose hand, and how Citizen Sobrier of the “*Commune de Paris*” employed his *Montagnards*, and how he throve, shall be seen hereafter.

Such, then, was the first aspect of republican Paris, in the midst of its gay carnival. In this season of the festivities of the rich, which brought wealth to industry and trade, not a carriage was to be heard by night in the streets—scarcely a footfall, save that of the steady tread of the patrol, composed of citizen national guards, now left to defend their own in a great fermenting city, where there was no other armed force than that of a revolutionary people—no police, or rather, still worse, three conflicting and irregular arbitrary powers of police!


CHAPTER V.

NEW MEN AND MEASURES.

The unrestricted position of the Provisional Government—State of the country and of parties—The adhesions—The attitude of other countries—Socialist demands, and avowed socialist tendencies of the Provisional Government—Its consequent acts and edicts—Meetings of the working classes—Endless deputations to the Hotel de Ville—The satirical journals alone oppose the force of their ridicule—Appointment of the Commission of the Government for Labourers—Louis Blanc and Albert at the Luxembourg—The public works in the Champ de Mars—The institution and organisation of the public workshops—Their true tendency—Commercial distress and financial crisis—Financial measures of the government—The Conspirateurs de l'Economie, and the Conspirateurs de la Peur—Edict for the Election of the National Assembly—The circular of the minister of the interior to his provincial commissaries—Its effect—Public confidence utterly destroyed—The Bulletins de la Republique—Secret revolutionary agency in other countries—The clubs—Their growing power—Apprehensions excited—The Comité du Salut Public of Citizen Sobrier, and his Montagnards—State of public feeling.

THE new men, who had taken upon themselves to rule the destinies of France, had a "clear stage" indeed before them to watch the working of their own new measures. Never had any government freer play; never had any government more power

given quietly into its hands to work its way, as it listed, for the establishment of that confidence which, itself said, was alone wanting to raise the country to a wonderful state of grandeur and prosperity, such as France had never enjoyed before. No hindrances were laid in the way of the Provisional Government; its failure, if fail it did, in its establishment of a glorious regime, could only be attributed to itself. The country at large had been taken by surprise: it had not had time to consult its own sentiments: its spirit was notoriously anti-republican; but it had accepted, from old habit, the *dictum* of Paris: it desired also to avoid any further convulsion, from a love of established order, in whatever shape it might come, from a hope that, whatever the form of government proclaimed and imposed upon the country—and it was told, *at first*, that its own free feeling as to the ulterior form was to be freely consulted by universal suffrage—all would go well. In the commencement, it showed itself wonderfully little disturbed. In some parts of France the republic was accepted, if not with that enthusiasm which lying Parisian papers would have induced the world to believe, at all events with a species of contentment, arising from the trust that a more equitable popular government would relieve the mass from some of those charges which weighed so heavily upon them under the former government, and remove constraints that



were painful to them. In other parts there prevailed a sort of sullen resignation to the establishment of a regime which was dreaded from the experience of a hateful past, and was repulsive to its tastes—but it was the old resignation of the country out of Paris to the *fait accompli*.

Some thus hoped, and others feared ; but all combined in assuming an attitude of quiet expectation. The adhesions given in to the new order of things, by old place-holders, were universal. Marshals, generals, dignitaries legal and official, high place-men in public offices, the army, the bar, and the administration of the state,—in fact, all the world, with so few exceptions that it would need a stronger moral microscope than most men possessed to discover them,—flocked to the Hotel de Ville, or wrote official letters to the new powers that were, to recognise the republic in her self-installed high-priests, and thus humbly beg to be allowed to remain in place as heretofore. Men should not, perhaps, be judged too harshly under the critical circumstances in which they were situated ; but, certainly, the asserted patriotism, that dictated the movements of all these worthy gentlemen, looked very much like a very flimsy veil thrown over the utter corruption of all sentiment, which notoriously prevailed throughout the country, and which had been only fostered by the chief of the fallen dynasty thus to turn against himself. In this sense, certainly, it was taken by

the new republican cravers for place, who expected the whole country to be delivered up as a prey into their own hands; and who, in new and old republican journals, and in the hand-bills which, in the newly-established freedom of opinion, were soon crowding the walls of Paris, began to clamour loudly against the Provisional Government for allowing such detestable "*faux patriotes*" to remain *en place*. The chiefs of the ancient liberal Opposition—who had commenced the fight only to find themselves thrust aside, and the victory torn from their grasp—disappeared at first altogether from the scene, and digested as best they could, in obscurity, their bitter disappointment. The Legitimists were evidently at first disposed to put on a triumphant face: they preached the "*justice de Dieu*" in the fall of "the usurper;" set up the maxim, "*Français avant tout*;" enrolled themselves, one and all, in the national guard—no easy duty, when men had constantly the musket on their arm, by night as well as day, for the defence of Paris; and, whatever their ulterior hopes of the restoration of their own party, by means of future convulsions, held themselves discreetly silent, and "bided their time." The Philippist adherents seemed to have "vanished into empty air." They were furious that the ex-king, upon whose dynasty they had staked their fortunes, should not have better fought the fight for them; and, if they "pronounced" themselves, it

was only to echo the rude cry of all the country, "Served him right!" One man seemed to stand alone at that moment in his opposition. Emile de Girardin, the editor of the *Presse* newspaper, one of the most violent of the ancient Opposition of the Chamber—subtle, intriguing, talented Girardin—shortly commenced a series of violent attacks upon the members of government, for the false direction of their measures, for their wanton malversation of the public funds, for their loss of precious time, for their insolent dictatorship, for their despotism. On the one hand he courted popularity *à tout prix*, on the other, he worked rather too flagrantly at the great principle of political men in France — "*ôte-toi que je m'y mette.*" Whatever the secret reasons of his virulent opposition, however, he was alone among the humbled and silenced journalists of the day; and his opposition nearly cost him dear. The different states of Europe either openly declared themselves, or seemed tacitly disposed to allow France to try, undisturbed, the experiment it had resolved to make a second time, after the signal failure of the first. In fact, the Provisional Government, in homely phrase, had it "all its own way."

Yes! the members of the Provisional Government "had it all their own way." And how was this power employed in furtherance of their first avowed object, the restoration of confidence, and the consequent prosperity of the country? The

foundation upon which the Provisional Government avowedly based its future measures, was the principle that a new era was commencing in the world, and in the progress of human things; that, as the first Revolution had destroyed the old method of managing mankind, the new revolution was about to establish the novel one; that a brand-new social system, totally different from any yet tried on a large scale among men, was to be adopted, and commence a new golden age of human felicity—the principle of Robespierre, in fact, without his agency of bloodshed, which they disavowed. However crude, or premature, or vague, such utopian theories might appear to thinking men in other countries, or in their own, as the mere dreams of enthusiasts, the enthusiasts were the autocratic directing power of the state; and their doctrines were to be carried into execution. Among the members of the Provisional Government themselves, however, a great distinction must be drawn—a distinction which, in a short time, manifested itself in the conflicting opinions of its own body, and could not but be clearly marked abroad, as will be seen hereafter. But still they all bound their names together, in act and deed, to the opinions of those chiefs of the socialist and communist doctrines, who contended that the grand evil of civilisation was the encroachment of the profits of capital on the wages of labour,—that the only remedy for

the evils under which mankind laboured, was the forcible diminution of the former, and the extension of the latter—and that, for this purpose, by all their measures, direct or indirect, capital and property were to be, if not directly confiscated, at least gradually withdrawn from its possessors, and diffused among the mass, to meet the new-old watchword of the republic—"Equality."

For the time, then, all the members of the Provisional Government must be classed together. With these socialist views, they declared it the duty of the state to provide employment for all who could not otherwise procure it, to secure an ample remuneration for labour, and protect by law the right of association for the purpose of raising wages—taking theories, and seemingly just in their outset. And in all this they only followed the lead led by the outcry of the communist journals, edited by old utopian Cabet, the high-priest and prophet of the sect, and similar or more violent men, who called loudly for the same measures, and others, such as houses of refuge for labour, the transformation of the army into *industrial regiments* for the execution of the great works of the republic, equal gratuitous public instruction for all, a division of profits between capitalists and workmen, a tax on luxury, a tax on machinery, a progressive scale of taxation upon the possessors of property and capital, an absorption of all public works, railroads,

joint-stock banks, and companies, by the state—in order to prevent further “destructive and anarchical competition, and deal a death-blow to feudal industry”—annual elections to the National Assembly by universal suffrage, and general reform. To the principles of such demands the Provisional Government then subscribed itself: to show its adoption of them, it filled all its edicts, addresses, and proclamations with flatteries of the *people*, which it first itself taught men, in spite of its adopted watch-word of “equality,” to distinguish from the whole nation as the lower classes only, although proclaiming, in this distinction, the strongest professions of general philanthropy, and the warmest expressions of interest in the improvement of mankind at large. To cajole these classes, also, it thought it necessary to abolish all titles of honour and rank, and prohibit their use, although they were treated as futilities. It declared, also, that all burdens on subsistence were to be abolished, and that, whilst unlimited circulation should be provided for newspaper extension of knowledge, the stamps should be taken off from newspapers, in compliance with the clamorous exigence of the press; and that all this was to be done without any diminution of the taxes, and without breaking faith to the bond-holders in the public funds—little as such measures might appear possible under a government newly burdened with a fresh highly-

paid armed force, and the obligation of maintaining an immense body of citizens with arms in their hands, and but little bread to put into their mouths—a mob, in fact, of hungry men, with starving families, reckless and proud, with the consciousness, carefully taught them, that they had placed aloft their new rulers, whom ultra-republican newspapers again taught them to consider only as their delegates and servants—at a time, too, when, with failing resources, the diminished expenditure of the wealthier classes, who heard continually around them the cry of “*à bas les riches !*” and the absence of all those wealth-bestowing foreigners, who had been driven by terror from the capital, with a huge deficit in the budget—created, as was declared to the world, by the former corrupt, extravagant, and reckless government—and with funds falling to a depth unknown since the first Revolution, the heavy embarrassments of finance might have crushed many a government more powerfully seated, and more apt to the awfully responsible task by long and active experience. The Provisional Government then, *en masse*, before that more open collision in its own bosom, which could not long be concealed, subscribed to the first demands of the socialists, without ever referring measures so important to the decision of that “nation in parliament assembled,” which was to be elected by universal suffrage, and consequently

to represent the country at large, and not a body of clamorous socialists, or communists, or whatever they might be called, congregated in the capital. And in this respect it went on also autocratically not only to annihilate the charter, to extinguish the peerage, and to abolish royalty *for ever*—contrary to the *provisional* nature of its own programme—but, as has been seen, to forfeit the revenues of the civil list, to confiscate the domains and jewels of the crown, as a slight stop-gap to the failing budget; to sequester the private estates of the ex-king, and those of his family; to abrogate colonial slavery without compensation; to promulgate organic laws of election, as the law of the land from thenceforth. What more did it not do? Could it do less, it may be said, pushed on as it was by the invading tide, daily increasing in force and violence, ever sweeping up behind it? But why did it so eagerly grasp the red-hot sceptre of power, which, like that of the Eastern fable, thus scorched its inexperienced hands? The great question of the day, however, which had the most immediate effect upon the whole subsequent course of the first phasis of the revolution, was the so-called social amelioration of the working classes. To return to it:

The first natural consequence of the proclamation of the universal liberty of association and petition was, that meetings of operatives and workmen were immediately held in all parts in and around

Paris, to take their interests and presumed rights into consideration ; or, in other words, to find means for the reduction of their hours of toil, and a proportional increase of their wages. The general cry was naturally " To the Hotel de Ville ! " The government, which promised so lavishly, was to be called upon to perform ; it was to find immediate remedy for every evil. Deputations, armed with petitions, demanding, exacting, compelling, rather than entreating, naturally began from the very first to stream up to the Hotel de Ville, and for many long, long days, and even weeks, may be said never to have ceased in Paris. From all sides they came, composed of hundreds, of thousands, of tens of thousands : they were all to be received, all to be heard, all to be harangued, all to be pacified with flattering promises, that never could be fulfilled. The importunated members of the government were obliged to appear and speechify some fifty times in every day, until they almost fainted with exhaustion. Deputations there were not only of every trade, but of every subdivision of every peculiar branch, of every handiwork—tailors, joiners, scavengers, paviours, sign-painters, wet-nurses, cooks, servants, (calling themselves, in their republican-aristocratic exclusive feeling, *gens de maison*,) bakers, washerwomen, cabmen, coachmen, porters, every thing and every body that had or had not a name, as far as the memory or the imagination can

reach in enumeration—and further still, and all, more or less, with the same demand of more wages, and less work, certainty of employment, and a release from all the rules and restrictions which the experience of their masters had found to be necessary. The very “unfortunate women” of the street came, too, with banner and drum, demanding that they should be allowed to share their profits with the *dames* of their establishments. These latter alone were not overwhelmed with promises: they were admitted into the Hotel de Ville, to be captured and sent prisoners to St Lazare. The walls of Paris, day by day, were covered with notices from self-appointed delegates of various trades, calling for meetings to consider the interests of their *partie*, which were to end in endless deputations to the Hotel de Ville. Not only did the tailors and bootmakers, but the café-waiters, chôristers of the theatres, and even the wandering hawkers on the public ways, the rag-pickers, or those pursuing avocations still lower, push forward to complain of the restraints laid on their free rights, and demand redress. One *brave citoyen* stuck up a handbill, to the effect that the wine *must* be sold at four *sous* a litre, or “*que le gouvernement y songe.*” To make face against this interminable inundation, there existed no restraining voice but that of the ridicule of the small satirical papers, the *Charivari* and the *Corsaire*; the former declaring

that the only just, wise, and reasonable constitution for France, was, that every citizen should possess a hundred thousand francs a-year, and that he who possessed only fifty thousand should be considered as a traitor to the country; the latter applauding the deputations, and suggesting that the *garçons de café* should only pour out a quarter of a cup in future, that opera-choristers should never sing in more than two-act operas, and be paid as first singers, and that boot-makers should not be condemned to make a pair of boots, one being enough for all good republicans, if men could but make up their minds whether it should be the right or the left; and this ridicule had its little influence. It must not be forgotten, at the same time, that deputations of national guards, tradespeople, bankers, merchants, students, and foreigners, with further petitions or congratulatory addresses, were also always knocking at the door of the persecuted Provisional Government. It was wearied and worried to exhaustion. All work was at a stand-still. Something was to be done to meet the demands, in appearance at least, of the unfortunate petitioners.

Under these circumstances it was that the Provisional Government issued a decree, setting forth that, as "the revolution made by the people ought to be made for them," that as "the time was come to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of workmen," and that as "there was no question

more high or more worthy of a republican government," a permanent committee, called "the Commission of the Government for Labourers," was to be formed, and charged in an especial manner with their lot, under the presidency of Monsieur (yes, the word was "*Monsieur*," not "*Citoyen*") Louis Blanc, and the vice-presidency of "*Monsieur*" Albert, *ouvrier*, workmen being invited to form a part of the committee, and the palace of the Luxembourg, the former Chamber of Peers, being devoted to their lucubrations. Thus was decreed that famous Luxembourg committee, which gave an influence over a body of the working-classes into the hands of two of the wildest socialist members of the government—an influence which they afterwards employed in other schemes to their own expected aggrandisement; and thus was the people formally seated, as sovereign power, in the legislative halls of France, where the peers lately sat—little Louis Blanc mounted on heaps of cushions in the guise of people's chancellor, and shortly afterwards entertaining his sovereign, at much splendour and expense of public money, with dinners such as ex-chancellors had not known in their palmiest days. Thus, more than all, were first put into a commencement of execution those famous theories of the author of "The Organisation of Work," based upon the equality of wages among all alike, the active and the idle, the clever and the

slow, the strong and the weak, to the detriment of all emulation,—those theories that were intended to level the distinctions which God had made between man and man,—those theories that put out of sight all human feelings and passions, and based themselves, in their best view, upon the perfectibility of humanity,—theories, however, calculated, as man is constituted, to produce disunion instead of unity: and in truth, they quickly disgusted the better class of workmen invited to take their seats in the committee, when these men found out that they and their families would be thus deprived of the remuneration due to their superior industry or superior skill; while the idle and ignorant, the drones of the hive, and thus ever the discontented, alone were left to form the active and tumultuous body-guard of Citizens Louis Blanc and Albert, and to be turned to subversive purposes in more direct and less vague political schemes.

Meanwhile, however, other dangerous schemes were on foot for the relief of the lower classes, whom the measures of the government itself, as much as the revolutionary crisis, had deprived of their customary and natural support. Public works were invented, as in the days of the first Revolution, to find an excuse for public wages—but public works which consisted only in destroying embankments one day, to restore them the next, or heaping up one day to remove the following:

among others, the most conspicuous was the removal, in the Champ de Mars, of the very mounds of which the first Revolution had caused the construction. Immense and important were these works declared to be in government edict; but even the disgusted workmen felt their futility, and encouraged their own idleness in jeering at their tasks, formed not for hands that had been employed with the needle, the watch-wheel, or the painter's brush. The great scheme, however, was the institution of the *ateliers nationaux*, or public workshops, in which these workmen, supported by the last heart's-blood of the country in resources, but totally unproductive in their turn, were to be organised, and drilled into regiments or bands, at the command of certain men, under the direct influence of certain of the ministers. It has since been well known, and even not unavowed, that it was not any social combination that dictated the organisation of these dangerous bands of discontented men,—in fact, that Ledru-Rollin, and his ultra-democratic colleagues, Louis Blanc, Albert, and Flocon, had concerted this ingenious method of having an immense army of the lower classes at their beck, by which they could overawe their colleagues, constrain the National Assembly, when once convoked, if it should not turn out obedient to their will, and possess the power of revolutionising Paris, and thus all France, once more, according as it

might suit their views to do so. They will be shortly found all ready to obey the summons, in order to aid a conspiracy, encouraged by the minority of the Provisional Government, against the more moderate majority. Hereafter their deep and monstrous organisation shall be used to produce those fearful scenes which form the *tableau final* of the first phasis of the revolution.

Under these circumstances, discontent and disorder still continued to be the "order of the day." Every effort was made to induce the belief in the perfect tranquillity of the capital; but the undercurrent of panic ever contrived to undermine the small remains of commercial prosperity; and, independently of the increasing state of prostration in the money-market and in trade, and the withdrawal of specie, which, more especially in the provinces, people began to hoard and conceal, a sort of heavy weight of apprehensive presentiment weighed upon all classes. The ruin threatened to capital and property, by the measures of the government, quickly worked its deadening influence. The promise of assistance to the thousands of persons out of employ, the debt increasing in the face of the deficit left by the last *regime*, the immense augmentation of the armed force in the hands of the government, all weighed fearfully upon the country. The consequences were the suspension of cash payments by the bank of France, the notes of which were made

a legal tender, and a breach of public faith towards the depositors in the savings-banks, whence only small sums at long intervals could be withdrawn. The ulterior results were universal commercial distress, the failure of several of the most important of the banking-houses, the bankruptcy of several of the most extensive tradesmen,—in spite of the legal postponement of the payment of bills granted by the government for three weeks, at the petition of some eight hundred of the first bankers and merchants of the capital,—the dismissal of some thousands out of employment, in fact, the increase of the evil by the results of the evil itself in an ever-recurring “vicious circle.” The financial and commercial world speedily fell into an equal state of distress. Every branch of trade was paralysed upon the disappearance of the ordinary medium by which it was carried on: bankruptcy succeeded bankruptcy; the apprehension increased as the want of confidence still more diminished; with the increasing apprehension and mistrust came over the increasing distress: the evil appeared incurable. To facilitate the money-movements of trade, the government instituted *caisses d’escompte*, not only in the capital, but in the larger towns of France, and took a variety of other doubtful financial measures. To supply the deficit in the treasury, it not only had recourse to the very humble means of proposing the sale of the crown jewels and crown forests, as

well as of calling for and encouraging, by every means in its power, the offering of *dons patriotiques* upon the altar of the country, in order to aid it in its difficulties—an appeal which produced but a drop of water in the vast dried ocean-bed of the finances, and chiefly, it must be said, only from the offerings of the few of the middling, and some of the ardent, and even necessitous, of the lower classes—but it very shortly called upon the country for a voluntary loan of half-a-year's taxes beforehand, a measure followed up by a forced imposition of an additional tax of forty-five per cent upon the ordinary taxes, from which those who *could not* pay were to be exempt, and at the same time applied for a national loan of a hundred millions. The consequences of these financial attempts will appear in due course of time. At the same time, with a view, it must be supposed, to alleviate all their miseries, the lower classes, following the outcry of some of their popular leaders in the journals, took the law into their own hands, and established a system of financial legislation of their own. A clamour was raised against the foreign workmen in the country, who, it was said, eat the bread and stole the wages of *braves patriotes*. In the departments, English workmen were driven from the country, after being persecuted, beaten, and cheated of their legitimate dues,—those same English workmen who had enriched the country

by their labour, and taught it by their example. In the capital, masters were threatened to have their houses burnt over their heads, if they did not send away their English servants; and they universally yielded to the threat. This measure was generally followed up by anonymous letters, foretelling them a similar fate if they did not take French ones in their place. But, instead of complying now, they only still the more laid down their carriages, sold their horses, and dismissed more servants in alarm. Furious at the failure of these unsuccessful measures, the people now commenced the outcry against the rich as "*conspirateurs de l'économie*." It was declared that, in this system, the wealthy had no other design than that of injuring the great and glorious republic by their economy. The new radical papers now followed in the same sense; and while, on the one hand, with a tolerable degree of inconsistency, the lower classes shouted "*à bas les riches!*" on the other they menaced these same *riches*, that, if they did not spend their money, they should be declared "*traîtres à la patrie*," and that measures should be taken against them similar to those taken against the emigrants in 1793,—measures, of course, of confiscation and pillage, the main darling point to be arrived at, which was afterwards so frequently mooted by violence or the force of arms. No less loud was the cry, also caught of the people by the

journals, against the "*conspirateurs de la peur*;" the alarm, the mistrust, the apprehension, were exaggerated, or were got up purposely, they declared, in order to ruin, in another way, the great and glorious ideal, that was but to bring universal happiness, if men would but put their whole trust in it, the Provisional Government and the sovereign people! The counter-revolutionary malice of these "*conspirateurs de la peur*," it was declared by these good gentlemen and their incendiary organs, was the only cause of the runs on banks, the hoarding of specie, the breaking-up of establishments, the depriving of the trade of Paris of its best customers, the universal ruin. Of course, the Provisional Government, by its disorganising and anarchical acts and principles, was by no means to blame! No!—the wolf turned round upon the lamb, as is usual in revolutionary history: the instigators laid the blame upon the victims.

While the people thus legislated for itself by threat and clamour, and found that, far from amending matters, it only increased the evils of the day a thousandfold, what did the Government do in order to increase the general confidence, and, by quieting men's hearts as to the future, pave the way for the return of the credit and prosperity, that fled apace like a frightened herd before a roaring lion?

In the first days of the month of March had

appeared the decree of the Provisional Government, for the meeting of a National Constituent Assembly of nine hundred members, to be elected by direct and universal suffrage of all Frenchmen above the age of twenty-one, and by secret ballot. The elections were decreed to take place on the 9th of April; the meeting of the Assembly was fixed for the 20th of the same month. Again the Provisional Government declared itself anxious to lay down its burdensome power and responsibility at the feet of the nation, thus convoked. Great, however, were afterwards the manœuvres of the ultra-republican party in the Provisional Government to put off the period of the elections, and of the meeting of the Assembly, in order to have time to *travailler* the spirit of the country—such was the word used, meaning in French something very little short of *torturing*—to their own ultra-democratic opinions. In this attempt they were supported by their violent organs of the press, by addresses, declarations, menaces, contained in handbills, signed by various parties and persons, and posted on all the walls of Paris: and in it, also, they partially succeeded, overshooting thereby their mark; for there is little doubt that, had they not delayed—more especially had they not employed those means they coveted to *travailler* the country—an Assembly of a far more democratic and republican nature might perhaps then have been returned, than at a later period, when

an alarm, arising from these very same measures, had seized upon the minds of men. Not long after the decree for the convocation of the Assembly, appeared an edict regulating more minutely the details relative to the elections; and this was followed up by a circular, addressed to commissaries, to be despatched into the departments, relative to their conduct in the country, and especially as regarded the elections, issuing from the ministry of the interior, the department of M. Ledru-Rollin. Great was the excitement, the agitation, the consternation, when this circular, since so famous, appeared upon the walls of Paris: its effect in the provinces was if possible still greater. How should it be otherwise? This document gave the emissaries of the minister of the interior, "the most unlimited powers over all official personages, military as well as civil," bidding them to "own no master but their own consciences, and render every consideration subservient to the *salut public*,"—awful and memorable words,—and charging them also to complete the republican education of the country, which had been previously told that it was free to choose its own future form of government, and to work out this end by every means in their power—those means again, as was said, unlimited—to the exclusion, in the elections of the future representatives of the people, of every man whose republican principles were not proved before the revolution.

At the same time, to complete the effect of the circular, these instructions were commented upon by M. Carnot, the Minister of Public Instruction, in another missive to the ministers of instruction in the country, enjoining them to use their influence in recommending to the people to avoid all representatives enjoying the advantages of education or the gifts of fortune. In fact, a bashaw minister despatched into the country emissaries, as bashaws of fewer and lesser tails, to see that it was duly disposed to fall down and worship the goddess Republic that had been set up. They were invested with autocratic powers to make and unmake, according to their autocratic will ; to send away functionaries who might appear lukewarm in the cause ; to put in their places such acolytes as might better serve the altars of the goddess, and to offer up sacrifices to her, civil and military, judicial and political, as they might think pleasing to the divinity, or agreeable and convenient to their own hates and prejudices. This, however, was no less than just gently making the unbending metal of the departments, if not easily hammered to the shape they fancied, red-hot with a little fire of terrorism, in order to twist it afterwards to suitable form. And how well the workmen in many instances performed the task of violent despotism ; how Emanuel Arago ruled, and brow-beat, and taxed, and constrained, and let loose the frantic

mob at Lyons ; and how many others tyrannised and tortured by the influence of the people's fiery passions, were facts soon notorious over all France.

In a moment, when confidence was needed as the only salvation of the sinking country, came then, all at once, this circular, to add to the ever-increasing ground-swell of agitation. " Tyranny," " despotism," " arbitrary violence," " an approaching terror," were instantly the expressions in the mouths of alarmed men. It helped but little afterwards that the more moderate majority in the Provisional Government, with Lamartine at their head, repudiated, in some degree, a manifesto which went beyond what they considered prudent, and issued another of a somewhat more moderate description. The circular had fired a train of alarm, which, in its explosion, had shattered down the last ruins of public confidence.

Overbearing manifestoes, entitled "*Bulletins de la Republique*," issuing also from the same quarter as the circular address, followed rapidly on the walls of the capital. In spite of the peaceful protestations of the foreign manifesto of Lamartine, underhand manœuvres were soon visibly set to work for the sake of revolutionising and extending republican propagandism in other countries. On the confines of Germany, on the frontiers of Italy, into Belgium, were despatched bands of men, openly organised in Paris, for the avowed purpose of

getting up revolutions and establishing republics in these countries. More or less violent and bloody collisions took place upon the frontiers, between these bands and the foreign authorities; and the respective governments sent remonstrances to the Provisional Government of France, which, by the mouth of the foreign minister, again openly disclaimed all complicity in these acts, got up, it said, by private enterprise, over which, in the revolutionary state of the country, it had no control. Strong suspicion and universal public rumour, however, did not scruple at pointing out the reckless and would-be autocratic minister of the interior, M. Ledru-Rollin, if not as the instigator, at least as the aider and abettor of these movements, and as secretly lavishing the public money upon the directors and controllers of these revolutionary bands; and these suspicions of the day were afterwards confirmed by the result of judicial inquiries, made relative to the subsequent events of the first phasis of the revolution. Public trust in the measures of the now highly obnoxious minister was not increased by this means: the confidence which was so necessary for the welfare of the country came not; it sank more and more into the depths of the "slough of despond." Nor was the face of things at all brightened by the consciousness, which forced itself more and more upon the public mind; that a struggle was going

on in the body of the Provisional Government itself; or by the rumour that an active and restless minority of four men, of violent, arbitrary, and what was gently termed "more advanced" principles, was conspiring and manœuvring to rid itself of the remaining majority of its colleagues, among whom Lamartine was at that time still ranked, not only as one, but as the chief—men still putting their trust in him, as the counteracting spirit of good against this spirit of evil, and as their guiding star and rock of salvation against the principles of anarchy and terrorism. This struggle, long attempted to be denied, but now too evident to be really misunderstood; tended greatly to increase the agitation of the public mind, and prepare men for some future and dangerous convulsion. Lamartineite and Ledru-Rollinite became, truly or falsely, the names of factions, or rather of opinions, which designated themselves still more clearly as Moderate and Ultra in republicanism. Of any strong feeling against the republican form of government itself, or any attempt at its overthrow, there was at that time no idea. Men dreaded, above all, any change; for change was convulsion; further convulsion was total annihilation to France. But men began to look fearfully askance upon one another.

No less a subject of apprehension were the rapid growth, ever-increasing numbers, and gathering

power and influence of the violent democratic clubs, the name of which, as republican political meetings, handed down as it was from the traditions of the first republic, still caused many a heart in France to thrill with horror. To many men the institution of "clubs" was a spectre, which they feared might again, as of old, grow to gigantic proportions, and soon stretch forth again its hundred hands to sign, in bold letters, the hundred declarations of its violent will to the more passive majority of the country, or perhaps to seize, crush, and destroy all that fell within its powerful grasp. The proclamation of the "*liberté de réunion politique*" had of course been hailed by the ardent hopes of new republicans, as opening an arena for all license, and a field for every frantic ambition; and consequently the "clubs" quickly began to sprout out of the blood-manured soil of revolution, like unhealthy mushrooms—to-day one or two, to-morrow twenty—and then, under the brain-heating sun of French republicanism, a countless host, promising, the thriving plants, to grow into tall trunks, and spread themselves abroad, and hoping to stretch forth branches overshadowing the whole land like mighty oaks—mayhap, more like deadly upas-trees—each stem striving to be the mightiest in the political forest, and overtop the others. And men trembled at the sight. And how should they not? It was already become a time

of pell-mell frenzy, when newly revolutionised French heads seemed to have no other thought but that of refusing to acknowledge all control, and no purpose—to use the words of the German poet Grabbe—but “to ruin, and, with the ruins, at best build up a ruin.” It was a time when parties already adopted, as the inscription of their banner of liberty, “All for *our* will! down with that of every body else!”—when, in the name of the people, of the sovereign people, whose voice was the voice of God, (!) each faction, each new expression of opinion, nay, each individual “dreamer of dreams,” and newly arisen concoctor of utopian theories, for the so-called welfare of humanity, and the real destruction of every old social tie, asserted the right of alone directing the well-being and the rule of France—when the evident tendency of those who called themselves “the only true republicans,” was to give their own meaning, in their new republican dictionary, to the three great banner-words of the day, and explain that “*Fraternité*” meant “the bitterest hatred to all who professed not the same opinions”—“*Egalité*,” “we up above, and others down below”—and “*Liberté*,” “liberty of thinking, speaking, doing, acting, crushing, destroying, as it pleaseth *us*, but the most despotic suppression of all ideas, things, and men, that *we* acknowledge not.” It was a time when violent demonstration, demand, exaction,

were growing, day by day, more clearly the avowed principles of "whole hog" republicans, and the support of those principles, "by *force*, if necessary," their avowed religion. Men saw the clubs rising, growing, gaining strength, and in some cases supplied with the halls of their sittings in public buildings, by the permission of men in power: men feared; and the confidence in the stability of the future grew less and less. In the first days of the revolution these clubs had only worn the physiognomy of a comedy—a child's play—an attempt to get up a wretched parody of the fearful earnest of '93; and their members seemed to play at "clubbists" as children play at soldiers, with more or less conviction in the reality of their game, with more or less solemnity, more or less well: in their new political game they did not appear to know at first that they had really got sharp-edged tools in their own hands, and seemed only to flourish them about like "make-believe" weapons. But when men saw that, in their flourishing, the clubs had given a rent or two here, a gash or two there, and that, as they flourished their blades in the face of the members of the Provisional Government, these ushers, in their republican school-room, only blinked their eyes, or positively shut them outright to what they were doing, and promised them that they should have all the poisoned sugar-plums they would like to

swallow themselves, or to force down their fellows' throats—when men saw that, like spoiled children, they would soon learn their power by over-indulgence, declare themselves grown-up men, turn their ushers adrift, or at least, those they might think too “strict” in their restraint, and run loose in one great sweeping riot of revolutionary holiday—when men saw that they were trying their hand already at this work, and guessed that it was not only at home, but, by the agency of active emissaries abroad, in underhand foreign propagandising dealings, and learnt that there were many which, like the power of Venice of old, had not only their open senate, but their more secret Council of Ten, and their yet more mysterious, all-powerful, conspiring Council of Three—when men saw all this, the apprehension occasioned by the very name of club increased and fermented in the public mind.

Men looked askance, also, when they heard of the establishment of that dreaded influence, a “*Comité du Salut Public*,” by citizen Sobrier—illegal, unauthorised in truth, but not only connived at, but supported, as was suspected, and as was afterwards proved, by the more violent or the more timorous and truckling members of the Provisional Government itself. They knew that the ultra-republican and socialist paper of this same self-installed president of a Committee of Public Safety, the *Commune de Paris*, was

forced down the throats of the provinces, to be digested as best it might, by the influence of the minister of the interior, and the threats of his provincial emissaries. They saw the illegal agents of this same republican of the true old school, the *Montagnards*, arrest people in the streets, without authority, as suspected of preaching moderation. They still looked on, as yet without remonstrance; but they feared. They remained comparatively quiet, however, at first, hoping in the advent of the National Assembly, or at most clamoured for war, by which they thought to clear away the more actively unruly spirits, lest they themselves might have to give them battle in the streets of Paris—no vain apprehension!

Such was the state of things after a few weeks. Party factions were rapidly beginning to rise. The “people,” so called by the powers of the day, was ever more and more boiling up from below, already engaged in its war of the lower classes against the higher, of the poor against the rich, but not the war of the hungry against the well-filled with plenty—no, the envious war of those not possessing luxuries, and the means of sensual indulgence, against those that had—daily knowing more and more its strength, and daily becoming more and more exorbitant in its demands. The government had already promised to it more “roasted larks” and “showers of gold” than it ever could give without the aid of

an enchanter's wand, and seemed reckless as to the consequences of the inevitable disappointment. What, under such circumstances, was to be expected? What hope was there of tranquillity, for such a country as France, with such a people as the French? What confidence in the present or the future?

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST CONFLICT OF THE PEOPLE AND THE
BOURGEOISIE.

The effect of the circular of Ledru-Rollin—Apprehension and open discontent—Divisions of opinion on the circular between classes—The protestations of the national guards against the measures of the Minister of the Interior—The national guards advance with a remonstrance upon the Hotel de Ville, and are repulsed by the people—Strong excitement in consequence—Manœuvres of the ultra-minority of the Provisional Government—Counter-demonstration of the people got up—The rising of the mob—Scenes before the Hotel de Ville—Scenes upon the Boulevards—Illumination of all Paris by the will of the people—The people's triumph.

IT was during an interval of apparent external calm—if calm can be called the surface of Paris, when a ground-swell of agitation was continually going on below, bringing from the innermost depths of society that constant subdued murmur, which threatened new convulsions—when the grumblings about the miseries of the financial crisis were deep, if not loud—when the working classes still continually paraded the city in bands of several hundreds, discontented with the decisions of the government, and bent upon making new demonstrations, preventing other workmen

from labouring, and even pulling them with threats from their work—that the circular of the minister of the interior came like a brand thrown upon a heap of dried flax. Paris was immediately again in a flame; the agitation and excitement was intense. Reports quickly spread about the capital, that the circular had been published by Ledru-Rollin, without the knowledge of the majority of his colleagues; that the majority had accused the minister of attempting to ruin the country and the true ends of the revolution by his excesses; and that he, in return, had threatened, if they made any effort to get rid of him, to rouse up an army of the lower classes against the government of which he formed part. For the first time since the days of February, well dressed men began in public places to express their feelings freely and aloud. On the Boulevards and in the passages they began loudly to declaim against the obnoxious minister as a miscreant, who wanted only to cover his own bad deeds by getting up all the excesses of the first Revolution. A demonstration was called for—an *émeute* proposed, in order to demand his dismissal. “Pity there is no one to blow out the would-be despot’s brains!”—“Charlotte Corday might be of service here!” were among the expressions heard to be used on this occasion. It was the first time that men began to speak aloud; but the mass looked on, and only shook their heads. The people

were armed—the people were strong. Of a truth, on the other hand, workmen stood upon the benches on the Boulevards, haranguing the mob with violent gestures and inflamed countenances, and declaring that the salvation of the republic, one and indivisible, depended upon the despotism—of course, they called it by another name—of their favourite of the day, their brow-beating, and bullying friend and ally, the minister of the interior. It was known also that some of the violent clubs had passed hasty resolutions to support the minister of the interior in his arbitrary measures “by force, if necessary.”

In the midst of this rising ferment it was that certain privileged companies of the national guards, the grenadiers and *voltigeurs*, conceived the unfortunate idea of going up to the Hotel de Ville, to protest *en masse* against an edict of the same minister of the interior, directing the fusion of these companies among the ordinary ranks of the guard, without any distinction of dress, at the same time as against the obnoxious circular issued to the commissaries of the departments. The fusion of the new recruits in the national guards, thrust into the ranks for the facilitation of election purposes by the minister of the interior, with the old corps was looked upon by the latter with dissatisfaction and contempt. Between the old and new bodies, the terms of *canaille* and *aristocrates*

were bandied backwards and forwards ; not only were the old guards indignant at the deprivation of their old insignia, and at the rupture of their old associations and relations among themselves, but they foresaw the loss of all their influence in the nearly-approaching elections of the officers of the national guards, on account of this fusion ; and they determined to protest against this measure at the same time as against the inflammatory circular. This mixture of the private interests of some separate corps of the national guards, and of this protestation against a levelling equality-edict, with a declaration of so important a nature against an arbitrary despotism, was at least ill-timed and ill-advised. The consequences produced that first collision between the middle and the lower classes—between the *bourgeoisie* as represented by the national guards and the people—which, although bloodless then, prepared the public mind for those future conflicts between classes, that at a later period deluged the capital with blood. Woe to those who prepared these conflicts, who marked the distinctions of classes with the carefully impressed brand-mark of hatred, mistrust, and revenge !

When the old battalions of the national guards, however, marched up to the Hotel de Ville without arms, they did no more, or thought they did no more, than the myriads of others of the people who

had streamed thither in their thousand deputations. It was on the morning of the 16th of March. On arriving before the façade of the old building, the battalions of national guards suddenly came to a check: the whole long line of the front of the Hotel de Ville was covered with bodies of armed men of the lower classes, with muskets charged and bayonets; the body-guard of the minister of the interior was there, to oppose its force to all demands of the middle classes thus represented. The demonstration of the national guards,—who dared to murmur against the will of their governors, spite of the proclamation of the reign of liberty—was not to be received even there, where so many other similar demonstrations of the lower classes had been bowed down to by the rulers of the land. Anger and indignation was immediately upon the faces of the long lines of citizen-soldiers: their feelings were excited: they now raised the shout of “Down with the obnoxious minister!” they were met with cries from the people of “Down with the national guards! down with the aristocrats!” The middle classes, then, were thenceforth to be considered as the aristocrats of the day: they were thenceforth to be treated by the people as *they*, in days gone by, had treated the titled *noblesse*—as enemies. Checked for a moment, they advanced, however, in rank and file, determined to effect an entrance into the government palace. But the peo-

ple opposed them with their pointed bayonets, drove them back, dispersed them like sheep, pursued them down the quays ; while the unarmed mob, collected in countless crowds around, joined in the cry—“ Down with the national guards ! down with the aristocrats ! ” The national guards had come to a struggle with the people, and had been vanquished. During the revolutionary days of combat, they had been considered as the heroes, the allies, and the defenders of the people. Only a few weeks were gone by since then ; and they, in turn, were overthrown in a bloodless revolution. Their *prestige* over the people’s mind was utterly lost : this rampart, which had been a link of union between classes, if not a defence, had been thrown down : the national guards, whose force and influence were looked to as the symbols of order, were no longer to be depended upon. From that time forth, the people lost their faith in the principles of the national guards—the higher classes in their courage : nor, until refreshed by all the young life’s-blood of Paris, when all alike took up arms, did the national guard recover its credit. In truth, men were filled with sad presentiments, as they saw the last barrier between the upper and the lower classes overthrown—the breakwater swept away by the popular torrent ; and when the day of storm and tempest shall again come, they asked—when the angry waters shall again rise, when the inundation shall sweep on

and on, in tumultuous tide, what shall there now be to oppose it?

At that moment Paris was as near a state of utter anarchy as it had been since the days of February. The excitement and frenzy grew hourly greater between the classes—the vanquished *bourgeoisie* and the people; the two elements of the bitterest opposition were immediately at work; the germs of persecution, oppression, and violence on the one hand, and resistance and opposition on the other, were rapidly springing up. Among the crowds that thronged the boulevards on that bright moonlight night—on every inch of pavement, in all the passages, at every street corner—haranguing and declaiming, and filling the main artery of the capital with that agitation and excitement which afterwards may be said to have never really ceased for a day throughout the city, parties were formed that threatened an immediate collision. On the one hand, the higher, middle, and better lower classes gave way to the bitterest indignation against Ledru-Rollin, as a would-be dictator, who had already a body-guard of ruffians about his person to use at will, as in the times of terror—on the other, men of the people, in other groups close by, were fulminating against the national guards as a “*tas de lambins*, no more republicans than the *Roi de Prusse*,” accusing them of having got up their demonstration against Ledru-Rollin merely to aid manœuvres in favour

of a counter-revolution, and denouncing the whole *bourgeoisie* as infamous aristocrats; while at the same time they advocated the cause of the inflammatory circular, by declaring, with the true essence of Parisian vanity concentrated into the form of republican autocratism, that Paris had a right to dictate to the provinces, that the departments were lukewarm and *suspects*, and that the dictator-minister in Paris had a right to impose upon them what republican laws he pleased—a doctrine often promulgated and acted upon afterwards by the more violent party. Well might Legitimist old ladies already recall to their minds old prophecies respecting this new republic, and repeat the words contained in them—"The wolves will shortly devour each other." A proclamation was quickly issued by the Provisional Government, declaring its joint intention to maintain the decree relative to the fusion of the national guards, but making no reference to the obnoxious circular; and its tone, so soft, conciliatory, and flattering to the lower classes, was now angry and almost threatening in its nature when addressed to the *bourgeoisie*. Placards, at the same time, were quickly posted up all over the capital, calling upon the people *en masse* to take up arms against the *gardes nationaux suspects*, and suppress by violence their culpable counter-revolutionary manœuvres, and requiring the government also to send away all the remaining troops,

and, if not disarm, at least keep a strict watch over the national guards. Thus did the ultra-republican clubs first endeavour to assert their sway, and prepare the way for taking the power into their own hands; thus may the violent party, since so well known under the designation of the "Red Republic," be said to have made its first attempt towards the subversion of the existing order of things, as directed by the more moderate majority in the Provisional Government; and in this first essay there can be no doubt that the ultra-republican and communist or socialist parties were, even at that time, countenanced and assisted by the members of the ultra minority in the bosom of the government itself.

What may have been the true secret of all the mysteries connected with the intrigues and manœuvres of this violent minority of the Provisional Government, in conflict with its colleagues, and in close connexion with the leaders of the ultra party, —who, in their turn, were grasping at the power bestowed by the "voice of the sovereign people,"—no revelation may ever, probably, really and sincerely disclose. Popular rumour, which, in its *instinct*, is often not so far away from the truth as is proverbially said, ascribes the scenes, that followed on the morrow of the futile demonstration of the national guards, to the underhand instigation of Ledru-Rollin, and his acolytes in the minority of

the government. As there can be little doubt but that the aim of the men of this party in the government was to overthrow their more moderate colleagues, and substitute a new *régime* of more violent measures, under their own auspices and those of their friends in the clubs—such men, in fact, as Citizen Sobrier, already mentioned, and the ex-conspirators and presidents of ultra clubs, Barbès and Blanqui, who were thereafter to appear more prominently upon the scene, together with Cabet, the high-prophet of communism—much wrong cannot be done to them by adopting the leading insinuations of the popular report in question. The conflict between the two parties was notorious; the vexation of Ledru-Rollin at the disavowal of his circular by several of his colleagues was undoubted; the determination of himself and his party to arouse such a demonstration as would overawe his colleagues, by showing the popular force at his command, and prepare their downfall, was accepted by public opinion as a consequence which remained undisputed. Certain it is that no better means existed of getting up a pretext for the excitement of popular indignation than by imagining the existence of a so-called “Carlist” conspiracy, for the purpose of effecting a restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons; although it was well known to those who had any acquaintance with the Legitimist party, that the policy it had adopted was one of quiet expectation, and that

it was far too cautious and experienced to attempt an ill-timed and futile demonstration at that moment. A *soi-disant* Carlist demonstration manœuvre, on the other hand, was the ablest instrument wherewith to rouse the people ; and if it could be connected with the supposed counter-revolutionary movement of the national guards, the game in the hands of the self-installed " friends of the people " was not ill devised to be played to their own advantage—at least an experiment might be made to try their own power. That same night, several white banners, emblematic of Legitimist opinions, were hung out of windows in the Faubourgs St Martin and St Denis—a most unlikely quarter for such a demonstration ; and bodies of men of the people were seen parading the streets and Boulevards shouting, "*Vive Henri V.!*" That the whole parade was a mere inflammatory manœuvre can scarcely be doubted, under the circumstances. The demonstration, moreover, was made in the midst of the intense excitement of the evening ; the consequences, however they may have been excited, came as might be foreseen.

On the morrow what a scene did Paris present ! At an early hour an incessant drumming filled the air. " The faubourgs are up ! " was the general cry, " and they are thronging on the capital ! " In truth, shortly after daybreak, bands of hundreds and

of thousands of the lower classes poured down upon Paris from all the suburbs. With drums and banners they came: from north, south, east, and west they came, in countless hordes, into the central streets and squares of the capital. Along the Boulevards, from the Bastille, from the heights of Montmartre, down the avenues of the Champs Elysées and the quays, from beyond the water and the Faubourg St Marceau, they came sweeping on like so many mountain-torrents. Shouting they came, howling ever the same cries,—“Down with the national guards!—down with the aristocrats!—down with the Legitimists!—down with the enemies of the republic!” Better dressed men, evidently the leaders of the clubs, and chiefs of the communist parties, every where marshalled them on their way: it was clear that the whole demonstration was cunningly and fearfully organised. The pretext put forward was, that the “generous and magnanimous” people had risen in order to defend the heroic minister of the interior against the *manœuvres coupables* of the aristocratic national guards and the conspiring Legitimists. It was the government *en masse*, however, that they professed to support; although, when they cried “long live” any one, it was “*Vive Ledru-Rollin!*” they shouted, along with “*Vive la République!*” It was clearly, then, in his favour, and to mark his power, that the demonstration was made.

At last the hundred torrents met upon the quays and before the Hotel de Ville,—angry, stormy, raging furiously with mad-like shrieks. Before the Hotel de Ville the hundreds of banners, with manifold ultra-democratic inscriptions, waved upon the air; and troop upon troop was marshalled into some degree of order. Fearful was the mass—awful the people's demonstration! Upon the elevated steps before the façade of the old building, the members of the Provisional Government came down, behung with their tricolor scarfs streaming with long gold fringes; and there they bared their heads before their masters, the sovereign people of the Parisian faubourgs; and Ledru-Rollin, and Louis Blanc, and his "noble friend" Albert, and suchlike, triumphed and said, "These are our instruments, although we bow to them; now dare, if ye have the heart, to dispute our will!" And so the host of the people defiled before them; and they were compelled to make speeches, and cry "*Vive le brave peuple de Paris!*" And the people, proud of its force, and rejoicing in its demonstration, that showed its power over its new enemy the *bourgeoisie*, answered with shouts that rent the air. Heavens! what a scene it was!—a scene worthy of republican Paris!

The mighty mass at length passed away to salute the so-called Column of Liberty upon the Place de la Bastille; and then it came down the Boulevards in overwhelming tide, exulting in its triumph. It

came—the long line five abreast : there were more than a hundred thousand in this great army, it was said ; it stretched on and on, almost from one end to the other of the immense central artery of the capital. It came, and the chorus of the Marseillaise rolled like thunder along, dying away but to burst forth again : how awfully it peeled along the Boulevards ! It came ; and the senses swam as the host went by, marching on, and on, and on—confusing the sight with the incessant passing of such a stream of living beings and its waving banners—deafening the ears with the menacing cries of “ Down with the aristocrats ! ” and the discordant chorusing of confused patriotic songs ; for the Marseillaise, and the newfangled Girondin Hymn of Dumas’ Boulevard theatre, soon gave way to the “ *Cu Ira*,” of hideously fearful memory, “ *Les aristocrates, on les perdra !* ” It came ; and it seemed as if it never would have ended. Awful, indeed, was that display of a people’s force, excited and inflamed by designing leaders ! At the head of each column came their chiefs, marshalling them with frantic gesture ; or they stood on fallen masses of street-side posts, and waved banners like maniacs ; and they had seized priests also, and dragged them along with their bands, in order to give a colouring of equality and fraternity among all masses of people to their tumultuous army. At last the mighty procession passed away, leaving consternation and apprehen-

sion behind it: like a long hissing and roaring hideous serpent it moved on; and, not content with its dose of flattery at the Hotel de Ville, the insatiable monster again called its ministering servants to beslave it once more—Cremieux at the ministry of justice in the Place Vendôme, and at the home office, Ledru Rollin, who openly there proclaimed that France had only to choose between the most extreme and sweeping revolutionary measures and a civil war. It passed away; but Paris did not resume its quiet; it was never thereafter to resume it. The various bands broke up at last; but they still paraded the streets in several battalions, crying still “*à bas les aristocrates ! à bas les bourgeois !*” and the shouting, and howling, and discordant singing, ceased not during the day.

But all was not yet done. The night of the same day came; and, not content with its triumph, the people still demanded that all Paris should honour it with a festival, whether it would or not. Down the Boulevards came the hordes again, slowly, and pausing as they came on; and now they chanted in measured notes, borrowed of the appalling drum-beat of the *rappel*, the words “*Des lampions ! des lampions !*”—lights ! lights !—those words that were destined to ring in the ears of all Paris for many a night thereafter, and to become at last a byword and a jest, and a well-known popular exclamation of exultation or derision in all

moments of popular tumult or excitement. Amidst those cries, they shouted ever still, "Illuminate, or we will break your windows! Down with the aristocrats!" Why all Paris should be illuminated, because it pleased king people to make a demonstration, it would have been too insolent to inquire. It was its fancy, its caprice of the moment; and autocrats will have fancies and caprices. It was the people's will; and, however fantastic or unreasonable, that will was to be obeyed. "*Des lampions! des lampions!*"—the monotonous chant was impressed upon men's ears with stunning force, until they could not but believe that they must retain it in their bewildered brains until their dying day. And, as they came along, how readily was the will of the people obeyed! There is no readiness so pliant as the readiness of fear. Up and down, from above and from below, right and left, in long irregular lines, until the lines of light became more general and more regular, the illumination burst forth from the fronts of all the houses. Windows were rapidly opened, in sixth stories as on first floors, on every terrace, on every balcony; and lamps and lanterns, and candles and pots of grease, all flaming, were thrust out at every one. A strange sight it was to see, as the light darted up and down like wildfire, dancing along the houses in the darkness of the night with an increasing phosphoric flicker. How strangely was

marked the progress of the mob as it went further on, and further, in dusky mass, and was lost to sight in the gloom—not only by the eternal monotonous cry, that bade the inhabitants illuminate; but by the gleaming track it left behind it like a gigantic broad tail of fire. In marvellous short time was the whole vista of the Boulevards brightly lighted; and the gleams of the many thousand points of light illuminated a thickly-moving crowd of alarmed and humbled Parisians, who looked like the uneasy fallen spirits of some gloomy pandemonium. Fairy-like, however, was the magical illumination, sprung forth at the people's bidding; and fairy-like did it flicker on all sides during that night. All the other principal streets of Paris were burning also, on either side, in honour of the triumph of king people, like long bands of spangled stuff glittering in the sun. The Faubourg St Germain, as suspected of a greater essence of Legitimacy and supposed conspiracy, had been the first part of Paris, at a very early hour of the evening, to yield to the threats of being lighted by a compulsory illumination of incendiarism, and burned down, if it did not demonstrate at its windows its fictitious sympathy in a people's triumph. On the morrow all the republican papers told the world how all Paris was in an ecstasy of joy,—how all the population strove in zeal with one accord to *fêter le peuple généreux*,—how spontaneous was this illumination

of republican enthusiasm. Spontaneous was the feeling that dictated it, assuredly; but it was the spontaneity of fear—the fear of the quietly-disposed in the face of a riotous, overbearing, and all-powerful mob.

Such was the first great conflict between the “people,” as the lower classes, the mob, in fact, had been carefully taught to call themselves *par excellence*—the true sovereign, in fact—and the *bourgeoisie*. It was bloodless, then: it was to be bloodless once again, and with varied fortunes of the battle-field. But the red banner had been then first raised again, after its overthrow by Lamartine, at the beck of other rulers of the destinies of France; and at another later day it was to dye itself deeper in the blood of fellow-citizens.

From the promulgation of the circular of Ledru-Rollin, and the ensuing conflict between national guards and mob, may be dated the greater agitation that thenceforth never ceased, or, at most, but slumbered sulkily throughout the city.

CHAPTER VII.

THE REVOLUTIONARY CLUBS.

The designs of the clubbists—Blanqui, Barbès, and Huber—The position and efforts of the ultra-republicans—The Red Republic—The first republic set forth as the true model to copy—Creed and outward bearing of the Red Republican—Connexion of the Provisional Government with the clubs—Their increasing numbers—The moderate clubs—Club of Blanqui in the Salle des Concerts du Conservatoire—The club of Barbès in the ex-Palais-Royal—The Club des Clubs—Cabet's Club in the Salle Valentino—The Students' Club at the Sorbonne—The clubs of the working classes—The chapel of St Hyacinthe—The dispersion of a new Jacobin Club.

SINCE allusion has more than once been made to the growth in France of the revolutionary clubs, which sprang up in such prurient luxuriance from the hot-bed of republicanism in Paris, it may be as well to give some fuller detail of the nature of these meetings, which in so many cases were those of openly avowed and unconcealed conspirators against the actual state of things—not, as may be supposed, against the republic itself, for that they all, of whatever shade of opinion they might be, of course accepted—but against the more moderate principles of the majority in office. The clubs and their influence were to be made

stepping-stones to power by those disappointed republican conspirators, who, under the former *régime*, had suffered imprisonment for their faith, and who now considered themselves robbed of their just rewards, because they did not govern, and strove to persuade the people that it was robbed also, because a rule of order, or comparative order, had taken the place of a reign of anarchy, violence, and pillage of property; and in this light, although they reached not that pitch of fearful domination which they enjoyed during the former Republic, they may be looked upon as greatly contributing, by the influence they obtained over the mind of many of the lower classes, and their active, restless agency of promise and threat, to win over to the conspiring measures of the violent party, not only the workmen and artizans, but, if they could, the troops and the newly instituted *garde mobile*, as having very mainly contributed to the events that subsequently occurred.

The most influential of these clubs were those presided by Barbès, the *ex-détenu politique* of Mount St Michael, and the leader of a suppressed insurrection under the last reign, subsequently elected a representative of the people; by Blanqui, another well-known ex-conspirator, whom an accusation of treachery to his accomplices in the times of monarchic police, and a strong suspicion of bad faith, shortly sundered from the violent and more

straightforward Barbès ; and by Huber, again an ex-conspirator and *ex-détenu politique*, who finally seceded from both the former. Conflicting as were the rival jealousies of these men, and bitter even as was their mutual hatred among themselves, they were ready, as they afterwards showed themselves, to combine in any attack upon the more moderate powers of the day, reserving to themselves to fight and wrestle afterwards among themselves for the morsels of that authority, which they hoped to snatch out of the hands of others, for their own purposes. Conspirators they had been all their lives ; and conspirators they could not but remain. The spirit of conspiracy became the essence of their very life's-blood ; it was not to be purged out of them by success. They had conspired for the republic ; the republic was proclaimed ; and then they declared that they wanted not this republic—they wanted some other one, more democratic than that based upon representation by universal suffrage, or at least one in which themselves could play the despot, and scourge France to their will. " They have clamoured for the moon," said a wit of the day, " and the moon has been given them ; and now they cry, ' We are betrayed ; we wanted the sun, and the sun we will have.' " They never paused to consider whether the sun would not blind their eyes, and cause them to stagger in still greater darkness—whether the sun would not burn

their fingers, and make them wince beneath the blisters. They conspired still for something that they had not. They would have conspired against themselves, had they been in power. The ultra-clubbists very shortly raised the banner which flaunted forward the somewhat tautological watchword of "*République Démocratique*." This was a mere cry, a clamour, a word, the sense of which they themselves would not have been able to explain; but it was all the more enticing because it was vague, unexplained, mysterious in its fresh promises of some fancied good still to be attained, full of the great and alluring unknown. It was a good rallying banner for all malcontents—a good banner under which to enlist the unwary in their ranks; and it thus served the purpose of the clubbists in the subversive attempts which, upon their principle of republican equality, "we up, you down," they very soon commenced.

The tactics of the leaders of this party—whose purpose was their own aggrandisement, whose instrument was to be anarchy, and whose reward, offered to their abettors, was pillage—whose socialist doctrines were universal spoliation of those who had, for the enrichment of those who had not—were to produce convulsion, by leavening with all the bitterness of the gall of hatred any good understanding which might possibly still exist among classes; to prevent any prospect of real republican

equality-fusion, by establishing between these classes at all times a marked distinction; and thus to have one great body of the mass of the people at their command, to use as enemies against the more moderate majority. The energies of these men in the clubs were all used, and every moment of their reckless lives spent, in instilling, with all the venom of their tongues, hatred, spite, malice, and suspicion, into the minds of the people against the *bourgeoisie*, and, instead of extending the light of reciprocal intelligence and appreciation for the enlightenment of men, according to pure republican doctrine, in raising aloft the torch of discord, to burn and to destroy. To this intent also, in their speeches, and in the journals of their “colour,”—for they soon obtained the bloody name, which they ever vauntingly bestowed upon themselves, of the “Red Republic,”—they were continually, and on every occasion, raising the cry “*Aux armes ! aux armes !* The country is betrayed ! the republic is in danger ! ” They declared themselves the enemies of tyranny, and were desirous only of grasping it all in their own hands—the friends of liberty, claiming it only for themselves, and determined to crush it in others, whose opinions might be milder than their own—the redressers of the wrongs of the oppressed, advocating the strongest oppression, despotism, dictatorship, no matter what, provided that strong enough it were against that “foul and

infamous majority of the country, chiefly concentrated in a bloodthirsty *bourgeoisie*," that might dare to proclaim the triumph of those moderate opinions which suited not their purposes and their views. Their genuine political opinion seemed to be, according to the game they played, that a republican form of government meant nothing more or less than a state of constant and violent revolution; for they openly declared that those who desired a more quiet progress, or a sure *régime* of stability and order, were "*réactionnaires*," "*contre-révolutionnaires*," "*traîtres*," and "*suspects*." For the furtherance of their views also, they had no better spelling-book to propose to the study of their converts than that of the past. The past, not only in spite of, but because of all its horrors and bloodshed, was, consequently, continually held up as the only true model to copy. Lamartine had pointed out to them this path, by his laboured apology of the bloodstained heroes of the first Republic, in his "History of the Girondins," much as his great deed of the banner aimed at another course; and they willingly followed his beckoning finger along the hideous track. Not only were they always themselves looking back to this path, as that along which they might wade to their own bloody goal, but, by active agencies, as well as violent journalism, they used every exertion to goad and spur the would-be passive country along the same fearful road. In

their discourses, Robespierre and Marat were deified; the *Montagne* was pointed out, in the vista of history, as the rock of salvation for the people; and all was to be imitated from the "glorious example" of old. And in these efforts they succeeded to a certain extent.

Their rage for the imitation of the past Republic degenerated, at the same time, into the absurdity of comedy-caricature. Not only did the clubbists and the journalists of the ultra-party, and, in fact, all those who chose to stick up their old emblems of their new republicanism, affect the past in speech, and in their "cut and dried" phrases, borrowed of old Conventionalists, and handed down, worn out, half-rotten, and considerably stained with those marks of blood which ages wash not out, re-echo old ravings, scarcely freshed-up for use by new oracle-deliverers, but they affected the same imitation in dress and manner, making exploded republican fashions a party badge. The man of the party donned the *gilet à la Robespierre*, as a sign of his sympathy for that "great and glorious man," and of his attachment for the "great and glorious" opinions he advocated; he flung back the broad lappels upon his coat, to flare abroad his principles with as much outward evidence as possible. He considered it necessary to frown and knit his brow, and roll his eyes furiously, and give himself as uncompromisingly terrific an air as pos-

sible : such things he had seen in the portraits of old bloodthirsty Conventionalists. He decked himself flauntingly with the red cravat and the red cockade, all the more because Lamartine, whom he already began to denounce as *traître à la patrie*, on account of his supposed moderate opinions, had dared to reject the colour. He, of course, pointed out the man who ventured to say "*Monsieur*" as an aristocrat and *suspect*—he considered himself dishonoured by such an appellation : he interlarded every other word in his conversation with "*citoyen*," and even called his wife or his mistress "*ma citoyenne*." As to the Phrygian cap of liberty, that symbol of terror and violence—that awful remembrancer of trunkless heads borne aloft upon pikes—that graceless head-dress, so dear to the would-be Roman heart of the violent republican—it seemed the idol of his day-dreams, the bodily presence of the deity he fell down and worshipped, the ecstatic and rhapsodical apparition of the visions of his sleep. . It figured in all his allegorical pictures of republican greatness, surrounded by the rays of a sun of glory, like an emblem of the Godhead or the Trinity : it was placed in its sanctuary in his room, like the crucifix in the oratory of the Catholic : he insisted that it should be stamped upon his coins, like the Mother of God upon the kreutzer pieces of Catholic Austria. Citizen Louis Blanc had it engraved upon his visiting-cards, flaming with the

necessary rays of glory amidst banners, and joined hands, and other such allegorical emblems of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity." When the *bonnet-rouge* was actually or figuratively placed upon the head of the "true and only" republican, the ultra-democrat, the worshipper of the past, it seemed like a talisman which, when once it touched his skull, disturbed his intellects, heated his brains, and caused his mouth to open to vomit forth destruction and death to all his fancied enemies—for such had been the language of the men who flung it upon their brows in that past era, to which he pointed ever as a millennium that was checked too soon.

It might have been supposed that there was much harmless caricature in all this old republican mania, which thus evidenced itself in manner and costume; but the amusing part thus played was to be played not only to the life, but to the death: the farce was to become a tragedy, and was designedly played only as a prologue. To the people, the ultra-republican clubbist preached that the revolution of February, with its first results, was not a conclusion, but the first scene of a bloody drama, which it must act out, be it in five acts or fifty, until it should be sated. Although the character he assumed—tyrannical, brutal, implacable to his detested fellow-citizens of the middle classes, and as ferocious, disagreeable, and unpolite as possible

upon system—might be only a mask put on ; yet, as long as it was a mask to harmonise with real and active deeds in furtherance of his designs, and in promulgation of his declared opinions, that all not so “*exalted*” as himself must be mown down, or torn up like tares amidst the wheat, and flung into the pit of destruction, in order that the good grain might flourish and multiply, there was a hidden importance in the emblematical and historical follies of this “Brutus” or “Spartacus,” or whatever he called himself, which might lead to the most dangerous results.

Although regarded by many as a mere child’s play at first, the influence of the ultra-democratic clubs, however, was speedily looked upon as important, as well from old traditionary habit, as from the real fact, that they tended to congregate and organise bands of men that might be used at will ; and in that light they were evidently considered by the malcontent minority in the Provisional Government—M. M. Ledru-Rollin and Co., who stood in constant connexion and communication with their leading men, and, in turn, either used their agency, or were pushed on by them in the reckless and headlong course they endeavoured to pursue. In fact, from the very first, this minority may have been said to have conspired with the clubs. The republican missionary bands, sent forth with arms to foreign countries, and more

especially that which, on the Belgian frontiers, produced a collision with the Belgian authorities—the investigation into the causes of which afterwards disclosed the underhand agency that propelled them—were, it could not be doubted, organised in concert with these men in power, and secretly aided by the lavish bestowal of public moneys. In the elections also, which were about to ensue—first, for the officers of the national guard, and then that great election, upon which the future destinies of the nation were to depend, for the representatives of the people in the great National Assembly about to be convoked—the agency of bodies of this description, affiliated among themselves, and in communication by the means of active emissaries with similarly organised assemblies in the provinces, was an instrument too ready to be neglected. In foreign propagandist underhand diplomacy, as well as in internal manœuvres to *travailler* (the constant word employed) the spirit of the country, the happy organisation of the clubs was eagerly employed by those who found their purposes answered by using them. The clubs, then, whose designing leaders were afterwards to play their striking part in the stirring scenes of revolutionary history, may be looked upon, in the uses to which they were put, if not as component parts of the state, at least as agents of a portion of its secret policy.

Reference has here been made more particularly

to the ultra-republican clubs, or those of the violent party, afterwards more clearly designated as the "Red Republic;" but although they were by far the more numerous and the more active, yet others sprang up of every shade of republican opinion,—some to grow and flourish more or less stoutly, and even to bear fruit—others to wither and die for want of aliment. Their name was legion. Each considered itself as important as its neighbour; and those of the lower and labouring classes, which were not always the most violent in tone, except when purposely inoculated with the virus of red republicanism by the designing agents of the more powerful societies, had assuredly their own share of influence and importance. It would be a weary and profitless task, then, to enter into any more succinct statistical account of all these revolutionary organs of the day. To attempt to portray each individual picture from a gallery of portraits, all bearing, more or less, an indisputable family likeness to one another, as all members of one great family, born of one parent, would be impossible, as well as unsatisfactory and monotonous. Varieties of expression there were to be found in them, it is true, as in the various members of a family, according to their several characters: some were frowning, some were calm, some had a passionate knit about the brow, some a sneer about the upper lip, some an air of despairing melancholy, some a

triumphant look of optimism; some few looked steadily straight before them, like men looking into the distance; some had their visual organs horribly distorted, so distractedly askance did they take their view of things in general; and this was the predominant feature in most of them. But the general family likeness was the same after all, on account of their impatient, tumultuous, riotous character; and even the outward attire of each individual portrait was also very similar, taking into account only a greater or lesser richness of stuff in the dress. In these mere "Pictures of Revolutionary Paris," therefore, it may be necessary only to give a sketch of some of the more prominent, or even only cursorily mention such of the less picturesque as must not be forgotten, on account of their pre-eminence.

Of this latter description was the Central Club of the National Guard, as it was called, which had established its meetings in a great riding-school of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. This was the chief seat of the republican conservatives, or the moderates, as they quickly came to be called—of that set of men, in fact, who represented the majority of the country at large, if not of Paris, and who, although perhaps little republican, of a truth, in their opinions, had accepted the institution of the republic as a *fait accompli*, and desired its progress in a moderate sense, in the spirit of conservatism and of order, rather than any change that could

not but produce further convulsions and further miseries in the more immediate future. Of course this club, which attempted by turns to support the moderate majority of the Provisional Government in its measures, or to check, by declaration or protest, the course of the government *en masse*, when hurrying with too rapid a revolutionary speed, and which used its utmost influence also to effect the return of a majority of the candidates of the moderate party in the approaching elections, was the object not only of the violent hatred and the inveterate objurgation of the ultra societies, but was continually exposed to threats of violence, and denounced as *aristocrate*, *réactionnaire*, *contre-révolutionnaire*, *suspect*—in fact, by all the epithets of infamy that could be found in the vocabulary of ultra-republicanism. Some others of the same description there were also, more or less moderate in their views, more or less republican in their opinions; but as their influence was less, and their name less actively brought before the public, they need no especial mention in this narrative of the first phasis of the republic. As an agent in the triumph of the moderates in the first great general elections of Paris, the Central Club of the National Guards had afterwards more than one occasion to make its prominent appearance upon the stage of revolution.

In pursuance of that system which was designedly adopted by the ultra members of the Provi-

sonal Government, and was accepted and followed up by some others of the moderate majority—upon the basis of that false so-called “conciliatory” policy, which, while it did no good towards the pacification or the fusion of parties, added to the audacity of the violent ultra faction, and worked finally so much evil—public halls were given up, as has been before remarked, to the ultra-clubs for their meetings, as a part of the building of the civil list had already been opened to the illegal “*Comité du Salut Public*,” of Citizen Sobrier. Blanqui was permitted to occupy with his friends the theatre of the *Salle des Menus Plaisirs*, the music-hall of the *Conservatoire de Musique*; and Barbès throned it, with even still more stately pride, in one of the great reception-halls of the *ci-devant* Palais Royal. What, then, was the picture they there presented?

In the theatre of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, upon that stage on which, in other times, sat, in grave semicircle, that admirable orchestral band so renowned in modern musical annals for its precision of harmony, there sat, in those first days of the republic, another *band*, that hoped to be as renowned in the political annals of France for the force of its disharmony in the propagation of principles of subversion and destruction. The centre individual, presiding behind a table elevated on this stage, with a pale face, pale beard, pale cropped hair, pale

eyes, and pale expression of mistrust and discontent, and with an unmistakeable wild-beast physiognomy, partaking at once of the hyena and the fox, was the ex-fosterer of sedition, Blanqui, now the leader of a party, however great his incapacity, and the hero of an anarchist faction, however doubtful his character for good faith. During the debates, he assumed the privilege of president to rise and sum up, reply to, or modify the speeches of the various orators, which he perverted always to his own doctrines of communism, or hatred to the *bourgeoisie*, without any talent of oratory, but with a cold, calm, sneering cynism of speech, which, in spite of his incessant tautology, never failed of its gnawing and cankering effect upon his auditory. On either side of this "leader of the band," also seated at the table, were his first fiddlers, his vice-presidents and secretaries, the conspirator Flotte, a cook, and others of minor note. Standing around and behind were the other members of the republican orchestra, his acolytes and supporters, and many of those desirous of playing a solo and addressing the assembly. Four dreary-looking candles contrived to throw a dim dirty light upon this mass of beards and frowning patriotic faces, and gave a conspirator-like look to their groupings, by no means ungenial, probably, to their president. A few small passage-lamps, also, made "darkness visible" in the well-known amphitheatre of the pit, where, instead of the choice crowd of distinguished

amateurs of the concerts of the *Conservatoire*, the eye, which, in republican times, had to give up its airs of exclusive nicety, and accustom itself to such changes, wandered over a dusky mass of rusty coats and dingy *blouses*, enlivened at most with a few real epaulettes of the coarse uniforms of the national guards, until these, at last, were rendered obnoxious by the *bourgeoisie*-hating president, as belonging to an "infamous" body, which deserved not the name of "national," and which he stigmatised as the "*garde bourgeoise*." Here the mass was packed together, like stale herrings in a once-clean cask; and hence came the furious applause at each word of hatred and destruction, and the clamorous "turn him out!" at the least expression of disapprobation. "Packed," indeed, was the term the most properly applied. In the boxes and galleries were generally throngs of those subscribers whose untried opinions did not qualify them for the honours of affiliation, of curious spectators, of foreigners desirous of "seeing the sight," of ladies, oft-times of the highest society, who, in the dearth of their old pleasures, their balls and parties, checked at the gayest season by the confusion, disasters, and losses of the revolution, came to snatch pleasure, or while away their time, as best they might, in enjoying the humours of an ultra-republican club, where they are addressed as "*citoyennes*." It was a motley crew; but in spite of its wearing the appearance of a mere acted comedy,

this club was preparing the stage for bloody tragedies.

A little below the front of the stage there was a rostrum, *soi-disant* Roman in its fashioning, to which steps ascended on either side—the *tribune de l'orateur*. Hence proceeded nightly the denunciations and declamations, the expressions of the high and mighty will of the communist club, the proposals for seizure and confiscation, and the spoliation of those “infamous robbers of the people,” the capitalists, for the people’s benefit, and the forced disgorgement of “vile aristocratic property-holders” as the thieves of the people’s rights. Hence proceeded the motions for resolutions, by which the Provisional Government (and afterwards the National Assembly) should be informed of the dictum of the club, and be made follow the orders given it, or “woe betide it!” Hence proceeded those bursts of wild blasphemy and slashes of cutting scorn against revealed religion and its agents, which were always necessary as a last seasoning to a dish of true French republican declamation. Hence proceeded, above all, those carefully-inculcated doctrines of bitter hatred against classes about that sovereign power that called itself “the people,” which were to prepare the way for their utter overthrow—the doctrines which were seriously based upon the assurance that the *bourgeoisie*, in the form of the national guards, (although by an edict of the

government *every man* capable of bearing arms was to be considered a national guard,) was preparing for a general St Bartholomew massacre of the "people," and that an initiative St Bartholomew was necessary on the other side.

Among the orators, in the number of which were to be found frequently artizans and men of the people *en blouse*, or those who affected to be so, as being the nobility and favoured class of the day—for everybody who sought his own advantage called himself now an *ouvrier*, and the *littérateur* became the *ouvrier d'intelligence*—and also some very furious *Montagnards* of the Sobrier band, with flaring blood-red scarfs and cravats, were sometimes men who displayed a certain poetical vigour in the energy of their language, however void of any real argument or demonstration their grand sonorous periods might be, and made the best use of the well-known facility of those clap-trap *soi-disant* patriotic sentiments, which are always sure to meet with approbation among the theatrically-minded French—always ready to applaud "phrase-making," however "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." And in the Blanqui Club, as this meeting was called, the orators had the advantage of "having it all their own way;" for whoever ventured to differ from the ultra principles upon which the club was based, was hooted from the tribune amidst the clamour of the amphi-

theatre, and might be glad not to be further maltreated as a *suspect*: all expressions of opinion from the audience in the boxes, except marks of applause, were strictly prohibited; and the club was thus more free than most from the tumult, the outcry, the clamour and dispute, which formed the chief characteristics of so many others, where frequently everybody was screeching "*à la porte!*" into the face of everybody else, as if everybody intended to turn everybody out of the assembly, and thus clear it of everybody upon the devouring principle of the Kilkenny cats, but without leaving so much as a tail behind.

The doctrines held in the club of Barbès varied not greatly from those promulgated in the club of Blanqui: the two men were in truth sundered only by a spirit of rivalry and jealousy. But the hall in which the former was allowed to hold the sittings over which he presided, exhibited a character too striking not to be mentioned; for it was in that palace, which had so long borne the misnomer of "Royal," and had now been confiscated and proclaimed "National"—it was in the palace, more especially, belonging to the expelled monarch. A curious sight it was to see the throngs of men of all classes, the *blouse* mingling in their masses with the coat, hurrying through the courts of the palace, and through the marble halls, and up the vast marble staircases, and through the gilded ante-

rooms and painted apartments, like a fresh mob taking a royal palace by storm. It was a curious sight to see the compact mass squeezed into that great hall, decorated with white and gold, and patched with boards hastily knocked up over every representation of royalty—to see this mob confusedly waving like an angry sea, and hear it clamouring in that once quiet and deserted palace. President, secretaries, and supporters thronged it at the upper end. There sat Barbès, scarcely visible in the dim and dusty vista, pale, dark, frowning, impatient and stammering in speech, and furious in gesture, affording a contrast to the cold, unsteady, sneering oratory of his rival Blanqui: his bared broad forehead gave him, with his dark hair and long gloomy countenance, the look of a dark Velasquez portrait in the dim uncertain light, which every where appeared to be the symbolical requisite of these clubs: he exhibited continually, as afterwards in the National Assembly, a certain bitter and barking energy, but never either argument, talent, or sense in his discourses. Here, under his auspices, less open hatred was expressed to the *bourgeoisie* than in the Blanqui club; but the same vague and frantic utopian fancies of the communist doctrines of the day, the *partage général* of property, the dissolution of the nation into one vast loving family, “dining all as it were,” as was once said, “at one table,” and similar “golden-age”

dreams, were "the order of the day." Here, however, more than elsewhere, the bitterest hatred was declared against the priesthood, denounced as traitors to the country in imitation of former days; and here, upon the resolution that, although Christianity was "all very well" for *moyen age* use, it was now to be considered not only *en arrière*, and no longer fit for the progress of mankind, but even *rétrograde*, and that it was necessary to set aside all such worn-out doctrines of retrograde philosophies and religions: it was voted that Christianity should be put off, like a garment out of fashion, and no longer wearable in such times. And of course all these doctrines, social, political, philosophical, or religious, were to be adopted forthwith, upon the expression of the great will of the club, by the Assembly that was to form the basis of the new constitution. No club ever aimed at less. Unaccustomed had the gilded halls of the ex-Palais-Royal been, for many a long day, to sights and sounds so strange!

The *Club des Clubs*, established chiefly under the presidency of Huber, another former *détenu politique*, was supposed, under this ambitious all-concentrating title, to be instituted chiefly for the purpose of organising a combined influence of the socialist and ultra-democratic party in the elections. Its organisation, however, was more truly, although less avowedly, directed towards the concentrated

arrangement of the manœuvres of the different clubs, in any great conspiracy for the purpose of overthrowing the power of the moderate majority; and how this influence was afterwards to be used, soon became apparent in demonstrations and insurrections, that more than once so nearly attained their ends. The admissions to this club, much as conspiracy in those days may have been openly and avowedly carried on, were seldom and suspiciously granted to the mere curious: it was difficult to obtain an entrance to its more interesting discussions.

Another leading spirit of the day, whose name, although it did not exercise any prominent political influence, was one of note, as that of the high-priest and prophet, if not the founder, of communism, had established a club for the promulgation of his doctrines, and under the auspices of the "*Populaire*" newspaper, of which he was the editor, in the Salle Valentino, Rue St Honoré. Although not supposed to be personally very violent in his political opinions, old Cabet, the author of the frantic and fanatical "*Voyage en Icarie*," pushed his socialist doctrines to their utmost limit of utopism; and, as it was his mania to believe, or to pretend to believe, that his life was in danger from the attacks of all sorts of visionary counter-revolutionists, he never ceased raising the cry of "*aux armes!*" to the people in his own defence, as much as in that of their rights—a cry echoed to its wildest extent by his acolytes of the

“*Populaire*,” the watchword of which journal was “Mistrust.” In the Salle Valentino, then, within that glittering popular ball-room, with its painted ceilings, and its gilded columns, and its wreaths of roses, now intermixed with tricolor banners, and its joyous reminiscences of frantic excitement, full of visions of masks, and scampering bands of variegated dancers, was again assembled a crowd by night, but a crowd that danced upon the ruins of society, to the music of threats and denunciations, with a *bonnet rouge* as its sole costume. The estrade of the president and the orator’s tribune were again erected upon the spot where an orchestra had led on the dance; and in a pretty dance was all France to be engaged to their piping! Striking was again the contrast of the dark, sweltering crowd to the bright painting and gilding around! The masks, however, were almost as various as at a carnival ball; coats and blouses, cloaks, bonnets, gloved hands and gloveless, artisans and authors, men old and young, women and children, mingled there pell-mell. The sentiments enounced, however, varied not much from those of the ultra clubs already mentioned. Republican propagandism, the necessity of torturing the spirit of the country to an ultra-democratic sense, the adoption of the most arbitrary and despotic measures for that purpose, were advocated, and endeavoured to be enforced.

Among the vast profusion of other clubs, that of the students, in the vast old building of the Sorbonne, may likewise merit some mention, as exhibiting, among the so-called "tumultuous youth of the schools," more order, propriety, and sense of parliamentary form, than was generally to be found in these assemblies of French democrats,—perhaps, also, more argument, more reason, more instruction, and less vapid declamation of "cut and dried" theatrical phrases, less applause of phrase-making, less utopian nonsense; although the conceit and the dictatorial humour were far from being absent from the councils of these young republican spirits also; and they never failed of discussing the future republican constitution of the country, and all its details, to be enjoined on the future representatives they intended to elect, with an *aplomb* and decision, as if they themselves were the constituent assembly, and their dictates incontrovertible. Of course, in those days of general invasion of all public property, the lecture-rooms of the old Sorbonne—the seat of former ecclesiastical conclaves, and the theological school of the present university—were given up, without hesitation, to be the arenas of the political discussions of the students. Its old dark courts and broad stone staircases were nightly traversed by a motley crowd of men in smocks, artisans, *hommes du peuple*, women, and little boys already men in their own French republican con-

ceit, mixed pell-mell with students, long-haired and all-bristling with beards; and in the gaily-decorated hall of the lecture-room, along the crowded amphitheatre of seats, surrounded by statues of all the ecclesiastical worthies of French history, the students fraternised with the people, and even dressed up one of the club-secretaries in a *blouse*, to typify aloft this touching unity. There sat in that arena of theological lectureship the young lecturers of republicanism; and, where they had once been taught, they endeavoured to teach all France in their turn. Fatal conceit! which, however, in other countries had far more deleterious results than in Paris, where the "youth of the schools" have generally embarked on the side of moderation and order.

Moderation of spirit was also, in the first phasis of the republic at least, the characteristic of many of the clubs instituted by the working classes. Except when immediately affiliated with the great Red-Republican clubs, and under the immediate direction of their chiefs, they not unfrequently exhibited far more sense and reason, and form and method, than those of the vain men who deemed themselves their leaders and instructors, and strove to mislead them with frenzied utopian dreams. *At that time* there was a better class of workmen in distracted France, which advocated order and moderate principles; and their club-rooms, in the

rude people's holiday ball-rooms of the distant faubourgs, often resounded with words, ill-combined and ill-digested perhaps, but full of good feeling and good sense. Would that as much, however, could be said of many others of the kind, in which hatred, mistrust, violence, and revenge had been carefully inculcated by designing men !

About the thousand-and-one republican clubs of Paris, throngs were always pouring in and out by night, like wasps about their hives, but in dusky swarms, in the dim night-air, not glittering in the bright sun : and they were wasps, these clubbists, that did not sting because they were attacked, but attacked in order that they might sting.

Only two other scenes of clubbism of the day need be recorded here,—the one on account of its picturesque accessories, the other because revealing the spirit of some of the better of the working classes at that time.

Attached to the church of the Assumption in the Rue St Honoré, is a small dismantled chapel, dedicated to St Hyacinth. From the dim windows of this little chapel streamed often blurred rays of light across the damp night-air ; and a hoarse murmuring, which swelled anon into discordant shouts, that were almost groans, came vaguely from within. Both sight and sound had something ghastly and unearthly in their nature : the fantastic and mysterious could not but seize hold on the imagination of

the wanderer : he might almost have fancied that the headless dead, the victims of a prior revolution, had risen from their bloody vaults, to beckon into their ghostly crew new victims of another—or that demons were rejoicing, in that once sanctified building, that the reign of men's most evil passions should have begun again in that disturbed and fermenting city. To those who entered, however, the scene, although neither ghostly nor demoniac, was scarcely less strange than if spectres and demons had animated the interior. Faintly lighted by a few dripping candles was the long dismantled chapel; and damp, dreary, and funereal-looking was its aspect. A dim crowd was fermenting, thronging, struggling, and pushing in the aisle. At the further end, in a vaulted semicircle, where once stood the altar of the Lord, rose a complicated scaffolding behung with black cloth. The dark construction might be fancied to be the death-scaffold for the execution of a criminal; and, in truth, it was a scaffold prepared for the execution “unto death” of all the social institutions of the country. On the highest platform, occupying the ground of the Most Holy, sat the president and secretaries of another republican club,—the new divinities of the consecrated building,—yes! the new divinities; for they arrogated to themselves the same right, against which they had declaimed as blasphemy in kings,—the “right divine!” Amidst the promulgation of

doctrines for the subversion of all existing order in the country, accepted by the applauding shouts and screams of the worshippers in the new temple, their orators proclaimed, that not only is the voice of the people the voice divine, and that it was theirs to interpret it, but that "the republic, one and indivisible, is more than indivisible—is GOD!"—words, heard by ears that doubted their sense—words that made men wonder whether these beings were really Christian men, or, of a truth, evil unearthly beings in a human form. This doctrine of the "right divine" was applied principally to the infallibility of the ultra-republican minority, and of its right to march against the National Assembly, hereafter to be elected by the suffrages of the majority, "*fusil à la main*," if that assembly should refuse to acknowledge the true principles of the democratic republic. This club professed to be instituted by the editors and contributors of the "*Démocratie Pacifique*." Little of the "pacific" there was, however, in all the proceedings; and the very president, a most furious Jupiter Tonans, rolled his eyes in feigned fury of rage, brow-beat every orator who dared to be "moderate" in his opinions, and smote so awfully, and in such eternal clatter, upon his table with his president's hammer, that men's heads ached, when their hearts had long ached with disgust; and they were glad to hurry forth out of the dark, fermenting crowd, as from a hideous pande-

monium, and breathe once more the purer air of heaven.

Another picture, and the sketch of the revolutionary clubs of the first phasis of the new republic may be finished. Among ultra-republican clubs, the institution of a "Jacobin Club," expressly "for the purpose of recalling into life the ancient *Montagne*," was, more than once, demanded by public handbills. A club, under the auspices of this name of fearful memory, was announced as about to be established in a district school-room of the *Rue du Faubourg du Roule*; but the better sense of the better working classes, and small tradespeople of the quarter, protested against the very reminiscence of a fatal time. When, at the further end of the low crowded room, the would-be institutor of new Jacobinism appeared in a ruined gallery, surrounded by some friends, with a Phrygian cap of liberty upon his head, a red scarf about his waist, and a pike in his hand, the tumult of execration choked his voice. In vain he tried to bellow; hundreds of voices bellowed still louder. "No Jacobins! no terror! no *bonnet rouge*! no red scarf!" they cried; "Down with the president!" In vain he doffed his blood-red Phrygian cap, and then unwound his blood-red scarf, and then laid by his pike, and even seemed inclined to abjure his very principles: the good sense of the people was not thus to be cajoled. Spite of the clamours of the would-be Jacobins, who thundered

the objurgations of “aristocrats, paid agents of legitimacy,” and other such republican invectives, against the indignant people, the honest workmen invaded the gallery, and thrust the party forth from their district school-house, escorting, with mock politeness and with ironical cheers—the candles seized from the tribune in their hands—the objects of their animadversion to a side-door, whence they passed away, never to return again to show their face among the moderately-minded people of the *Faubourg du Roule*.

With all these invading and conflicting elements, and under the circumstances in which the new republic found itself placed, what were the pictures which revolutionary Paris now offered to view?

CHAPTER VIII.

AGAIN REPUBLICAN PARIS.

Change in the moral aspect of Paris—Crowds of politicisers in the public thoroughfares—Disturbed appearance of the streets—Doings of the people—Commercial distress—Invaders of the public thoroughfares—The new republican newspapers, and the newspaper-criers—Female journalism—The host of journalism—Girardin and the *Presse*—Influence of the cheap prints—The innumerable public notices—The deputations to the Hotel de Ville, and demonstrations—The trees of liberty—The effect of these popular demonstrations—The alarm and increasing want of confidence—Efforts for the restoration of confidence fail.

ALTHOUGH streets, squares, and houses remained the same, and Paris might have been thought to be unchanged, yet, in these new republican days, its moral appearance was totally altered. The aspect of Paris bore no resemblance to that it wore in its palmy time of monarchy, when, in the bright champagne-like days of its spring-tide, Parisian butterflies of all classes—the humble gray moth as the sparkling tiger-fly—came forth to sun themselves in the golden air; when the streets and public places were filled with listless, easy, careless crowds,

that sauntered they knew not whither, and turned back they knew not why, running over each other, and almost over themselves, as they fluttered hither and thither, enjoying the brightness of the sky without rendering themselves any reckoning of their enjoyment. Crowds, certainly, did not now fail, at all times and in all places, by night as well as by day ; but they were no longer these same listless, easy, careless crowds. Parisian *citizens* seemed to have far more serious matter on their minds than mere enjoyment : each man appeared to think that all the weight of the interests of the country lay on his own individual shoulders, and that he had no time now but for making harangues, on which the welfare of France depended, and discussing political and social questions, equally for the welfare of all humanity. Crowds, then, formed every where in large groups and knots, and circles on the pavement, and at street corners, and at the entrances of galleries and passages ; and from the midst of the masses came ever the sound of haranguing or of disputing. Each group was an *al-fresco* club, in which the interests of the country at large were being discussed ; and round about was ever a dark murmuring, and a rumour, and a ferment ; and then minor disputants broke off from the parent stem, and presently formed a nucleus for a fresh encircling crowd ; and another group took up its standing ; and a great banian-tree of politicising knots thus

dropped its branches, which took root up and down the Boulevards, far and wide, until the whole long avenue was crowded with disputants and spouters. In one crowd, well-dressed men declaimed against the reckless progress of the Provisional Government—at the risk of being arrested by the Montagnards of Citizen Sobrier's illegal self-appointed police-gang. Close by, men of the people, with violent gestures and inflamed countenances, denounced the “infamous rich, the spoliators of the people,” and declared that the salvation of the republic, one and indivisible, hung solely upon their pillage and total overthrow, and fulminated also against “alarmist” conspirators, who strove to ruin the country and the republic by driving away that confidence which they themselves proposed, with strange logic, to re-establish by beating the “alarmed” into fresh reliance on the glories and prosperity of the new era of liberty. And young *élégants* mixed with unshaved artisans; and shopkeepers, in their uniforms as national guards, with ex-counts their customers; and the very *gamins*, with their snub noses raised aloft in the air, lectured old gray heads upon the policy of the republic, and, when they had sufficiently instructed “granny” in the art of sucking republican eggs, swaggered off, screeching “*Mourir pour la patrie, c'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie,*” at the top of their shrill voices. And everybody talked and argued with

everybody—unknown friends of the moment seeking support from unknown friends in their discussions—unknown opponents disputing acrimoniously with unknown enemies—all classes, all ages, “all manner of men together”—until, during the dusky hours of night, and long after midnight, the more frequented part of the city wore the constant air of a vast club-room for conspirators. Or, mayhap, on bright moonlight nights, when the beams of the full moon were whitening the long line of elevated columns of the Bourse, there were, again, crowds in the moonlit *Place*, looking like clumps of wooded islands in a glistening lake; and young apprentices, shaking their fair locks about them most theatrically, stood on benches and “bayed at the moon,” and tossed their arms aloft in the moonlight, fancying themselves to be new Camille Desmoulins, animating the Parisian population against the tyrants of the country, as they declaimed against the tyranny of the *bourgeois* shopkeeper.

At all times, but of course on Sundays more especially, constant mob-bands of the workmen out of employ—for whose necessities the government had now established the principle that it was their duty to provide—were constantly parading the streets with banners and drums, wheeling and whirling round and round, and hither and thither, like flights of sea-gulls in a high wind, without any seemingly very settled purpose beyond that of proclaiming the

new maxim of no work and good pay, having got beyond that of less work and more pay, and of keeping the whole aspect of the city in a state of continual giddy confusion. And there were constant marchings backwards and forwards, also, of the ragged battalions of the new *garde mobile*, with white cartouche-belts crossing their dirty garments, and little bits of card paper stuck in their caps, denoting the number of their regiment. And there were constant marchings and countermarchings, also, of the national guards, ever forced to be upon the alert, in order to preserve some species of order in the disturbed capital; while the few soldiers, whom the jealousy of the people, which demanded that no armed force should be permitted but their own, at that time allowed to remain within the walls of Paris, roamed about in a desultory manner, wearing a debauched, demoralised look—for they no longer obeyed the orders of their chiefs—wandered where they would at will, and returned to their barracks, like wild beasts, only when they wanted to be fed. And the people, until they found out a new congenial amusement, thronged the public places in their idleness, thrusting all well-dressed persons from their path with the authoritative command, “*Faites place, nom de Dieu !*” and insisted thus upon due reverence paid them—for they were the masters and the kings of the day, and no autocrat was ever more despotically disposed.


Or sometimes they came pouring down from the faubourgs of Montmartre, men, women, and children in a dense troop, howling the "*Ca Ira*," and exhibiting placards, declaring that, if their landlords did not remit to them their rents, they would burn their masters' houses over their heads; or they affixed black banners to the doors of the recalcitrant landlords, and hung tricolor flags out of the windows of those who yielded to their threats, until the Mayor of Paris issued a notice, appealing to the *good sense* of the people—"the grand, the generous, the magnanimous, the beautiful," as it was called in government proclamations—not to burn down houses, and not to threaten landlords. Or anon they came rushing down the Boulevards, dragging along a bust of the ex-king, with the cries of "*Louis Philippe à la lanterne*"—expressing frantic delight in their schoolboy amusement; and then, to vary their play, they flourished sticks at the windows of the few last carriages which still lingered on the *paré* of Paris, and turned such equipages out of their royal way, with the shout of "*A bas les riches ! à bas les aristocrates !*" And yet the unfortunate rich had a hard game to play: for if they sold off their envied equipages, dismissed their servants, and reduced their establishments, they ran the risk of being seriously denounced as favourers of the "*conspiration de l'économie*," or the "*conspiration de la peur*." And in their hatred to the rich, and

in a spirit of "equality," bands of *hommes du peuple* entered all the churches of Paris, and carried off all the kneeling chairs that possessed any velvet or ornament, declaring that the rich should kneel on straw-bottoms as well as the poor, or on the pavement if they would, but not on soft cushions—a display of feeling which, in the house of God, would not have been without a certain poetry, had the spirit not been one of envy and spoliation.

In all this, the moral aspect of Paris was sadly changed. The last gleams of their former bright look also gradually faded from the streets. By degrees the *belles toilettes* of the last Parisian fashion—the glitter of the *élégants*, who had almost universally hidden their diminished glories under the graceless uniform of the national guard—all the ancient splendour of rich Paris, disappeared. In their place, plenty of ill-dressed men there were, with anxious faces—a hungry crew from the provinces, come to solicit places in the new order of things, and snatch what morsel of the cake they could in the scramble—wearing huge tricolor cockades and streaming ribbons at their button-hole, in order to proclaim, as flauntingly as possible, by symbol, the republican principles which, they had suddenly found out, had always, and from all times, although unknown to themselves, animated their souls. The former glittering aspect of the richly-decorated shops, teeming with all the luxury of colour and gilding, was also

quickly tarnished. In the midst of the financial crisis, when misery and want were daily increasing—when trade had ceased with want of confidence—when ruin had fallen upon many of the shopkeepers, and workmen and shopboys were turned adrift in thousands upon the streets, and wandered with hanging heads about the city, or joined the frantic yelling mobs with their cry of “*Abas les riches !*” in their misery, or sought a scanty idle pittance in the *ateliers nationaux*—many were the shops that were closed. The sad placard “*Boutique à louer*” met the eye at every two steps, telling cruel tales of bankruptcy ; and rows of dismal shutters, like coffin-lids erect upon their ends, gave by day to the streets that funereal look they formerly only wore by night. And upon the faces of the tradespeople who had not closed their doors, there was an air of gloom behind the mockery of their plate-glass windows ; and scarcely a solitary customer wandered along the vast corridors and long galleries of the monster shops, once so crowded, and now vainly draperied and beshawled with all the rich wonders of modern manufacture amidst a scene of desert listlessness.

But, in lieu of all this, beggars innumerable lay stretched across the pavements, or squatted in gipsy groups, thrusting wounds and sores into the faces of the passers-by. Many might have been rael sufferers from the miseries of the times ; but



most were of the "got up" species. It was the beggars' saturnalia, and they kept high revel in the streets, for the great generous people needed no police in those days: such restrictive powers as police were only "execrable agents of monarchic tyranny." Universal license was the order of the day. Not only by the beggars innumerable were the streets thus encumbered, but by all sorts of jugglers, quack doctors, and venders of scurrilous pamphlets, and witless caricatures—all, of course, of the true republican description—displaying tri-color banners or new republican costumes. *Al fresco* showmen and singers of patriotic songs, or declaimers of republican lampoons—not of the most decent description—thronged the public thoroughfares. "*Les crimes de Louis Philippe, et les assassinats qu'il a commis*—all for two sous!" were hawked in stunning plenty about, along with caricatures of "Louis l'île-vite" as he was termed, and his acolyte "Cuit-sot." A rare lack of wit and invention there was in such productions, and in the new-old republican prints, allegorical, typical, or fanciful: but they swarmed before the eyes of admiring new-born patriots. Hawkers of every description of petty articles of traffic thrust the passers from the pavement.

But it was the endless herds of newspaper-mongers that most contributed to give a perfectly stunning character to republican Paris. The first

inevitable tendency of republican institutions was towards unlimited liberty of the press: the withdrawal of the stamp-duty and caution-money upon newspapers had been wrung by clamour from the Provisional Government—perhaps not without the connivance of those of its members who saw in the license of journalism another instrument of their own power. A torrent of new republican journals came down like an inundation upon Paris, more especially from the “*Montagne*” of ultra-republicanism, like a muddy avalanche from a mountain top. Their name was legion. Newsmongers obstructed every thoroughfare, shouting out the merits of their new wares: frames, crossed by lines of string, behung with the thousand and one journals of the day, were planted at every ten steps along the pavement: ragged men in *blouses*, old women, and *gamins*, hawked their wares of republican intelligence in countless disputing throngs. Some distributed gratis ultra prints from benches to encircling crowds, when their editors had some party purpose to effect in inflaming the public mind: other journals, to the same intent, were pasted against the walls, flaring abroad to public notice their “leaders” and their lies, and attracting by this system of gratis publication crowds of the lower classes, who budged not from their post until they had devoured every column, every paragraph—“leaders,” lies, and all. Some

newsvenders attracted attention by tricolor banners and placarded boards ; others, by night, by tricolor lanterns affixed to the tops of their heads. All the old papers, excepting one, were at first swamped in the general deluge. On the anti-republican side none ventured openly to appear. The *Assemblée Nationale* alone came forward as the more influential organ of moderatism, and soon obtained a host of subscribers ; of course it was accused of legitimism, and denounced by angry republican rivals as “*réactionnaire, rétrograde, contre-révolutionnaire.*” The “*Réforme*,” the organ of citizens Ledru-Rollin and Flocon, led on the host of ultra-republican prints, and was commanded officially to be taken by every *maire* in every commune of France, and distributed throughout the country by the same man, now minister of the nation, who had before so violently fulminated, in the Chamber of Deputies, against the patronage afforded to monarchic papers by the cabinets of the past reign. The more or less furious promulgators of Red Republicanism were innumerable. *Républiques* of every description there were, and *Libertés*—so misnamed, when they should have been called “License”—and more than one *Salut Public*, and a *Voix du Peuple*, and a *Canaille*, and a *Christ Républicain*, and a *Sans-Culotte*—to say nothing of the *Commune de Paris* of Citizen Sobrier, prefect of police No. II.—the *Populaire* of the high-priest of

communism, Cabet, the *Représentant du Peuple* of the insensate Prudhon, and the *Père Duchesne*, of fearful memory in old times, reappearing only now as a senseless and spectral caricature.

Even female republican influence did not choose to be behind that of the male clamourers for social overthrow of all that was. It was well known that George Sand had been called in to assist in the concoction of the senseless *bulletins* of the minister of the interior—her addresses to the people had been officially published; and a certain Madame Niboyet, who afterwards appeared upon the stage of revolution as the foundress of a “*club des femmes*,” felt her soul stirred within her also to publish a *Voix des Femmes*—which voice made itself shrilly and screechingly heard along the streets of Paris, for the furtherance of the principles of emancipation of that nearly extinct type, the *femme libre*, and that truly incomprehensible anomaly, the *femme incomprise*.

To recall the titles of all these “organs of the divine and sovereign voice” that howled “discordant music” in the distracted streets of Paris, would be as difficult as to enumerate all the names of the demons in a fantastic poet’s “inferno.” An incessant hoarse screaming of voices rough, shrill, clear, and husky, filled the air the livelong day, and tore the ears of men: from the earliest hour of the morning until after midnight it ceased not in

the city. Like the savage hordes of Attila, these criers came down upon the streets of Paris, and attacked the bewildered passer-by with outstretched arms flaring rival printed sheets, twenty at once, and thrust their wares into his hand, with the accompanying cry of "only a *sou*—only five *centimes*!" Yes! all this store of republican wisdom, which was to save a country and regenerate a world, was only for one *sou*.

One ambitious exception, as has been said before, had contrived to lift its head above the temporary wreck of the old journals. This was the "*Presse*," the journal of Emile de Girardin, the intriguing man of strong sense, but of stronger ambition, who, not having obtained that power at which he grasped in the new order of things, had plunged, with much eloquence, and often with much truth, into the most violent opposition to all the measures of the Provisional Government, and employed an active system of living puffing to arrive at the pinnacle he sought to gain. He had nigh fallen into a deep abyss: and the *Presse* riot will be the subject of future mention. At any and every sacrifice this journal was to be made to overpower, in sturdy and assiduous noise, its rival ultra-republican contemporaries: its continued hawking rang in the wanderer's ears long after he had left the streets. It predominated over every other. No sounds were to be heard but "*Demandez la Presse!*"

“ *La Patrie !* ”—“ *Demandez la Presse !* ”—“ *La Voix des Clubs !* ”—“ *Demandez la Presse !* ”—“ *Le vrai Démocrate !* ”—“ *Demandez la Presse !* ”—and so on, “ to the crack of doom.” And yet, poor disappointed Girardin ! the *Assemblée Nationale*, that named things and men boldly and stoutly by their names, soon outweighed the *Presse* in influence of opposition.

That the cheap prints, intended for the perusal of the lower classes exclusively, which preached the approach of that millennium of the new prophets of old republicanism, the “ Red Republic,” exercised a great sway over their minds, and, by labouring so assiduously to instil into their hearts that venom and spite against all who possessed property inoculated by the clubs, and to spread among them that hot poison of hatred and suspicion against the middling classes, which, when once admitted into the body corporate, ran through every vein with the maddest fever, and prepared the way, by their influence, for that wild delirium of carnage and cruelty which was exhibited in the great outbreak of the Red Republic in June, cannot be doubted. For the time being, the inundation of republican prints did no more, in seeming, than contribute so greatly to the confused and tumultuous aspect of republican Paris.

At that time, also, all Paris was plastered with handbills of every kind, attracting throngs to read

and comment. On every vacant space of wall, at every corner, were posted countless addresses and advertisements, giving the capital the aspect of a city built up of printed paper. The government claimed the privilege of white paper in its numerous decrees, proclamations, addresses, and republican bulletins, which announced, with far more autocratic and despotic might than ever did monarchic ordinances, the reign of republican liberty—all flattering the rulers of the day, the people, with a flattery no courtiers ever bestowed upon the most incensed despot—all declaring France at the pinnacle of glory, and happiness, and pride—the object of envy and imitation to all nations. And these, and all, were headed with those dreadful words, “*République Française*,” which at first made many a soul sink, and sickened many a heart, with the remembrance of a fearful time gone by. Thousands upon thousands were the notices from every side. Here men saw the announcements of the clubs—the *mille e tre* noisy mistresses that courted the fascinating, seductive, splendid Don Juan of a republic—with their addresses to the flattered people, and their appeals and their counsels to the government, and their last resolutions, and their future intentions—say, their future exactions—all greeting the fall of the social edifice with triumph, but few, if any, stating how they would reconstruct anew; some boldly declaring their object to be “the enlightenment of

an ill-judging government, which it was their duty to instruct ;” others calling down “the celestial vengeance, and the thunders of heaven on their head, if ever they should deceive or lead astray the people ;” all putting forward the most extravagant propositions as regarded the future constitution of the country, and the line of conduct to be followed by the future Constituent Assembly ; most clamouring about supposed “*conspirateurs dans l'ombre*,” and the “*sourdes menées de nos ennemis*,” and raising that watchword cry of “*Méfiance, méfiance, citoyens !* let us be on our guard, and with arms in our hands,”—that same watchword cry of mistrust and suspicion, inculcated in all the bulletins of the republic emanating from the ministry of the interior, and excited in order to forward an ulterior purpose of the reckless minister. When the time for the general elections drew near, all those notices were multiplied again a thousand-fold, by addresses from guilds, companies, clubs, private individuals, or the candidates themselves, respecting the principles and claims of future deputies. Here, again, men saw petitions to government, and demands and remonstrances from individuals or small bodies—delegates, they called themselves, of the people’s will—some wild and inflammatory, some visionary to the very seventh heaven of political rhapsody, but all again flattering to the *Peuple souverain*, whose voice is the *voix de Dieu !* All these enlightened

patriots were, of course, eager to enlighten the government in its turn, and confident in their infallible remedies for averting the financial crisis, or in their wondrous schemes for the social organisation of the people. Here, again, came a protest, declaring the word "*égalité*" a bitter mockery, and an insult to the common-sense of the people, as long as some possessed more than others, pronouncing the hour for *deeds*, not *words*, to be come, and calling upon the government to tax the resources of the rich, in a progressive proportion, of one per cent for every fortune of a thousand francs, two for every two thousand, fifty for every fifty thousand, "and so on progressively,"—without stating, however, whether those who possessed a revenue of a hundred thousand francs were to pay a hundred per cent, or what was to be exacted of those unhappy mortals who might possess two hundred thousand. Here, again, came another menacing call upon the government to perform its duty in exacting the disgorgement of "that vile spoliation of the nation," the indemnity granted to the emigrants at the Restoration, as belonging to the people alone, and to effect the same confiscation as regarded the private possessions of the ex-king. Exaction every day lifted its head more boldly. Here, along with the thousand notices from all trades and companies, were the numerous addresses and appeals from and to all foreign democrats in Paris,—Germans, Bel-

gians, Italians, Poles, and even Irish—all calling for meetings, and begging the “*braves Français*” to give them arms, and money, and recruits, to go and conquer the republics of their respective countries by force—all to be aided in underhand intrigue by the violent minority in the government. And in the midst of the uproar and the clash of such addresses was to be seen the burlesque also—advertisements headed “*Vive la République!*” recommending to “*citoyennes*,” “now that the hour was come to take up their carpets,” some especial wax for their floors—or reminding the “*citoyens gardes nationaux*” that, “in that moment of the awakening of a country’s glories, when they watched over the interests of France, and were indefatigable in patrolling the streets, “the *citoyen* so-and-so” would cut their corns with cheapness and ease! And all these myriads of sheets of paper were posted about in confused pell-mell; and around all these documents, all treating of a country’s weal, there were of course ever thick crowds, devouring them with eager eyes. Unhappy was the *citoyen* who might leave his house-door closed for a whole day: he was sure to find it barricaded with plastered paper from top to bottom on the morrow. Unhappy was the shopkeeper who might lie too long a-bed: it was a difficult task to him to take down his placarded shutters; and both stood a chance of getting hooted for venturing to displace

a printed paper headed with the talismanic words, proclaiming individual liberty of person and opinion; for no tyranny is greater than mob tyranny.

The chief characteristic, however, of the streets of Paris, at that period, consisted in the endless bands of men of all classes and descriptions eternally promenading the streets, or streaming up to the Hotel de Ville, to harangue the Provisional Government on their rights and wrongs, their desires and demands. The noise of the drumming of these bands was incessant in the air: the banners ceased not to flutter along the streets: the discordant shouting of the Marseillaise, the popular *Mourir pour la Patrie!* or the hideous *Ca Ira*, mingling with howls of "*à bas les aristocrates!*" resounded ever in that bold utter disregard of time and tune so peculiar to would-be musical France. Horde after horde swept by—and then another, and another, and another—until the brain whirled with the unceasing throngs. Women in republican dresses sometimes formed these bands; and at one time females marched about with a banner inscribed, "*Les Vésuviennes*, the object of which inflammatory and explosive name was a mystery to men, unless its bearers intended to supply the place of the *tristeuses*, of frantic memory, in some future reign of terror; and the name became a byword and a jest in satirical journals, and in men's mouths. Sometimes the bands were of more orderly, better-

dressed men, with the cry of “ *Vive le Gouvernement Provisoire!*” sometimes mere gangs of ruffian fellows. Ofttimes these demonstrations seemed to swarm the streets merely because whatever is theatrical, whatever smacks of show and parade, whatever gives the people the opportunity of exhibition, and with it the hope of admiration, is its ruling passion—ofttimes because the people, who would not work, although dearly paid by the government with the country’s money, had nothing else to do but to promenade for the sake of promenading, and screech for the sake of screeching. But it was to the Hotel de Ville that their steps were chiefly directed. Daily and hourly did these troops of drumming banner-bearing patriots stream up into the open space before the fine old building—deputations of the trades with their grievances, and demands of remedy—address-bearers from various nations, all speaking in the name of their country, which would probably have disavowed them—delegates from the clubs to impose their distracted will—bodies of individuals, with their financial schemes and social remedies—all to be received, all to be heard, all to be promised. And some there were bearing in their midst great chests on biers, adorned at each corner with branches and flags, and covered with tricolor gold-befringed palls, while emblazoned banners set forth the words, “ *Don Patriotique;*” and men might have

admired this honesty of purpose in hard-working men, had not the exhibition smacked of the usual French theatrical vanity, and served to excite murmurs among the people against the more wealthy, who did not make the same patriotic sacrifice. From all sides they streamed up, from streets and quays, in noisy, inundating floods, into the basin, where the streams mingled, and roared, and struggled for precedence. And ministers and members of the government were ever at windows, or on steps without, or in the apartments within, haranguing their importunate visitors amidst cries of “*Vive la République!*” There, upon that *Place*, Paris appeared in a state of constant revolution: there the noise, the tumult, the drumming, the shouting, the marching and the counter-marching, ceased not for a moment. Among a people whose natural taste is decidedly in favour of theatrical exhibitions, especially when they themselves can act a part, there was no doubt that, as long as no restraint was laid upon them, such congenial theatrical manifestations would only increase rather than diminish by satiety.

Another great feature of these times in Paris, when the workmen out of employ, paid by the state, knew not how to bestow their idleness, and had not yet found themselves organised into bloody conspiracy, was the planting of so-called “trees of liberty” in all parts of Paris. In this congenial amusement

these men considered that they were doing mighty things, and deserving well of their country, and that they fully earned the pay the country gave them, by enacting these wonderful feats for the country's good and honour. Down came upon Paris, and in all parts, for many a long, long day, these new marching bands of hundreds, with banners and drums, as usual, but distinguishing themselves by the tall bare poplar-stems they bore. These great poetically and symbolically-minded idle patriots were bent upon no less a task than planting all Paris with these new old-fangled trees of liberty; and well, certainly, did they perform the task they had imposed upon themselves: not a spare spot of ground was soon to be found, where the pavement was not torn up, and the naked, unsightly stem planted, more like a liberty scarecrow, than an emblem of liberty flourishing "as a green bay-tree." And curious it was to see the inventive genius of a people's idleness, and with what cleverness the liberty-tree demonstrators—when all Paris might have been supposed to have been so be-planted, that not a hole could be found for the stem of another bare poplar—found out new spots for the exhibition of their theatrical fancy. In most of the large open *places*, not content with one tree, they recommenced with two, three, or even four: the public building, that had one erected before it, had on the morrow another erected behind it. Down they came through all the

streets of the city ; and their delegates knocked at all doors, and thrust themselves into private dwellings to beg—no ! to *demand* contributions to these republican *fêtes* of every day and every hour ; albeit the Parisian might be ill-pleased to find his capital so little embellished with these bare spectral poles, although behung with banners, garlands, tri-color streamers, and republican furbelows, and surrounded with provisional gardens of spring flowers.

At first the liberty-tree planters, when they conceived the thought of having their patriotic deed solemnly blessed, laid hold of some poor priest, and dragged him along with them, oftentimes pale and trembling at the thought of the unusual ceremony he was thus violently called upon to perform. But soon they found too little of state and pomp for the honour of their royalty in this one exaction ; and then they summoned the whole clergy of each parish church to come forth, with all the accessories of the pomp of Catholic ceremony, with golden cope and stole, with incense and banner, with chorister-boys and beadles, halberds and all, to sprinkle holy water, and bless these naked emblems of a country's naked liberties, and pronounce before the poor raggedpole political sermons, felicitating France on the awakening glories of the republic, established by Providence and a people's might, and, above all, filled with such terms of flattery to the people, as they could

no longer exist without, any more than the most arrant coquette. Poor priests ! glad did they seem to escape from these popular honours, when all was over : and well might devout old ladies, when they saw their poor portly puffing *curé* dragged along in a people's procession, clasp their hands and exclaim with pity, "*Pauvre saint homme ! on le promène comme le bœuf gras !*" for, in truth, such scenes of the mockery of religion were sufficiently carnival-like in their aspect to warrant such irreverent expressions of reverence. Nor did men take confidence, or find the reassurance of a people's better character, in the fact that a seemingly religious sanction was thus demanded by the mob for its fantastic rite of patriotism ; on the contrary, the very mockery alarmed. The very compulsory attendance of the clergy seemed to prove that it was rather a desire in the mob to show its power, than to attach a sanctity, which it heeded not otherwise in common life, to the deeds it did ; and a vague terror was cast over the public mind, with the feeling that such scenes were those of a fearful past, and that in gone-by times such had proved the gay, green, laughing prologue to a hideous tragedy. In men's memories the so-called trees of liberty were symbols of an era of license, and riot, and carnage ; and when they saw these manifestations of a people's drunkenness in power flaunting before their windows, they could but fear that the leaves those bare stems

might put forth, would sprout, perchance, with spots of blood on their young verdure.

But the liberty-tree planters ran riot long: frequently they constrained also members of the Provisional Government—some of them nothing loath, when popular demonstrations were to be theatrically made—to accompany them, and give vent to wonderful speeches, upon the hallowed and consecrated spots, and again to promise promises, and to spout flattering phrases, again teaching the people how ill their excellence was recompensed, and how it ought to exact still more.

Strange sight it was to see the patriotic work proceed amidst a greater or lesser concourse of spectators. The pavement was torn up, a hole was dug in the streets; the tree was planted, pulled up to its elevation, firmly fixed in the ground,—although, by the way, in many instances, the poor tree of liberty looked in a very tottering state,—and then the havoc committed in the pavement was more or less repaired. Shouts of acclamation followed; shrieks and cries rent the air; the religious benediction was given; the priests hurried away; the members of the government retreated, escorted by a deputation of delegates; and then the Marseillaise was howled in discordant chorus, and in the midst of the incessant firing-off of guns. All the day the tumult lasted around the spot; until a late hour of the night the firing continued. A barricade of

stones and poles was erected around the precious emblems of liberty; and patriotic boys, who devoted themselves for their country's weal, were posted, with muskets on arm, to do sentry-duty all night round the tree, lest any audacious enemy of the country should compromise the safety of the republic, by attempting to pull down one of the many hundreds of its emblems which disfigured the streets of Paris. As dusk came on, pitch fires were lighted at each corner of the barricades: the daily, or rather nightly cry of "*des lampions! des lampions!*" began again to resound; and the citizens in all the quarters where the famous tree had been erected, received thus the gentle hint that, if they did not forthwith illuminate in honour of king people, their windows would pay the penalty of their treason. And the drumming and screeching, and firing and singing, and cry for the "*lampions,*" gave Paris—that, debauched as it might be, was aforetime a city that went early to bed—the appearance of a city that was never to sleep again. On the Place de la Bourse the illumination lasted three nights; in the court of the ex-Grand Opera, which was bedizened with flags, and banners, and theatrical armour for the occasion, the singers, choristers, and orchestra, were compelled to accompany king mob's freak, in their dwelling, with patriotic hymns: on the Boulevards, the people's plantation was not only be-ribboned and be-gar-

landed on every tree, like so many old May-day poles, but it was adorned with hoops of tricolor lanterns.

For many days and weeks did these incessant plantings of liberty-trees continue, in spite of the remonstrances of the inhabitants of Paris, and the ridicule thrown upon the practice by the courageous raillery of such papers as the *Corsaire* and *Charivari*—courageous in those days, when any public expression of opinion, which chimed not in with the people's fancy, was exposed to the violent attacks of the mob-lovers of liberty—in spite even of the appeals of some of the government papers to the working classes, to give up this state of moral intoxication and *fainéantise*, and return to their workshops. It was long before similar appeals to the *good sense* of the people, by posted notices from the authorities, could prevent the nightly cry for “*lampions*,” and the consequent illuminations by *ordre supérieur*, as the playbills would have had it upon the occasion of a royal bespeak, although the firing of guns and letting-off of squibs were, by degrees, forcibly suppressed. When at length the liberty-tree-planting ceased, it was not, however, possible to subdue the awakened alarm or reanimate confidence: men asked, now that these mighty deeds for a country's welfare and glory were terminated, what great feats, less innocent, less poetical, the people might not invent to prove their zeal in behalf of republi-

can France. The noise, the popular demonstrations, the exaction, the demand for unwilling sympathy, had alarmed the quiet *bourgeois*; and then, by a strange logic, those who had created the alarm went about declaiming against the alarmists, who destroyed all confidence and prepared the country's ruin. Again it was the moment to repeat the fatal words "too late!" The confidence was not to be restored in the public mind by outward marks of order; although *too late*, efforts were made to put down the *rassemblemens* that nightly crowded the Boulevards: and even in these endeavours, again, the agents of the minister of the interior revealed their origin, by denouncing these nightly crowds, as designedly got up by paid emissaries of the enemies of the republic, in order to destroy the confidence so needful for its prosperity, when in truth they proceeded from the agitation excited by the ultra party itself.

Every day thus brought new subjects for agitation and alarm; rumours were continually rife of a conspiracy among the lower classes to organise a system of pillage; every night fresh bodies of the national guards turned out to quell some reported outbreak. The general panic increased rather than diminished: the public mind could never be at rest for four-and-twenty hours together; spite of the cry for "confidence," confidence could not be made to grow; it was not to be forced on such a soil. The

government, at first, tried to do its best to give an appearance of restoration of confidence to the capital, by getting up public balls and concerts for charitable purposes; but the "*conspirateurs de l'économie*" had fled the capital; the "*conspirateurs de la peur*" concealed their money; no one had heart for balls or concerts; the ballrooms remained empty; the singers were unlistened to; the government did not gain its ends. The "confidence" fled further and further from its grasp. But had it not, to conjure up a country's prosperity, its three magical talismanic words stuck aloft on all its public edifices—the words "LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ?" Alas! they could not work their spell. Vain were they all. "*Fraternité!*" Vain word, when each man grew day by day more and more bitterly his neighbour's enemy. "*Egalité!*" Vain word again, and vain word ever, spite of the efforts of the rulers of France to bring down to one level all the intelligence, the talent, the feelings, and passions of human nature, that Providence, in its holy wisdom, has made so different and so unequal. "*Liberté!*" Vainest word of all, in a state of things where there was constraint in every scheme, tyranny in every tendency, despotism in every doctrine!

People looked anxiously to the General National Assembly as the only possible ark of salvation for the country: they knew that it would have to roll

over troubled waters; but they trusted that it might not be shipwrecked in the storm.

Such, then, was the aspect of Republican Paris in those days—such were the pictures it presented.

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE MONTHS OF MARCH AND APRIL.

The proclamations of universal republics—The foreign democrats—Their meetings and manifestations—Secret encouragement given to them—Fate of the first expedition of the German republicans—Issue of the Belgian republican expedition—History of the edict against manifestations and assemblages of foreign democrats in France—Cry for the expulsion of foreign workmen from the country—Monster meeting of the 2d April—Threatened outbreak of the people—General alarm, and precautions of the government—Proposal for a voluntary taxation of the rich—Scenes of the 2d of April—The meeting in the Champ de Mars—The Ateliers Nationaux.

THUS, in spite of the sulky, brooding calm, with which Paris in those days affected to look tranquil and pleasant sometimes, yet scarcely a day passed over in the capital without its own little minor demonstration and special commotion. Among other continual causes of agitation, one of the chief characteristics of the fermentation which each evening sometimes simmered, sometimes boiled, sometimes overboiled, in the crowded thoroughfares of the city, was the nightly proclamation on the Boulevards of some new republic sympathetically established in some other part of the world. What-

ever the results which, in some parts of Europe, might eventually ensue from the convulsions which seemed to have only needed the example of Paris to break out, certainly the nightly flattering announcement to Master Reynard of France, that another fox had cut off his tail, was greatly premature. Of course, as soon as the news of the insurrection in Berlin was known, however vaguely, *official* telegraphic despatches announced the flight of the King of Prussia: of course the Prussian republic was that night solemnly proclaimed by the hoarse voices of the newsvenders in the streets of Paris; and of course the fact that Prussia had also already denuded itself for ever of its monarchical tail was generally believed. The Austrian republic had been proclaimed the previous evening; and it was but just that Prussia should have its turn in the order of European monarchies.

The republics proclaimed in England had already become a drug in the newsmongering market: the poor Pope had been so often martyred by the Roman republicans, that it was to be hoped that he was already canonised: the king of Naples had already been several times deposed by the Neapolitans; and Leopold had taken flight so frequently in the face of the establishment of a spontaneous Belgian republic, that it was impossible to say whither he had betaken himself. But the Parisian unwilling republican was insatiable of

seeing his neighbours in the same scrape as himself. Europe was very quickly swallowed by this republican gluttony of sympathy, and had soon served out its turn; and it was very shortly not easy to see where new republics were to be proclaimed. In the dearth of mere mundane republics, an eclipse of the moon happened very opportunely; all the Parisians instantly and unanimously declared, as an article of steadfast faith, that the shadow which covered it was tricolor!—a republic had been proclaimed in the moon! Of course, these successive announcements of the extraordinary readiness with which all European states followed the example of France, and eagerly imitated the master-spirit, were very flattering to French democratic ears: people did not know, or chose to forget, that the revolutionary movement in Germany began before their own; and that Italy, which the republican papers pompously announced as rising *at the call of France*, was in convulsion when France still dreamt not of her unexpected revolution.

No objection might have been made to this inventive gratification of French vanity, had not more serious results become speedily visible in the constant commotions thereby occasioned. Bands of foreign democrats began to join the unruly French patriots in parading the streets by night with banners and torches, shouting "*Vive la République Allemande!*" and demanding from popular

sympathy, with this fresh pretext, those precious spontaneous illuminations of *fear*, which at that time were of almost nightly occurrence, but which, at least, had the merit of giving a somewhat brighter look by night to the now dreary capital. Serious apprehensions were more than once entertained that an attack would be made by these enlightened patriots upon the hotel of the Austrian embassy; and the national guards hurried to the Rue de Grenelle to offer their services in its defence. It has been already stated how far these foreign democrats were encouraged and secretly aided by the minister of the interior and his ultra adherents, not only in their demonstrations, but in the designs, which they soon began openly to declare, of marching off in armed bodies to the conquest of a German republic. What the minister of the interior fostered in an underhand manner, was at all events tacitly permitted by the Provisional Government *en masse*, in spite of its vaunted policy of conciliation towards other countries, and the solemn declaration by which it repudiated every thought of foreign propagandism. This tacit permission of open conspiracy against other countries, in highways and public places, is the least that can be laid to its charge. Not only did the German democrats flaunt about the streets in troops, with the black, red, and gold banners of their German nationality, dressed in

blouses, bound with lacquered leathern belts about their waists, and in broad white beaver-hats, surmounted again by red, black, and yellow cock's feathers, mingling banners when they met with other bands of French republicans, and rubbing beards, and hugging, and shouting reciprocally for respective republics ; but they were publicly drilled into regiments on the most open *places*. By night they might be seen, in the dark, drizzly, damp air, congregated in thick groups upon the pavement of the desert flower-market, beneath the quiet ghostly white walls of the Madeleine, wrapped in German theatrical cloaks, or in thick coats, with their hats slouched down upon their brows, wearing, as they stood in their several patches of murmuring knots, an air of conspiracy, often greatly increased by the sombre and inclement state of the night. It was thus that these boldly encouraged conspirators against foreign monarchies and empires, held dusky and desultory council, in the face of a dripping heaven, for the raising of a German army, to go and conquer the liberties of the great German republic they intended to found. Poor fellows ! with their minds thus excited and deluded by reckless and designing men among those in power in the new French republic, as well as by intriguing restless spirits among their own proscribed compatriots, they thought, by proclaiming their republic wherever they went, to infuse their own republican

leaven of sourness into all the freshly-baked German constitutional governments, still smoking after their late passage through the revolutionary oven; and they were taught to expect that all Germany was to rise once more at their puny call, and at the sound of that magical name, "republic." They talked in their own vague, vain, would-be poetical strain, not only of "breaking tyrant chains," but of "wreathing laurels for their own brows." Poor fellows! among those of their own countrymen, who fevered their minds, and sent them forth upon such an expedition, was the poet Herwegh, then resident in Paris, the refugee and ex-friend (for a day) of the king of Prussia. He was their self-appointed chief and secretary, and, thus far at least, the agent of the schemes of the subversive ultra minority of the Provisional Government. Notices were formally posted upon all the walls of the capital, begging for arms, ammunition, and money of all Paris, towards the recruitment of their force. The "*braves citoyens de la garde mobile*" were seriously invited to lend their arms, *for which they had no further use*, to German patriots, for the conquest of a German republic: "these arms, brothers," said the appeal in vague Germanic phrase, "will serve us as sponsors." The French nation was also called upon, *en masse*, to give arms, ammunition, and more especially money, "the sinew of war," for the same cause,

and in the name of peace, to follow the Germans to the conquest. All the donations of arms, amunition, money, and recruits were to be bestowed at the house of poet Herwegh, or at *depôts* by him appointed. Unfortunately for the German republic, the French nation rose not at this call for sympathy, and had far other uses for its fast disappearing wealth than to bestow pecuniary aid upon German republics. Money, however, *was* furnished, to these misguided men, although no one was supposed to know from whence; and with such succour they went to meet their fates. Their fate was as might be expected; but it enters not within the frame-work of the "Pictures from Paris." The first party which set out upon this democratic expedition, it may be added, however, was taken, on its approach to the first town on the road, for a band of robbers: the *générale* was beaten, the national guard turned out; before an explanation could be given, a collision took place; and the muskets of the wandering democrats, given them by French hands, were used against French lives. Such, too, might have been the reception and the destiny of the deluded wretches, in every town they had to pass, had not the government, or at least one of its members, been obliged to send official telegraphic despatches to announce their arrival, with such open connivance, that, in more than one instance, the bands were

received, passed in review, and harangued, in the name of the French republic, by commissaries in the departments, who officially informed them that France desired the success of their cause in the civil war they were about to create.

Similar addresses, at the same time, from and to all sorts of Belgian, Polish, and Italian patriots, upon similar pretences, also thronged the walls of the capital, until one great European hurly-burly of convulsion seemed to be festering in the streets of Paris. The fate of the Belgian republicans, who went off, deluded by the idea that all Belgium would rise at their approach, was even more tragical than that of the first German gang. Met by the Belgian military, and by anti-republican volunteers among the frontier population themselves, they were repulsed after a short but bloody skirmish, in which several men fell. The result of this affair contributed, however, to show the distinct form taken by parties in Paris, and the reliance placed at that time by the moderates in Lamartine and the majority, while the ultras pinned their faith and fixed their hopes upon Ledru-Rollin, Blanc, Flocon, and Co. On the one hand, the connivance of the violent minority in the government, in these foreign propagandist manœuvres, was the constant subject of suspicion, discussion, and objurgation; on the other, the report that the Belgian government had been officially informed of the arrival of

the unfortunate troop by the republican minister of foreign affairs, excited the most virulent accusation of *trahison* and *lâcheté* on the part of the ultras against the moderate majority.

In spite, however, of accusation and counter-accusation, objurgation and recrimination—in spite of the unhappy fate of the Belgian so-called patriots—for a length of time advertisements continued to be permitted to cover the walls of Paris, announcing the periodical meetings of the different Italian, Polish, and German legions that were to go off to the rescue of the liberties of their respective countries; and the Place de la Concorde, on bright moonlight or duller lamp-light nights, long presented picturesque and exciting scenes, from the nocturnal enrolment of young men for democratic and republican expeditions by appointed agents. That the unhappy Germans, after their reception in their own country, still allowed themselves to be led into fresh schemes, proved that powerful instigators were constantly at the work of deluding them into these irritating manifestations against the German states; and this state of things thus continued in fermenting Paris, until the minister of foreign affairs, at a much later date, (towards the end of April,) published an edict forbidding the assemblage of foreign volunteers, with hostile intentions towards their own governments, especially upon the frontiers, to the alarm

of the foreign states, and to the prejudice of the character of France. The late publication of this edict may be looked upon as characteristic of the line of conduct frequently pursued by the several parties in the government. It had long been desired by Lamartine—the minority had as long refused their signatures. On the other hand, the minority desired a sweeping decree abolishing that great principle of the French charter, the immovability of the magistracy. To obtain the edict, the majority gave their names to the decree: it was a matter of barter, of bargain and sale: how often may not a similar truckling compromise have taken place between the contending parties in the bosom of the government itself?

While these Belgian, Italian, Polish, and German patriots, pushed on by those powers of the republican state that sought the advancement of their own schemes in the convulsion of other countries, called upon all France to put in practice its great republican principle of fraternity, the people of Paris were fermenting, caballing, meeting, demonstrating, deputationising, and speechifying—all but revolutionising afresh—in order to expel all foreign workmen out of the country. Deputation after deputation was sent up to the Hotel de Ville to effect this object: a decree of the government for the removal of the foreign workmen out of employ was not deemed sufficient by the republican

people of Paris. During many long days manifestations were made by the turbulent mob against all foreigners earning their livelihood in France: during many long nights the expulsion of these unfortunate individuals was the subject of the violent declamation and angry threat of the lower classes in the crowds that thronged the Boulevards: "They are eating our bread; they are devouring the substance of our children!" was the cry. Paid by the country, as out of employ themselves, a great portion of the *brave peuple* refused to work: but foreigners, they declared, should not labour and earn that money which their idleness or ignorance refused. Allusion has been already made to the manner in which the English workmen in the provinces were treated: in the capital the ferment was great, although it was not easily possible, upon so vast an arena, to proceed to a summary expulsion by force. It was in vain that notices and addresses were published by the government, appealing, as usual, to the *good sense* of the people, and endeavouring to demonstrate that such a wholesale measure as they demanded would be met by reprisals in other countries, and that a far greater quantity of their own compatriots, earning a comfortable subsistence, and amassing wealth for their children in other lands, would be deprived of their maintenance, and be turned back upon already-suffering France, houseless, and without employment. For

a long time the cry was chiefly raised against the poor Savoyards, who, as confidential messengers, porters, shoe-blacks, and temporary servants, formed unquestionably one of the most honest and useful portions of the lower classes in Paris. Many had established themselves there from their earliest childhood—had married—were fathers of families: they had earned their bread in laborious honesty ever since they had first wandered from their native mountains with a *marmotte* upon their bosoms. Poor fellows! they could not understand the cry of “*à bas les Savoyards!*” shouted in the encircling crowds of haranguers and disputants in all the great demonstration-areas of the capital, and in all those conglomerations which republican Paris collected in the streets. The writer was witness to a scene, in one of the great Sunday throngs of people upon the *Place de la Concorde*, where a humble Savoyard was asking a burly *homme du peuple* what was meant by *fraternité*, if all foreigners were to be thus driven from the country? What was the answer of the republican supporter of the theories of equality and fraternity? “*Imbecile!*” he replied indignantly and majestically, “*Nous ne fraternisons qu’avec les peuples libres: et vous êtes tous un tas d’esclaves. Allez proclamer la république chez vous: et nous verrons après.*” A young gentleman passing by took the Savoyard by the hand—“*Ne voyez-vous pas,*” he said, “*que*

la république Française veut laver son linge sale en famille?" The poor fellow did not understand the bitter joke; but the unfraternising democrat did, and wished to resent it by "physical force" demonstration: he was held back, however, by his friends.

These eternal demonstrations of the lower classes kept the city in a continued state of ferment, increased by the necessary exaggeration of the fears of outbreak and pillage, which obtained more and more ground among the middle and shop-keeping classes. There was no doubt that the most extravagant communistic doctrines, in the first days of the republic so much scouted and violently opposed, even in the clubs established by the socialist party, were gradually gaining more and more ground among the people: they were openly expressed in all the *al-fresco* clubs of the day. The rumour of the vast conspiracy on foot in the faubourgs, for the purpose of a general pillage of the capital, was scouted by would-be reasonable men as extravagant and burlesque: not until the outbreak of June did they see upon what foundation of truth these rumours had been based. In many instances small bodies of men walked into shops, and carried off as much as their hands could hold, without any thought of payment, more especially in the Faubourg St Germain, under the pretext that it was suspected of legitimatism. In the crowds daily congregating in the garden of the ex-Palais-Royal,

men were to be heard openly declaiming in favour of a general pillage of the rich, and threatening them with the "*juste vengeance du peuple!*" The general feeling of consternation, and the vague panic, which no efforts of the Provisional Government could at that hour dissipate, were constantly on the increase, and contributed more and more to the general gloom and the dispirited aspect of the capital. Could it be otherwise when a national bankruptcy was staring the country in the face, with the prospect of all the consequent misery and its probable results,—when the government, although it concealed its fears, avowedly declared, in proclamations, that it put its trust only in the *generosity* of the people not to commit disorders or make attacks upon property,—when it was known that the provinces were overruled by the mob in many parts, and that, more especially in the distracted city of Lyons, bands of workmen, under the names of "*Carbonari*" and "*Voraces*," were permitted, if not actually with the connivance of the commissary of the government, at least without any hindrance on his part, to enter houses under the pretext of "domiciliary visits," for the supposed purpose of hunting-out imaginary conspirators against the republic, but, in truth, to lay hands on whatever they could find? And men naturally asked themselves how long the people of Paris would remain quiet with such an example before them. The

alarmists were scouted, scoffed at, and ridiculed in *apropos* comedies ; but men no less hid their money ; and the commercial distress increased. During a few rainy days only, the demonstration mania ceased with that sort of sulky lull which only too often precedes a storm ; perhaps also a sort of exclusive feeling even among the lower classes, which, in spite of republican ideas, was ever predominant in the heart of the vain Parisian—the feeling that “ all that sort of thing was getting very low ”—contributed in some measure as a check to these manifestations ; for, to the writer, a little dirty ultra-republican artizan once said, “ *Ma foi, Monsieur, tout cela devient bien canaille.* ” But the lull was but the privilege of a few dull days.

It was on Sunday the 2d of April, one of the great days of ferment, excitement, processions, and demonstrations, that the alarm increased to an unusual pitch ; an active conspiracy in favour of the communist party appeared openly to raise its head ; and the government, or rather, to speak more correctly, its moderate majority, at last began in turn to avow itself seriously alarmed at the prospect of an outbreak that might lead to a formidable insurrection on the part of the lower classes, already organised, by its own ill-judged measures, or by the policy and manœuvres of a part of that government, into bodies ready to combine in any insurrectionary movement. It was known that a great

monster-meeting of the lower classes, more especially of the workmen of the *ateliers nationaux*, had been convoked upon the Champ de Mars, under the influence of the leaders of the ultra clubs, and, it was whispered, at the underhand instigation also of certain of the members of the government more immediately in connexion with the labouring classes—Messrs Louis Blanc and Albert. It was known that the avowed purpose of the monster-meeting was to consider how the “tyrannical and infamous rich” were to be made to disgorge by legal tax, or, if that failed, by illegal force: but, in truth, what was *illegal* in the eyes of the people, when it had been taught that its own sovereign will was to dictate and create all law? Another crisis was evidently near at hand. It was deemed necessary by those in power, or apparently in power, to adopt conciliatory, pacifying, and temporising measures, with that system of policy which has been the fall of more than one influential man in times of revolution, when energy alone could have truly done the work. The young men of the “schools”—the pupils of the military institutions, and the students of the university, that is to say—were hastily called upon, as well-affected to the government, and as still supposed to be able to exercise an influence over the minds of the lower classes, of which, during the revolutionising days of February, they had been the traditional revolutionary heroes, and, in some

measure, the chiefs, to be present at the meeting, and endeavour to pacify and conciliate as best they might. The one part of the government was thus employed in getting up the feverish and festering irritation, while the other party was calling in young doctors to soothe and to heal if possible.

It was a true Parisian spring-day—a temperature most dangerous to the peace of Paris, when one of the chief characteristics of the cat-like Parisian is taken into account. With a horror for moisture, in which generally his energy and enthusiasm melt like lumps of sugar in the wet, the Parisian gives way to a burst of ardour, and feels his blood boil within his veins beneath the influence of the sun. Under an Italian sky the Parisian would be doubtless in a constant state of revolution. And an Italian sky glowed that day, with all the summer heat of June, upon the confused and disturbed scene which Paris exhibited: ever since the days of February the excitable brains of the Parisian populace had never appeared so near “boiling-water” point as in the hot ferment of that day. The demonstrations, the manifestations, the processions, the liberty-tree plantings, the disputings and haranguings in crowds, the cries of “*à bas les riches ! à bas les aristocrates !*” the bearings about of the *dons patriotiques*, the marchings and countermarchings of the *Vésuviennes*—all the noisy and picturesque movement of republican Paris was

in its full swing of revolutionary holiday. All parts of the capital swarmed. In the Place de la Concorde, where space was afforded for all these popular evolutions, which seemed to have become part of a second nature to the Parisian population, a certain Citizen Durclé had collected a vast crowd by a call for a monster demonstration of his own, in order to back an appeal which he had addressed to the "rich." The "*appel d'un riche aux riches*" had been posted some days previously on all the walls of Paris: it proposed a voluntary proportional tax upon property, "for this time only," and under the peculiar circumstances of the existing financial difficulties; but at the same time it backed this appeal for a "*voluntary*" sacrifice, by summoning a demonstration of the lower classes to urge it upon the consideration of the Provisional Government, and compel the rich to yield by the compulsion of moral *force*—a singular anomaly! The appeal of Citizen Durclé, however, spite of the crowd it collected, had not the success the patriotic little citizen desired: the people were already engaged in a far mightier, more important, and more expeditious "appeal to the rich," at the call and instigation of far more influential leaders. Of a truth, on the swarming Place de la Concorde, the people clamoured enough; one portion declaiming that the rich *must* make this *voluntary* gift to the country—*must*, because, if they did not, it would

be a sign that they desired a civil war—that their refusal would be an *appel aux armes*—that those who did not must be *forced*, &c. ; while, among the more sensible and better thinking of the lower orders—and such, it must never be forgotten, that, under all the terrible circumstances of the first phasis of the revolution, there were, and even to a very large proportion, much as the generic names of “people,” “lower classes,” or “working classes” may be throughout made use of in the recital of the doings of the more tumultuous, discontented, and designedly organised—many loudly declared that the people was too just to give an appeal to the generosity of the rich the air of a threat, and too proud to give it the air of a petition. But it was in the vast, drear, desert plain of the Champ de Mars that existed the chief tumult, the fermentation, the clamour, the menacing outbreak. Orators were mounted upon temporary tribunes : the young men of the schools harangued also in a conciliatory sense. The sun shone down upon the dense, sweltering, boiling mass : it was not until it began to decline that men’s brains began to cool, and that an appeal to patience and forbearance began to have an effect upon the fermenting spirits. For that day the insurrection was averted by that conciliatory policy, which was thereafter to have no effect, or rather but a fatal one. A general fraternisation was proposed and accepted ; the demonstration-loving

Parisians mingled in one vast practice of the principle of "let us swear an eternal friendship—let us embrace!" *For the time* the danger had gone by; but on the morrow, the fact that fears had been seriously entertained by the government as to the result of this monster meeting was openly admitted by the *Moniteur*, although the official organ reported the "proceedings of the day" as an immense triumph of republican principle, and, in enthusiastic and overstrained poetical language, raved about "the glorious manifestation of Sunday," "the grandest of the many grand days of the glorious revolution." Its admission, however, that violent popular discussions, relative to the spoliation of property, had continued for the space of eight hours, although put forward as a proof of pacific union, told, in truth, a far other tale; and its further descriptions of the kissings and huggings of the "schools" and the "people" "beneath the rays of that glorious sun," which, it would have taught the world to believe, was allowed to shine especially for this "glorious" occasion, like another of the much-vaunted *illuminations spontanées* in heaven, gave not the most comfortable reassurance of confidence in the future.

While many of the working classes out of employ could not be got to labour, and preferred scouring about in bands to earning their livelihood in any more profitable manner, the institution of the

ateliers nationaux was progressing. An example of their system of organisation has been given in the account of the monster demonstration of Sunday, the 2d of April : it was then that the well-organised bands of the national workshops were first to be seen *en masse* at their work of revolution, for the furtherance of another and more glorious republic than that with which the revolution of February had blessed them. In these "Pictures from Revolutionary Paris," a longer sketch of one of these newly-constituted revolutionary national workshops may perhaps be acceptable, inasmuch as they were so intimately connected with the pretexted causes and the fearful organisation of that bloody insurrection, which marked the termination of the first phasis of the revolution. Truth, however, refuses to give the name of "workshops" to these barren institutions ; for there was no real work on which to employ the herd of miserable or idle and reckless men congregated together in bands ; and, even at the very best, there was no profit to be expected from it. The impoverished and harassed country had been burdened with fresh taxes, in order to keep the dangerous and disorderly in a seeming state of quiet : the fears of the government, or, as was already hinted, its treacherous designs, had called for funds from all the country to pay this herd of men, who preferred, in many instances, eating the bread of idleness as their due—for had they not been

told that they were the masters, and that the country must support them?—to earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, when they were enabled so to do ; and yet all the sacrifice was destined to avert no danger—on the contrary, was destined to create and foster it.

Among the many *ateliers nationaux* established in various parts of Paris, let one sketch, then, suffice to give a picture of their aspect in the months of March and April.

The sketch is taken in the park of Monceaux, at the north-western extremity of the capital. The old trees stand there very much as they stood aforetime, although some have been cut down or torn up, no one can well say why, unless it may have been from a spirit of devastation, for devastation's sake : the old clumps and the grass-plots are still there ; but how different is the aspect of the spot from that which might have been sketched a previous year in the same sweet spring-tide ! The calm and the make-believe rurality are gone. Where nursemaids lounged, and children gambolled on the greensward ; or a couple of lovers lingered so near the tumult of the capital, and yet so secluded and unobserved ; or the dreamer lounged to dream at ease, although the roar of the great city still rang in his ears, is now a picture of confusion and disorder. The first impression conveyed by the scene, is that the gazer has been suddenly transported into the

“backwoods” of a Transatlantic settlement. A few huts of wood are knocked up in different parts under the trees, for the occupation of those paid superintendents, who only use their influence to aid in fostering the passions of the wild men whom they are vainly said to have under their command, and in organising into revolutionary bands, to work the will of a disappointed and frantic party, a host of wretched beings, gradually disorganised to every social tie. The hundreds of half-dressed men, who are grouped hither and thither, with instruments of labour in their hands, might be supposed, were they really employed upon any exertion, to be the settlers occupied in effecting a clearance. Some even might be taken, from their wild looks and wilder gestures, for a few of the last remnants of the aboriginal savages, who had just sold the heritage of their fathers for deep draughts of the “fire-water.” On looking more nearly, however, to details in the composition of the picture, component parts of it may be found perfectly exceptional, and peculiarly belonging to the circumstances of the place and of the day. Some of the men in the groups, it is true, bear all the air of sturdy workmen, although they are demoralised by their position of real idleness, that “root of all evil,” and disgusted with having their energies employed upon “make-believe” work. “Make-believe,” indeed! for children could scarcely be seduced into the fantasy that

they were really doing any labour of positive utility. Some again are strong men, capable of exertion as settlers or forest-clearers, but they are evidently not the men of the "woods and wilds." Those hands plunged down into the deep pockets of their full trousers, without the least show of willingness to work, those heads tossed back, that sharp cunning roll of the evil eye, that leer, that sardonic grin, that mouth carelessly pursed up to whistle—all betray the common city thief, who knows not why he should not share in the bounty of the country to the idle and disorderly, particularly when his own trade thrives so ill in these days of the patrollings, and marchings, and drummings about the streets, by night as well as day, of the national guards. Among those faces, also, may be found the dark scowl of the branded felon and the murderer. But those pale puny men, with their lank hair and scanty beards—how out of place they seem in these "backwoods" of civilisation! how miserably they hang their heads and look upon the earth! They are the poor weavers, and fabricators of jewellery, and makers of all kinds of articles of luxury, whose trade is closed to them by the ruin caused to all wealth by the revolution, and who are out of employ. They are the real objects of charity; and they are the true objects of pity also, as they thus stand, unable and unwilling to work at their useless occupation, and brood over their misery, and think

of their wives and babes, for whom they, who might have before earned a decent livelihood, must now beg a scanty subsistence from a nation's reckless charity. Poor woe-begone wretches! they have cursed the revolution in the bitterness of their hearts; although, by a strange but not uncommon revulsion of feeling, they will throw themselves, perhaps, soon into the arms of their enemy, and espouse, in despair, its wildest, bloodiest doctrines, with the hope that any change, however desperate, may tend to relieve them from their utter misery, but to find out, at last, that they have plunged into a still more fearful abyss. In yon corner, beneath that further clump of trees, are some who have thrown themselves gloomily on the ground, to dream of a gloomy future; or they lean their backs against the stems, to raise their eyes despairingly to heaven; or perhaps even they laugh wildly, in order to affect a gaiety far from their hearts. Poor fellows! the divinity they have worshipped all their young lives was Art: she has fled, with a sob, before the advance of a new deity, wearing a hideously coarse cap of liberty on her brow, who proclaims the former a useless and foolish idol. Their dream was worship in the temple of art: the temple has fallen to the ground; the rainbow coruscations of its altar have vanished; their path, so pleasantly "with daisies pied," which they deemed was to lead on to fame and fortune, has abruptly

terminated on an abyss formed by the unexpected convulsion of an earthquake. There is now no hand to foster neglected art. The poor artists, who were just commencing their career, are now reduced to penury : for the most part, these poor orphan children of art are penniless—almost houseless : they have been forced to lay aside the brush for the spade or pick-axe—the highly coloured pallet for the dull earth ; and now they brood here in the *ateliers nationaux* over their fantasies flown and their real misery, happy even that they can receive the national pittance to prevent them from starving. There are again young men, sprinkled here and there in the groups—almost boys they are sometimes—with their delicate mustaches and their hair arranged with some coquetry of curl, even in the midst of their disorder, and in spite of the *blouse* with which their attire is covered. Their hands are white and delicate ; they are not accustomed to handle the instruments of labour. If they work, the drops of perspiration trickle over their pale faces like tears that *will* find a passage, even if the eyes refuse to let them fall. They have evidently been used, the weak boys, to a certain degree of luxury ; and their harsh occupation is repugnant to their feelings. They are young lads from the many shops of the luxuries of manufacture of every kind in formerly-flourishing Paris, which have now closed in consequence of the ruin and desolation

that has fallen upon trade, or have, at least, turned the greater part of their former servitors adrift upon the streets of Paris, unknowing how or where to seek their bread. Those hands have been accustomed to feel the velvet, the satin, and the lace, and shrink back from the contact of the rough wood and cutting stone: but starve they cannot; and they add to the wild motley crew of the *ateliers nationaux*. Yon discontented faces are those of young actors and singers, improvident to a proverb, who have been also left exposed to the rude buffetings of the world by the failure of some of the theatres, which have closed their bankrupt doors, not having been able to meet the necessities of revolutionary times, when even Parisians—even theatrical Parisians—desert the theatres for the club-rooms. The Odéon and the Opéra National have been the first to go—both theatres expressly opened for the support of young talent in authors, actors, or composers. What a change, again, from the illusion of the glittering dress, the lighted scene, and the heart-fluttering applause, to the stern realities of poverty and labour! Among such men are young rising authors also, who have thrown aside the uncertain resource of the pen for the scanty but sure return of public charity, with a pretence of labour. Those who have not enlisted in the *garde mobile*, have taken up the trowel and the plane; and for these here the *ateliers nationaux*

have become the only means of salvation. In the suspension of literature, as well as art, such has been the fate of the poor poet or novelist, who has not learned to dip his pen in the black gall of ultra-republican democracy, and earn a scanty subsistence, as journalist, in one of the "thousand and one" new violent republican journals of the day; for such a one alone can find his reader and his profit. But such figures as these among the groups, are the bright lights, sad as they may be, of the picture. The larger part of the herd of so-called workmen consists of those accustomed to labour and to hardship, or of those who have been inured to play all parts, and fill all situations, by long acquaintance with all the necessities of crime.

What a strange scene these pensioners of the republican government form! stranger still, when the nature of the supposed work, upon which they are believed to be engaged, is considered. It is not by any means the half of the assembled herd that makes any show of working at all. Some hundreds of men, however, are moving backwards and forwards with wheelbarrows, over the more vacant spaces of the now desolate-looking park; they move from a hole to a heap, from a heap to a hole. At the one, men are lazily making a pretext of digging out the earth,—at the other of shovelling it upon a mound. To what purpose? To none

whatever. When the heap begins to grow too big not to be added to without exertion, it is again demolished; the earth is wheeled off elsewhere; another heap of earth is made upon another spot, or the hole that has been made is filled again. It is the endless task of the Danaïdes, condemned to fill a bottomless tun, on which they are engaged; or it is that of the web of Penelope, undone as soon as done; but it is without the advantage of the punishment of the one, or of the purpose of the other. In the background there, a party have got ashamed of the futile absurdity of the employment upon which they are vainly engaged. They have thrown down their misused implements of so-called labour, and, like a party of schoolboys, they have put their superintendents into their wheelbarrows, and are wheeling them up and down, amidst shouts, and cries, and yells of the hideous "*Ca Ira*." This, however, is poor sport in comparison with the recreation that many of the national workmen permit themselves, for the good of the nation.

For instance, those knots of men, which stand here and there in thick encircling masses, whence issues the sound of many declaiming voices, of shouts, or of murmurs—and where, now and then, heads may be seen of eager and wildly-gesticulating orators, who have mounted upon the bottoms of upturned wheelbarrows in order to spout—have

formed themselves into their favourite *al fresco* clubs, in which they, the masters and arbiters of the destinies of the country, as they have been taught to believe themselves, are settling the affairs of the nation according to their own views, or rather according to the frantic opinions instilled into them as a poisonous draught, rushing like fire through their veins, and disturbing and corrupting the whole system, by the violent demagogue orators of a furious party, whom they imitate secondhand, and naturally caricature, if possible, to a still greater excess of anarchist doctrine. Under the hot-bed, fostering influence of the *ateliers nationaux*, or rather of their instigators and supporters, they have got far beyond Louis Blanc, the prophet of the one deity of the republican trinity, *égalité*, and his utopian talent-levelling theories for the organisation of labour. The declamations, that come rolling forth from these crowds, are illustrative of communistic doctrines to the utmost limits of communism. The declaration, that all property in land is a spoliation of the people, and a crying iniquity—that the soil of the earth belongs to the community, to the nation at large—that it must be all confiscated, seized, and placed in the hands of the *res publica* to be administered for the public good—that the profits of its culture must be distributed equally among all—is but the A, B, C, of the long alphabet of communistic principles, which they proclaim in the name

of humanity, and to the advantage of themselves. The omega—the great O, which is to prove the result of all their declamations—is, that if the future National Assembly does not decree this general confiscation, they will take up arms against it,—that they, who have already made the stones of the street to rise at their command, will make them rise again, when the time shall come, to do once more their bidding. Here the blood-red standard of that fantastic vision of blood, the *république sociale et démocratique*, the republic of spoliation and destruction, is thus raised aloft in the *ateliers nationaux*, to be planted hereafter upon the deadly barricades of June. And round these open conspirators, under the sky of heaven, and in the face of men, there stand the brigadiers, and superintendents, and masters, put over them by the government, with their hands in their pockets, and listen and applaud. That furious orator on the wheelbarrow yonder, in the midst of a yelling crowd, knits his brows ferociously and rolls his eyes, for he thinks it necessary for an “only true and pure” republican to make such villanous melodramatic faces, to the alarm and terror of all supposed aristocrats; his companions follow his example and frown, and roar and denounce like himself. All this is but playing a part; but when they have learnt by heart the part they are rehearsing now, under yon trees in the transformed park of Monceaux, these men will play it, as

their own, to the life—nay, to the death! when such shall be their sovereign will. That fellow in the *blouse* there, who is lying on his back on a hillock, reposing from his fatigues of doing nothing, and jerking lazy puffs of blue-white smoke into the pure spring air from the short clay pipe, that almost seems to grow out of his mass of beard, represents the very essence of the sovereignty of the people in his own conceit. Were he asked his political creed, he would declare that the sovereign power resides with the people alone, and that the people are only those who possess nothing, all others being rascally, thievish aristocrats, who can have no share whatever in the sovereignty. Could it be explained to him that “aristocrats,” in all languages, mean those who pretend alone and exclusively to the sovereignty of a country, he would scowl with an air of indignation, roll on his back again, and smoke on sulkily, in consciousness of his sovereign power.

This sketch of the *ateliers nationaux* is not without its startling contrast, even in the midst of its universal confusion and disorder. The greensward is below, the clear blue spring air above: there is even brightness enough about the picture. But dark and gloomy are the passions smouldering within the hearts of those men—passions that at first find vent in these political declamations, like puffs of steam let off from a safety-valve, but that, in time

will burst out in terrific explosion, and cover Paris with devastation and destruction.

As it was in the park of Monceaux, so was it in many other parts of Paris : in all, the doctrines of communism were not only preached aloud, but announced as the expression of the irrevocable will of the masters of France.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE MONTHS OF MARCH AND APRIL.—*Continued.*

Efforts of the ultras to adjourn the general elections—The elections of the officers of the national guard—The first struggle of parties—The results of these elections—The republican bulletins of Ledru-Rollin—The Girardin riot—The Mid-Lent festivities—The popular gratis representations at the Théâtre de la République—The reviews of the national guard—Alarm excited by the increasing influence of the clubs—Accusation laid to the charge of Blanqui—His defence, and defiance of the moderate portion of the government—A crisis approaches.

THE manœuvres of the party in the government at that time headed by M. Ledru-Rollin—for the purpose of causing the elections to be adjourned, in order that the sense and disposition of the country might be duly *travaillés*, and that the commissaries of the departments might have time to impose the candidates of their will, and ensure the triumph of the ultras, which was to be effected by the domination of threat, if not induced by persuasion—succeeded, as has been already said, only partially. The epoch of the general elections was put off for a short season; and, consequently, the opening

of the sittings of the Assembly to be elected was proportionally postponed. But even this was effected only upon the pretext that the great hall, which was being built for the reception of the nine hundred deputies, in the court of the *quondam* Chamber of Deputies, would not be ready in time for the period at first fixed for the opening of the Assembly. The ultra clubs, the ultra journals, and the *exaltés* in the street-crowds, already began to declaim against the moderate majority of the government, with the new-fangled and most vague accusation of its being "*réactionnaire*." The *National*, the organ of Marrast, now Mayor of Paris, supported the non-adjournment side of the question, and became, old republican journal as it might be, the object of virulent attacks on the part of the new and more violent republican organs of the "advanced" party: and, disappointed in his efforts, the minister of the interior found no other resource to forward his views but the clamour of his party in such journals, and in posted notices on the walls of the capital, or underhand proclamations, issued, *but no longer officially*, from the home-office, to all the *communes* and villages of France, fulminating against the approaching elections, as leaving the infamous *aristocrates* of proprietors free to crush still more than ever, to the humiliating state of serfs, the unfortunate peasants—bombast, borrowed from the first days of the first Republic, and totally out of

place in the altered state of the country in the present century—and demanding the desired measure, their adjournment, in the most menacing terms. No outbreak, however, of the inhabitants of the rural districts followed, as was perhaps expected: this old appeal to new passions met with no responsive echo in the country. In the larger manufacturing towns alone, such as Lyons, where a despotic commissary imposed his will upon the country, to the point of preventing any person, even a passing traveller, from leaving the city with more than five hundred francs in his possession, the ultra-democratic mob clamoured in the same sense as the ultra party of the minister of the interior. There—although it was difficult to learn the truth from the provincial journals, menaced into silence, and only a few papers hinted mildly at the “unhappy troubles of Lyons,” being evidently forced to keep designedly from the knowledge of the capital, and of the world in general, all accurate intelligence respecting the state of the country, except when republican demonstrations were to be lauded and trumpeted forth—it was known that the utmost tumult and disorder prevailed. In Rouen also the working classes were known to be acting the same part as their *confrères* in Paris, refusing to settle to labour, wandering about in gangs, and, under the influence of the leaders of the clubs, demanding a spoliation of the rich, and for themselves, as they expressed it, with a contradictory

naïveté, “*des rentes comme tout le monde.*” But, in general, the spirit of the country at large was violently indisposed to the principles and manœuvres of the ultra democrats. It will be time, however, to allude to the state of feeling in the country, when the course of the revolutionary narrative shall arrive at the epoch of the general elections and their results.

During this struggle for the adjournment of the general elections, those of the officers of the national guards, elected among themselves, which took place early in April, were looked upon as a preparatory conflict of the now well and distinctly marked parties, still designated by the terms of moderates and ultras, and, as such, of far greater importance than might otherwise have been supposed. It was to be the rehearsal of the great drama about to follow. Much alarm was excited in the public mind as to the manner in which these elections might pass over : in the irritated state of party feeling it was feared that they might lead to collisions between the triumphant and vanquished parties, whichever they might be, or at least to violent and scarcely less riotous manifestations, which might contribute still more to disturb the peace of the capital. It was more natural, however, to suppose that the struggle of opinions or personalities, being confined to the different sections and *arrondissements* of Paris, would, in one sense, greatly tend to draught off the habitual outward

demonstrations in public places to the meeting-rooms for the preparatory and final elections ; and, in another, to concentrate them in patches, instead of disseminating them throughout the whole city. And so it proved. The elections of the officers of the national guards passed over in comparative external tranquillity. Out of the voting *bureaux* little was to be known of them in public, except from the bands of *citoyens* drummed up by the various parties, and marched off under the protection of the tricolor banner, to vote at their respective *mairies*. In the interiors of the clubs and preparatory halls of election, on the contrary, the proposals of the various candidates gave rise to several very violent scenes, during which, in more instances than one, parties came to blows, that were to prove of fatal augury : in many, the uproar and confusion of the first trial of the effects of universal suffrage were such as to render it impossible to come to any arrangement ; but no other ill effects arose from these partial and entirely local disturbances. The principal subject discussed in the clubs, *à propos* of these elections, was whether the *mandat impératif*—a most vague and incomprehensible term, the meaning of which, if it had any definite one, seemed to imply a *threat* rather than any “instructions” from electors—was or was not to be imposed upon the candidates. In all the ultra clubs this principle was carried by acclamation :

the old *profession de foi*, on the part of the candidates, was treated as a monarchic humbug; and this *mandat*, in all these violent democratic assemblies, not only enjoined, as of course, the principle of supporting the republic "to the death"—so it was "set down"—but the necessity of upholding all the vaguest and most abstract socialist ideas about the organisation of work, and other such social questions, "to the death" also; injunctions not a little burlesque, it seemed, to candidates for the posts of officers in the national guard! The great stumblingblock of the *mandat*, however, consisted in the demand to all candidates whether, when the "voice of the nation" should be freely consulted, and the National Assembly elected, if that Assembly did not adopt the principles of the social republic, they would or would not lead the civic troops under their command against it, *fusil à la main*, to overthrow it. Those who refused to reply in the affirmative to this ticklish question were scouted from the tribune: many promised their treason to the nation in the most unequivocal manner: frequently was it afterwards "cast in their teeth," when, as influential personages, they were called upon to defend that very same Assembly. These dreaded elections, however, passed away. Among the many new names of men who began, in the capacity of officers of the national guard, to float above the surface, it was difficult to

discover which way the result of the elections had tended. In some *arrondissements*, even suspected legitimists and young ex-dukes were appointed to these responsible posts; while, on the other hand, the election of the already celebrated Barbès, the ex-insurgent and *détenu politique*, upon whose character hung the disputed slur of assassination in the *émeute* he had excited, to the post of colonel in the twelfth *arrondissement*, the seat of the tumultuous working classes of the Faubourg St Marceau, was regarded with considerable apprehension, on account of his well-known ultra-violent tendencies, and the influence he was already supposed to possess over the masses by his wild extravagance of energy: how well this apprehension was founded was to be seen in the after events of the first phasis of the revolution. All passed over, however, with unexpected tranquillity; although, from the contradictory showing of the two great parties of the day themselves, as to the results of the elections, they were not such as to inspire any great hopes in the future. The ultras, of course, declared that, since their party had not wholly triumphed, all confidence would be destroyed by the want of assurance in the stability of the republic; the moderates groaned over the partial predominance of the violent party, as destructive of all confidence by the terror it inspired, and as prophetic of every kind of evil. The alternative of this evident state

of Scylla and Charybdis was as true as it was afflicting : on either side it brought only an increase of doubt, mistrust, apprehension, and future probabilities of collision. One point in favour of order alone was gained : the national guard was refreshed by the election of several young and courageous men of all classes, anxious for the preservation of a moderate *régime*, who had under the monarchy held back as much as possible from any activity in the compulsory service of the civic guard.

The elections, then, of the national guards went by. But, preparatory to the general elections for the Assembly, and in order, it would seem, that the public mind might find no rest, the bulletins of the republic, issued by the reckless minister of the interior, followed in quick succession, without ever departing from their eternal monotonous strain of despotic compulsion in the ensuing application of the principle of universal suffrage, mixed up with flattery of the people ; they harped for ever upon the same string, without scarcely a variation in the air so often played. The official phrase, “ *Peuple ! aujourd’hui que tu es maître,* ” to which a corollary was invariably attached, explaining that this “ *peuple,* ” this sovereign master, was to be found in the lower classes alone, was soon a stereotyped paragraph of these bulletins. Again and again they called upon the electors of France not to look to capacity, much less

to experience, but only to ardent republicanism, in the representatives they should elect, and to set aside with care all those who formerly might have had any hand in the administration of the country, as deputies dangerous to the weal of republican France. They aimed, in their propagandist efforts, at ceaseless excitement of the mind of the people against what they called "*faux amis*," if they fell short of an absolute principle of terrorism. They never ceased to breathe a spirit as adverse as possible to every species of fraternity: mistrust, suspicion, irritation, were in every line; and, moreover, they justified this species of terrorism by declaring that the *développement* of the *grandes passions* of the people was the duty of the government. They even went so far as to insinuate the necessity of a fresh armed insurrection, in case the elections should not "turn out well." Paris, they informed the world, was the *mandataire* of all France; it was the heart, through which all life and living principle emanated,—through which every drop of the country's blood must flow, in order that it might beat in unison, and be refreshed with true republican vitality: it was the head that conceived; it was the hand that fashioned, and that was to direct the steps of the republic, and lead it vigorously forward in its true old republican path: it was more than all this; it was the *soul* of France—the pure and true essence emanating from the

new deity—the republic. Paris, then, they asserted, was the mistress whose will all France was to obey: and Paris, they said, willed that the representatives of the people should be chosen as he, Citizen Ledru-Rollin, had pointed out. If the exercise of the rights bestowed by the people on the National Assembly should be ill employed, they went on to say, then the Assembly could only accuse itself of the evils that might follow, should the *peuple*, in its “*élan généreux*,” choose forcibly to withdraw those rights. How little such declarations were in accordance with republican principles—what little affinity they bore to the three great watchwords of the day, “Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,” and more especially to the dogma of universal suffrage—seemed never to have entered into the consideration of the despotic minister of the interior. That they spread only mistrust and alarm, instead of attaining their ends, seemed never to have formed a part of his calculations. Ceaselessly pushed on, it was said, by his colleague and head man, Citizen Flocon, aided by the virulent pen of Citizen Jules Favre, at that time under-secretary of state for the home department, but who afterwards turned against his master to join the moderate party in their ascendancy, and inspired by the prophetess of socialism and democracy, George Sand, Citizen Ledru-Rollin did not flinch in his publication of such inflammatory documents

in the face of the world. The influence of the last-mentioned member of this trinity was particularly visible in the prevalence of much vague rhapsody, without either argument, design, or conclusion, in some of these bulletins. The oppressed condition of the female sex in free republican France was a leading subject of these precious proclamations; and, of course, the "privileged classes" were denounced as *alone* having been the tyrants of degraded woman—of having *alone* treated her with insolence and contempt. These "expressions of public feeling in France," as they were outrageously called, were far from being confined, at the same time, to home affairs: the state of Ireland, as regarded England, was constantly put forward as a subject of irritation: the Chartist so-called "National Convention" was alluded to as the only constituted power to be respected in England: reports of the proceedings of this mighty assembly were carefully given, and put forward as the expression of the will of the English nation; and French readers were assured that the *mise en accusation* of the English ministry had been adopted by "national acclamation!" It was not until after official remonstrance; that the minister of the interior was cowed into somewhat more decent language. As an accompaniment to this republican interpretation of foreign affairs, these documents went on *officially* to state, that all German princes were at the beck

of the Emperor of Russia, and only deceiving the French government with *belles paroles*, in order to intrigue better against the glory and power of the French republic: they denounced all the German kings and princes as incendiaries, or treated them as "nothings:" they glorified the *then* illegal popular assembly of Frankfort. What did they not do to tyrannise France and irritate Europe, in order to forward the subversive schemes of the minister of the interior, thus openly conspiring against the influence of the majority of his own government?

One of the more notable episodes, at this time, of the revolutionary course of events in Paris, was the sudden and violent attack, to which allusion has already been made, directed against the *Presse* newspaper, and even, as it was threatened, against the person of Emile de Girardin, its editor. A pretext for popular violence was afforded by the opposition of this spirited writer, whose talents could not but be acknowledged—and how much they were feared was evidenced in this instance—although, in the virulence of his language, his tact and prudence might be doubted, unless he thought to raise up still more his name and his influence by putting himself forward as a martyr, and although his character as a restless *intrigant* left him open to accusations which diminished the justice of his cause. That this attack against a powerful journalist was

systematically organised, was very evident in the preparatory excitement, evidently "got up" by agents posted among the people, in the crowds which now nightly thronged the Boulevards. Three or four nights previously to the commencement of this partial outbreak on the 29th of March, the acrimony expressed, but especially among haranguing "men of the people," was so violent, and his *right* to criticise with force and bitterness the conduct of the Provisional Government, not his justice or injustice, was discussed with so much virulence, that it was very clear a "demonstration"—that fatal term constantly used for every expression of opinion, or rather as an excuse for any proceeding of violence—against the *Presse* must shortly ensue. The chief outcry was based upon a late parallel drawn, in the offending journal, between the governmental tactics of Guizot and Lamartine, and of Duchatel and Ledru-Rollin: with this odious comparison the generous spirit of the republican mob pretended to be outraged. The avowed policy of the minority of the government to rule by the constraint of terrorism, left these men in power open to the charge of being the instigators and abettors of this outrage against the liberty of the press in Girardin's person; they were known to be more irritated by the cutting satire hurled at their heads, for their affectation of dictatorship in using the ex-royal carriages, filling the ex-royal boxes at the theatres,

and adopting all the insignia of ex-royal power, than by the attacks of the opposition journals on their governmental policy. They had officially sought excuses for this anti-republican show of a luxurious and *quasi*-regal life; and that the first outbreak was made by bodies of the *garde mobile*, at that time still subservient to all the instigations of this party, at the head of a disorderly and screaming mob, was a fact sufficient to bring the minority-party in the government under the suspicion of having fostered and favoured the movement. That General Courtais, as commander of the national guard, appeared somewhat tardily upon the scene of action, at the head of his staff, in order to appease and disperse the mob, and that Ledru-Rollin himself deigned to come upon the stage with declarations and protestations of hostility to such a movement against the liberty of the press, proved nothing in the eyes of those who cast the accusation in their teeth. Although eventually of no very great importance, the Girardin demonstration afforded much occasion at the time for serious comment and consideration; inasmuch as it called in question the very principles upon which the republic was pretended to be based, at the same time that it showed the state of feeling, and the commencing attempts at the despotism of violence on the part of the ultra-republicans. It was highly illustrative, at the moment, also, of the new repub-

lican manners and habits of the capital, and added one more to the long series of " Pictures of Revolutionary Paris."

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of the 29th March, that the organised mob took its way, with yells against Girardin and the *Presse*, upon the Rue Montmartre, where was situated the office of the offending journal. The tumultuous crew marched hurriedly down upon the street, as Parisian mobs had learned to march; they congregated before the dark low door of the house with cries of "*à bas la Presse!*" mingled with threats of breaking the presses, or even burning down the house. Many of the confused, fermenting, dusky crew bore torches, and waved them aloft, as if about to execute the latter threat. They howled before the door with menacing gesture. Whatever his faults, any want of energy or courage could not be laid to the charge of Girardin. He caused the closed gates to be opened; and he admitted into the court of his office as many delegates of the mob as it would hold—such was the fashion of those first republican days, when the will of the "people" of Paris was respected as the will of the nation at large. For the space of two hours he boldly reasoned with them, asserting the right of that "liberty of opinion" which the republic had proclaimed as one of its first benefits. That he was not listened to may be well supposed. What was liberty of

opinion, or any liberty, in the sense of a mob, compared with its own liberty of doing what it listed? More of the mob poured in; some delegates of the central club of the national guard, the most influential of the moderate clubs, forced their way to Girardin's aid and rescue: a body of the national guards in uniform followed, and were received with hootings: a collision was imminent between the opposing parties in that tumultuous court, and in the thronged street before the house. With difficulty at last the mob was expelled from the dwelling, and sentinels were posted; but the outcry continued during the greater part of that night, while alarmed faces peered forth from every window in the street, and the crowd grew denser and denser. It continued during the greater part of the two following days and nights, although no collision eventually occurred. In the darkness of those dim nights, more especially, the wonted crowds upon the Boulevards were thicker than ever; and along the damp night air came more than ever the din of angry voices far and near; and the rumour ceased not, and the throngs dispersed not. During those two following nights the most violent and incessant declamation was to be heard against the man, whose only crime, whatever his real end and aim, was that of his courage in asserting an opinion contrary to that instilled into the mob: and there were partisans for and against; and high words arose, and threats were

proffered. During those two days and nights, bodies of armed national guards constantly kept watch over the doomed office, and held back the mob, although they could not control the agitation and the outcries.

The chief characteristic of the whole outbreak was the despotic and arbitrary line taken by those who had so lately clamoured and even fought against what had been called "arbitrary despotism" in restrictions of the press. "Liberty of the press, and liberty of opinion, shall never be used to destroy *true* liberty," was the favourite cry raised; although what was this *true* liberty, and how it was being murdered by Emile de Girardin's opposition articles, were matters none of these republican censors deigned to explain. It was the cant phrase of the moment. The desire, however, of putting down the *quondam* favourite theories of liberty of opinion and liberty of the press by force, in order to support a sort of name—a vision, a typical and symbolical fancy of liberty—who, in fact, could tell what?—was sufficiently significant of the designs of the ultra party, and of the spirit of the day. During the continuance of the riot, the most cruel display of this intolerance of republican despotism was exhibited in the tearing the copies of the paper out of the hands of the newspaper venders, rending them to pieces, and trampling them under foot. In vain the poor hawkers of the journal, weeping

women among the number, protested that they had bought the copies themselves, and were dependent for their day's bread upon the sale, and begged piteously not to be robbed: they were only told that they deserved the treatment for daring to sell the paper of such a man as Girardin: and the violence continued.

At length, after proclamations of the chief republican papers, addresses of the government to the national guards, several threats against Girardin's life, and interminable virulent polemics in all the journals, full of defiance and scorn on all sides, the hubbub on the subject slowly ceased throughout the capital, to make place shortly for new matter of disturbance. And thus the Girardin row died a natural death. Like all Parisian insurrections, it had lived through its specified period of "three glorious days." Girardin, for a time, drew back into his tent, and sulkily refused to publish any "leader" whatever. The restless Achilles of journalism, however, was to be roused again.

In the midst of these disorders arrived the *Mi-Carême*, the day of Mid-Lent, a day long since changed in Paris from its character as one of relaxation, granted by the indulgence of the Catholic church to those unable to support too long the fasts and mortifications of Lent, into a sort of second *Mardi Gras*. But the former appearance of holiday had almost entirely disappeared; the lines

of carriages upon the Boulevards and in the Champs Elysées were utterly gone. It would have been impossible to discover the nature of the day, had it not been for a few scanty maskers in carts or on foot. After the gloomy appearance and utter failure of the last day of the carnival, the republican police had evidently thought it necessary to pursue the system constantly employed by its monarchic predecessors, and get up a little comedy of a people's gaiety and happiness, to cheat the public into the belief, if possible, that all was joyous. The old carnival carts, which every *habitué* of Paris knew by sight, had been again dragged forth, full of the old tawdry dresses of the police masking-wardrobe. The republic had done more: it had put itself to *frais extraordinaires* upon the occasion. Three or four fair damsels among the hired maskers had been attired in "spick-and-span" new dresses, as goddesses of liberty, to say nothing of an outlay of tricolor scarfs and banners. Spite of all this, however, the *Mi-Carême* was as decided a failure, as a proof of a people's gaiety, as the untoward *Mardi Gras*. The contrast between these would-be gay-looking maskers, and the grave, troubled, preoccupied faces of the public in general, seemed to strike even the people; they felt the cheat, even if they were not assured of it; and not unfrequently, in spite of their republican garments, the few maskers met with hooting and derision,

instead of applause. Not even a feeling of curiosity was afloat among the crowd.

But gay the people was to be, would it or not. A new edict of the minister of the interior ordered that the Théâtre de la République, the ex-Théâtre Français, should be opened *gratis* to the public at not distant intervals, and commanded that the *best* actors should appear on these occasions; the whole theatre being divided into stalls, and lots being drawn for the best places at the respective *mairies* of the *arrondissements*, where the tickets were to be distributed. "The labouring people," said this edict, "should be encouraged by the state by every measure tending to make it participate in all the moral enjoyments that elevate the soul; and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the French stage cannot but contribute to develop its great and noble sentiments." The ex-Théâtre Français, then, was opened gratis to the public. But again was the government doomed to be disappointed in its "pleasures for the million." The result of the first representation was not what it had hoped, however generally anticipated by others. The *braves citoyens* thought profit better than play; and the gratis tickets were publicly hawked about in the purlieus of the theatre, at the most extravagant prices, and only lowered at a later hour of the evening to a more reasonable price, owing to the extreme glut in the market. A certain quantity of *blouses* there certainly were

in that crowded theatre; but the greater part of the audience consisted of what is called "well-dressed" people, with a fair sprinkling of spurious cashmere shawls, and hats and feathers. The government had even the tact to recommend the posting of a few discriminate acolytes, duly dressed in smocks, to throw flowers to the actresses, and prove "the people's" elegant civilisation, George Sand had composed a fantastic prologue for the occasion, of course flattering to the king of the day: Rachel acted Corneille, and screeched the *Marseillaise* with hideous energy: patriotic singing and chorussing there was in plenty. But all did not do: king mob preferred money in its pockets, and demonstration-making elsewhere, to "the elevation of its great and noble sentiments" by Corneille and George Sand. Of course, however, the republican papers teemed on the morrow with reports of the intelligence, the tact, and the order, mingled with enthusiasm, displayed by the "*peuple éclairé*."

On the other hand, in anticipation of the great republican fêtes, without which no French republic could be considered genuine, the national guard were to be flattered by reviews. Their newly-elected officers were to be officially recognised. They were reviewed in the most convenient parts of Paris. The result was different, according to the tone of the *arrondissement*. The review of the first legion, in the so-

called more aristocratic quarter of the Faubourg St Honoré, exhibited a spirit so little republican, that it was clear this portion of the national guards ran the risk of being accused, before long, as being utterly *suspect* and *aristocrate*, all the more as well-known legitimist faces were to be seen among the ranks—ex-dukes in considerable sprinkling, and ex-counts and ex-barons numberless—with a young ex-duke at the head of a battalion, and other possessors of ancient names among the newly-elected sub-officers. The addresses of General Courtais, who paraded, with his staff, and of Marrast, as mayor of Paris, accompanied by his own staff of sub-mayors and adjoints, excited not the least show of enthusiasm: their cry of “*Vive la République!*” scarcely called forth one responsive echo. The national guards, however, were thus seen to be earnestly under arms, and disposed to defend the cause of order. Even the legitimists evidently considered that this cause was their own for the time, and that, for other hopes, they must bide their day. Everywhere the display was spirited: even although epaulettes were fixed upon the shoulders of paletots; arms were snatched up at random; capes and umbrellas had not an exact air of military *tenue*; cigars were in many mouths; and the marching was frequently less orderly than strict discipline required. But men felt that, in spite of the late humiliation of the national guards, the safeguard of the city and the

maintenance of order still lay in their hands almost alone; and they saw with pleasure that younger, bolder, and more determined spirits were now among their ranks, eager to try issue with anarchy. And in truth, their day of retaliation was yet to come,—and shortly.

In contradistinction to the slight reviving confidence that began to arise again in the public mind with regard to the national guard, the liveliest alarm was constantly prevalent on account of the growing influence of the clubs, their increasing dictatorial tone, as if each were to rule the destinies of France, and the knowledge that the most violent and sweeping communistic dogmas were there the “order of the day,” and commanded more and more the sense of these assemblies,—that the doctrine of a universal compulsory *partag ede biens*, in fact, was enforced as a necessary and inevitable consequence of the revolution. Ultra republicanism began to raise its head more confidently in them, and visibly to extend its spirit of propaganda among the suffering classes of the people. The moderate portion of the government was openly attacked in them as “*traître à la patrie*,” and even some of the commissaries of the ultra minister of the interior himself were denounced as *suspects* and *réactionnaires*, for not making use of the “unlimited powers” granted to them, by dismissing *all* the functionaries in the various departments who had held places

under the "tyranny of monarchy." In truth, there was a hungry crew of ex-conspirators and ragged would-be patriots, of republicans old and new, all old and "*de la veille*," according to their own report, who still gaped, like roaring lions, for place and power, and budget-pickings: and in these clubs motions were seriously made for further demonstrations, in order to compel the government to recall the lukewarm *commissaires*, and send others who promised stronger measures of ultra-republican despotism. The hopes of men resided only in the internal dissensions which broke out in many of the clubs, and in the rivalries and jealousies of their leaders, which had lately burst forth, and which, it was thought, might prove a diversion to their tendencies. One of the most prominent leaders, Blanqui, had been openly accused by M. Taschereau—who began now to publish a series of papers found in the private archives of royalty, or in those of the public offices, during the days of the February revolution—of having notoriously proved traitor to his fellow-conspirators under the monarchy, and sold their secrets to the police. The proofs were asserted to have been found among the abstracted papers. M. Taschereau, a journalist and *homme de lettres*, was a friend of Marrast, and an ally of the "*National*" paper: he based his accusation, then, upon the authority emanating from a portion of the government itself. Whether true

or false—and the accusation was neither fully proved nor disproved—this slur upon the character of the “noble patriot” was the cause of the secession of some of his friends, and notoriously of his great rival, Barbès, among the number. People hailed this controversy in the very bosom of the ultra party as a means of salvation from its rising influence, by the weakening effect of division.

Blanqui himself, however, was not to be crushed by this accusation. He yet rallied a party of his acolytes around him in the *Salle du Conservatoire*: he denied—he blustered; he browbeat his own club. He made his first open attack upon the moderate majority of the Provisional Government by a violent defence and counter-accusation, which appeared about the 13th of April. This prepared the way for the next great attempt to overthrow the power of the constituted government in favour of that ultra party which afterwards raised its banner more openly under the self-chosen title of the “Red Republic.”

It was not possible to read the defence, or rather the defiance, of the Citizen Blanqui, in answer to the accusation brought against him, without feeling that such an open attack on the government could not pass over without results of importance. The actual defence was founded upon little more than the certainly very plausible fact, that he had neither gained any profitable result to himself, nor received any reward

for the treachery of which he was accused. But the counter-accusation took a far bolder flight. Blanqui openly attacked the reactionary members of the government, as he called the moderate majority, as having forged the calumny against him, for the purpose of getting rid of him, when they began to fear his influence over the people, and clearly designated Marrast as the prime author and concoctor of this "infamous forgery." This fear on the part of the government he attributed to the monster demonstration of the 17th March, that followed the humiliation of the national guards, the effect of which he ascribed entirely to himself; "although," he added, with a tolerably clear allusion to the minority of the government, "other influences, it is true, co-operated with mine in this great movement." Struck with terror, declared the Blanqui manifesto, the reactionary faction of the Provisional Government was determined to crush his hostility at any price; and, consequently, posts in the government had been twice offered him and his friends—once directly by Lamartine!—a tale disbelieved at the time by all who knew not then the weak truckling conciliation-policy of the "poet-statesman"—and afterwards through the intermediate advances of Ledru-Rollin; when that course failed, another policy towards him was to be pursued. Why these offers were not accepted or were recalled, Citizen Blanqui did not pretend very clearly to

explain: but this system of calumny, in order to crush him, he went on to say, was then adopted. In the most ferocious language, the manifesto then proceeded to denounce, with the utmost virulence of accusation, the majority, with attempting thus, in his person, to "assassinate all true republicans, in the name of the republic, as they had assassinated them through a long course of years in the name of the monarchy." Excepting the ultra minority in the government from his objurgation, he then boldly exclaimed to the "false republicans," to the "reactionary members of the Hôtel de Ville"—"*vous êtes des lâches.*" Whatever the influence that supported the bold accuser, it was very evident, as the Citizen Blanqui himself said in his audacious document, that "the gauntlet was thrown down," that "the combat engaged in was to the death." It was very clear that the result of this open defiance of the moderate majority of the government could only precede an attempt at a new revolution.

The parties in or out of the government now stood face to face. The monarchy, the fallen dynasty, Louis Philippe, all the past, had been long since swept from men's minds, and from men's conflicting passions. The revolution was at issue with itself. The "honest republic," as the one party termed itself, was on the point of coming to a conflict with the "red republic;" or, in other terms, the

“democratic republic” of the socialists and communists. It was still, however, rather a conflict of parties than of principles in truth. A crisis was near at hand. In a few days it was to come.



END OF VOL. I.

